



June's African Diary, 1964-1966



Thursday, May 13, 1964

Dear Folks,

We've received your last two letters, and were delighted to have them so close together. The pictures are lovely, and I wonder if we could pay you for another enlargement of the family for me to send to the Lincoln branch? What do they cost? Around \$2.50?

That's a sweet one of Janie and babies, too. Thanks so much.

We seem to be standing still here, waiting for that Security Check and the advance for us to spend ahead of time stocking up on things we can't get over there. And the man hasn't fixed the run and told us it's ready for Skipper, yet, either. So, we can't get our Sea Freight ready and get it shipped off yet. It takes several months to get there, too, and we wanted to get it off real early.

Well, some things are getting accomplished, I guess. I've applied for our International Driver's Licenses, and our passports are turned back in to apply





for Nigerian visas, and the rabbit is transferred to its new owner, and the Salvation Army man came and picked up a few relics yesterday, as did the Railway Express man, who came and got the air conditioner to take to you to use while we're gone. It should arrive any day. There's a booklet on installation which I have here too, and will send it right away. There's also a cold weather canvas cover which I hope I can locate and get to you. I hope it will help this summer. It's only supposed to do one room, I think. Incidentally, it weighs 200 pounds, so take it easy, Dad, before trying to move it alone. They say you will need plenty of support on the windowsill, too. Maybe it will be more bother than it is worth.

We keep getting shots every week, and sodas every week. I have to pick up the cholera vaccine and get started on that this week, because oddly enough, we only have three weeks of school left. How did THAT happen?

Our latest travel schedule tells us that our plane leaves Moline at 10.05 am July 21, Tuesday, but Charles was thinking if we went up to Gary on the 20th, we could get a very early flight out of Chicago and land in NYC in plenty of time for us to spend the afternoon at the World's Fair. The evening flight to Lagos isn't until 7:00 pm. If we were back at 6:00, like Cinderella, we would have our supper on the plane anyway.



However, he says it's very difficult to get overnight lodgings anyplace at the airport, and especially with the Fair going on. So it wouldn't do to leave the day before from Moline, I guess.

We're so glad Aunt Taty is perking up again. It seems she's recovered in record time. The trip in your car sounded nice, and the new shopping center sounds like a must.

I've stopped several times during this letter, and now am down to the deadline for getting lunch fixed. Steve will burst in soon yelling "HOME! I'M STARVED! WHAT'S FOR LUNCH?" And I'd better have something going. So I'll quit for now, and try to get another letter off soon.

Love,
June

Letter No. 1

Mailed July 25 from Lagos

Received July 30, 1964

Dear Mother and Grandma:

Well, we made it. Our planes all made good connections and the trip was good. We got on our overseas flight at 7:00 PM New York, and had dinner on it. At about 8:30 they suggested we turn our watches to half past midnight. Then at 6:00 AM, really only five hours after a big dinner, we had breakfast, losing four hours of sleep because of the change. So we had breakfast about 2:00 AM United States time. Rather confusing. We landed in Dakar, Senegal, at 7:30 African time. After refueling we made another hop to Monrovia, Liberia, then to Accra, Ghana, and finally finished up at Lagos, Nigeria, at 3:00 PM.

We got out at Monrovia to stretch and there were helpers in sandals and shorts and shirts, and lots of people in colorful African dress. It's like seeing costumes all the time, and beautiful wide swept scarves wrapped as hats on the ladies.

The funniest thing is the breeze -- it smells a little musty, like mildew. Even in the wide open spaces. Charlie says it is because there is no winter freeze to kill things. It was cool and moist and overcast and rainy looking.

We reached Lagos about 3:00 PM and had our passports and visas checked at the open-air customs building at the airport. A teacher from Mayflower School met us with the school van and took us and our bags to the school about 40 miles north. We went along a bumpy tar road with red dirt all around, and lots of trees and brush. There were occasional men, women and children along the road, and lots of cars. There were many colorful robes wrapped around the women, and swinging loose on the men, with trousers. Things, they carry on their heads.

Arrived, we saw the school grounds, and the building Charlie helped build two years ago. Had a simple supper of beans, potatoes, spam, salad, and tea, and later were introduced to the whole assembled group of school children. Some remembered Charlie. The principal had them sing songs -- some the Crossroads had taught them -- and they cheered. Charlie responded with a fun little complimentary speech.

Dave was off his feed all day Wednesday, and Rob was crying by suppertime, and ran up a temperature that night, but they perked up and enjoyed doing things after a good walk through the brush with us, led by Jerry Smith, the loan teacher student from Alma College.

Robby, Charlie and I were put in the guest room downstairs and the other boys were in an unfinished dorm upstairs. **We had to walk along a wooden plank scaffold in the dark, as the building was still under construction.** All rooms are open-air to let the breezes through -- huge windows with louvered glass and some with no glass at all. **Or doors. Or lights.**

The boys loved the cute little lizards about two inches long -- loved trying to catch them and learned how to hypnotize them. **We all know what that means but I wonder what it would have seemed like to Carmen and Emma getting the letter... "Look into my eyes...you are getting sleepy....sleepy....sleepy..."**

After breakfast Thursday we came south to Lagos again and got settled in the Mainland Hotel. **Porridge for breakfast, creamy and delicious.** Have two big rooms with connecting bath. Ceilings are about 15 feet high, and there are solid parquet floors. The radio gives African and American records. **Now that's luxury...the room even had a radio!**

So here we are safe and sound, learning as much as we can as fast as we can. I'm learning to count shillings -- 12 cents apiece. Also learning how the English set their tables. There is some advertising on billboards, but it's not as subtle as American. Foreign brands, of course, but also Decca records, Coca Cola, Texaco, Mobile, etc. And millions of people coming and going, many with something to sell, sitting around waiting for someone to buy. Hundreds of robes, and the women almost all wear long colorful skirts wrapped around, with blouses and head scarves rolled a fascinating way. There are some beggars, but mostly traders wanting you to buy. They appear and say "Madame" -- Mah-dahm -- asking us to buy sunglasses, watches, etc. All I had to do was say "No" and they let me alone. Sometimes they are as tenacious as a Fuller Brush man.

The hotel has a bare, strange entry-way and elevator open to the street, but three or four floors up you get out in a wide, spacious, airy lobby, with desk, etc. We were surprised to again see wide, floor-length windows letting in the breeze and some dampness. Again there is an air of mustiness.

We've changed some money to pounds and shillings and I bought this letter form for 6 pence (6 cents).

Everyone drives on the left side, like in England.

We had sandwiches and tea on a 3rd floor veranda and looked through the market. Then at the hotel we met the Deans by accident. They are from Lansing and we met them at that picnic. They are going to Nsukka too, and are right across the hall from us at the hotel. We had dinner together and the men will go over Friday to check in at the AID office, as arranged.

Enough for now.

Love, June

Letter No. 2

Mailed July 29

Received August 4

Hello.

Another letter -- from our new house this time. I left off, I think, with meeting the Deans family in the hotel and having dinner with them. We ate together Friday night also.

I went out marketing at a corner store Friday noon, for lunch food, instead of going to the dining room. Charlie, Chuck, and Dave were off on an excursion. Prices are fixed at this Kingsway store -- no bargaining, that means. All the articles are marked like this: 3/6 or 1/3 or 7/0. These means 3 shillings and 6 pence, 1 shilling and 3 pence, and 7 shillings even. It is generally like quarters, dimes, and nickels.

We had fun learning this system but my shopping ended suddenly when at 12:30 they rang a bell and this meant time to close. So I didn't get my peanut butter. I only got bread, 7-up, and candy bars. But it was a stopgap and an interesting experience seeing many foreign labels and shapes, words, and pictures on the shelves. All the stores close from 12:30 to 2:00. It is the way here -- the custom.

The excursion Charlie was on included a visit to AID offices with Bob Deans, and his son went along, too. Deans is the new advisor in Animal Husbandry and interested in American meat market methods, so they saw one on that trip, too. Later that afternoon Chuck, Bob, and Dave got together in the eating lounge near the bar and sat overlooking the harbor and ordering sandwiches and Coca Colas and ice cream. They loaned each other shillings and figured on fair shares and amounts of food and prices. They learned a lot on their own, and learned fast. It was the best way!

During the afternoon we also visited a couple of department stores with fixed prices. I had to get an iron for 5/13/6. That's 5 pounds, 13 shillings, and 6 pence. Around thirteen dollars.

Saturday morning we all packed up, had breakfast (free with hotel) and two AID vans met us and took us out to the airport. We got on our plane and made a

quick trip to Benin City, then another hop to Enugu where we were met by a lot of USA families. It was interesting to see prettier African women and they had much brighter, gayer colors of clothing than in the Western Region, where they almost all wear combinations of blue, usually in two different patterns.

We were whisked away in vans and station wagons along a narrow, winding road, on the left side, through neat villages with thatched roofs, past millions of palm trees and banana trees, 40 miles to Nsukka. Very pretty, hilly territory.

Later

The red soil disguises once-white tennis shoes and socks. I must get sandals for the boys soon. Then they can leave them on the porch and our floors will stay cleaner.

We have two men working now. They got busy and mopped the tile floors (living room in two divided areas). The second man, Aaron, swept upstairs, emptied waste baskets, and even made the beds. I wish I could send him over to you. I've got to insist on our kids doing their own beds. I don't want them to get completely spoiled.

Yesterday we got a letter saying our air cargo has arrived at Lagos! We are delighted, but it may take quite awhile to get it here. I'm tired of makeshift.

No other kids here wear white socks.

The boy with Lazarus was Aaron--turns out to be a relative and he is apparently very new at being Second Helper. They both come in at dinner time carrying main dishes, and when I touch a serving dish with one hand I can feel a slight tremor. We think he is new and "scared to death". But he is pleasant and doesn't seem nervous when not serving. It's good to have him. It isn't right for a capable cook-steward to have to do all the scrubbing, too. Actually, I think Aaron is going to learn the cooking, too.

One problem is so many windows. I must get materials soon, for curtains.

There are lots of boys on this block and new friendships are forming, both black and white.

I've seen things I am yearning to sketch. I'll really have a chance when the boys get into school. There is a lot of child-care now, and getting used to schedules, finding sources for groceries, stamps, clothes, etc.

Love,

June

Letter No. 3

Mailed

Received August 7, 1964

Dear Mother and Grandma,

Another letter to catch up. The days are so packed it seems like a week, but it has only been two-and-a-half days.

Saturday, on the drive to our house, our hostess kept telling us details and also that she had hired -- temporarily -- a cook to have some sandwiches ready for us. Upon our arrival at 3:30 Lazarus was at the door to greet us. He was friendly, but quiet. He set out the food, with bananas we bought at the "Banana Corner". He is small, 29, and has a wife and two children who live in a small house at the back of our yard. He always wears a white shirt.

He fixed a light supper, too, after we unpacked, and we made it through Sunday all right. Our hostess had supplied us with staples but the larder wasn't overflowing, so I told him to fix whatever he could, and guess what he came up with! Fried chicken, green beans, mashed potatoes and gravy, tomato salad, and icecream sherbert for dessert -- from a Junket mix I had brought. All very delicious -- American style. What more can we ask? He bakes home-made bread, too. He has had a couple of years experience with another American family and knows the routine of boiling and filtering and refrigerating the water and soaking lettuce in a chemical (Detol) to kill bacteria.

On Monday, after breakfast, Charlie and I had to go to a man's office to see about a lot of forms and details. When I got back Lazarus had done a washing by hand and had it hung out, even though I didn't have clothespins -- pegs, they say. I got some later. In the afternoon two ladies came to drive us two new wives to Nsukka, a mile away. What an experience that was! One tiny room of grocery shelves and one chest freezer. They have fixed prices. We laid in a good supply and the man added it by hand -- pounds, shillings, and pence -- because his adding machine hadn't arrived yet. It was much trouble and he was very slow. He asked us to add, too, but we all came out with different answers. He was way over. We went over it again, still off, then a third time one wife (Joy Deans) went over it, teaching him to add, but then he was short. Finally he being embarrassed,

I paid him my price. He gave each of us a rare candy box -- “dash”-- for our trouble. “Dash” is tipping for favors, etc. Some traders came up and say “You dash me.” This whole process took an hour and forty minutes. Ways are often slow here.

We also visited a moldy Christian Mission Bookstore, a hut with chicken eggs from the Ag campus chickens, the prison, for handmade baskets, and another little store for a bucket and a pot. I even found an army cot to use for an extra boy if company comes.

When I got back Lazarus and a friend were doing up the ironing and had baked a loaf of bread!! I have no doubt we'll keep him. We are paying him top wages--10 pounds a month. That's \$28.00.

Letter No. 4

Mailed July 30, 1964

Received August 6

Dear Ones:

This is Thursday and we've had steady dripping rain for two days. You would love it for corn in June and July, but here it is too wet to play outdoors. At least a whole gang doesn't gather and single boys trade around visiting others.

We are in this big bare house trying to be at home. Several white people have "come to call" but no Africans. It is my place to drop in on them first, I understand.

We are learning a few things already. I went to Enugu to shop with two other wives and we were driven by an African A.I.D driver. At the market we look too much like rich people and one gets to feeling self-conscious of his white skin because it shows you are one of the over-privileged.

Many people walk and ride bikes around the campus but when I took the boys a half mile downhill to the postoffice no white people were abroad. Walking is not the “thing to do”. One must be more dignified and ride in a new English car, or send a servant with a message. The Africans gaped and stared to see a white family walking, and I feel that is unfortunate. I’m going to start hiking and dropping in on people. Our lazy boys are going to get a few kinks worked out of them too.

The children always call out “Onocha!” which literally means “peeled orange”.

We are in the process of ordering a car. Our first letter didn’t arrive here at all. We will get a “small” three seat French Peugeot (Poo Joe). It will take a couple of weeks.

Children and adults are very friendly. Most adults are nice fathers and mothers out working or trading. The kiddies are especially friendly. I went to buy eggs in a mud-brick building with a thatched roof and a packed dirt floor, and around the corner peeked several children, to see the white person. When I caught their eyes and smiled they were surprised and self-conscious of being

“caught”, and giggled like all children would. They often wave and smile along the road when we drive by. For goodbye they say “Bye-bye-oh”.

I’m most interested in the differences here and I resent the people (from the U.S.) who simply hoard their American customs and belongings. They often have no feeling for African design or art or craft, and aren't trying to capture any essence of Africa or taking ‘advantage’ of African objects. Fine baskets make wonderful wastebaskets or containers for dirty clothes, ironing, toys, etc. A piece of designed cloth makes a fine hanging for a wall. An antelope fur-hide makes a good rug. We want to extract as many interesting, satisfying things as possible and show them in good taste, leaving tourist souvenirs behind. Can’t you imagine the bad effect of a lot of ebony heads, elephants, etc., all jumbled together on a bookstore or elsewhere, when one or two would show up to better advantage?

As for Nigeria, it is really stable for the first time since its abortive attempt to be independent.

I am sending two books to you, which should come airmail 2nd class, in time for your birthday, and print which might be a Goede lady print, which I got in Rome.

About the stuff in the basement--don’t worry--I will definitely get rid of all my stuff this summer. First week in July is as near as I can say just now.

Much love,
June

Letter No. 5

Written August 4

Received August 10

Dear Mother and Grandma,

I've lost track of what number this letter is, but I'll date it anyway.

It has been two weeks since we left the States and we keep thinking it's time for a letter from you. Have you been getting ours all right? I think four preceded this one. We have been getting business mail forwarded from the college, but it isn't very interesting.

Did I tell you there is always a kiddie's movie on the campus every Friday at 6:30? This week it was Laurel and Hardy. Adult movies are on Tuesday and sometimes on Saturday. That's the basic entertainment around here, but there is a lot of visiting other people. We've had dinner at three homes and visited another place one evening.

Our air freight has landed at Lagos but we don't know how soon it will get to our Eastern region. I'm most anxious to get the things. I have new dishes and that amber plastic "glassware" that I am very anxious to use. My sewing machine is coming, a tool box, our bedding and towels, tablecloths, more clothes, a birthday truck for Jimmy, and cooking pots and utensils. We're using "makeshift" now from a "kitty" which people have left behind; and are doing well, but I've had to buy a few things--spatula, broom, pan, etc.

(Map of the area showing location of Nsukka, homes, campus, market, etc.)

They have "market" each two days. We can take a short cut over the hill by a foot path. It's fun. At market they ask a "laughing price", three times inflated. Then you offer a price lower than the real worth, then you bargain and finally agree on a price higher than Africans would pay, but about what you would pay in America. This is the "White price". They know you can pay more, but if you are good at bargaining you can get a better price than some other white people.

It's noon and Charlie brought a Chief (well educated) home before a visit to the hinterlands, and invited him to lunch. Our cook has an hour and forty-five minutes to produce. I've asked him for a pie, too. In the meantime we'll feed the little boys. Tune in tomorrow to find out how the luncheon goes.

Love,

June

Mr. & Mrs. C.B. House

8-6-64

Dear Folks,

Another day gone by -- and a few new things learned.

Several white people came by to visit, but no Africans on or off the staff. I think it's my place to drop in on a few of them.

Another lesson -- I went to Enugu to shop, with 2 other wives being driven by a Negro "AID driver". At the market we look too much like rich people safe in our bubbles. My white skin makes me self-conscious and over-privileged.

Another lesson -- many people walk and ride bikes around the campus (students are gone) but when I took the boys down hill 1/2 mile to find the Engineer's Dept. for light bulbs and P.O. for stamps, no white people were abroad. Walking is not the "thing to do". One must be more dignified and ride in a new little English car, or send a servant with a message. More Africans looked and looked today to see a white family walking, and I feel that's too bad. I'm going to

start hiking and dropping in on people. Our lazy kids are going to get a few kinks worked out of them, too.

Children are especially friendly, as all adults are friendly. I went to buy eggs in a mud brick building with thatched roof and packed dirt floor and around the corner peeked several children now and then to see the white person (Onyanju -- own - yahn' - jew). When I caught their eye and smiled, they were a bit surprised at being caught and giggled like all children would.

They often wave and smile along the road when we drive by and sometimes say "Bye-bye-o" for goodbye when you leave a store.

I feel excited by the differences here and I dislike the people who simply hoard their American customs and belongings and calendar pictures into their housing here. They often have no feeling for African design and art and aren't trying to capture any essence of Africa, taking advantage of natural African objects.

Fine baskets make wonderful waste-baskets, containers for toys, dirty clothes, etc.

A piece of designed cloth makes a fine hanging for a wall; or a fur-hide antelope rug. Why put up something out of place? We want to extract as many interesting satisfying things as possible, and show them in good taste. Can't you imagine the bad effect of a whole slug of ebony heads, elephants, etc. all jumbled together on a bookcase, when 1 or 2 would show up to better advantage?

I've seen things I'm yearning to sketch, when our shipment arrives -- I'll really have a chance when the boys are in school. There's a lot of child-care now, though, and getting used to schedules, finding sources for groceries and stamps, etc.

The red soil disguises once-white tennis shoes and socks. I must get sandals for all boys soon! Then they can leave them on the front porch. And our floors will stay clean.

Wed.

The 2 men we employed got busy this rainy day and mopped and washed the tile floors (living room in 2 divided areas). And the “assistant” swept upstairs, emptied wastebaskets, and even made the beds !!!

I've got to insist our kids do their own beds, etc. As if they weren't lazy enough!

Today we got a letter saying our air freight has arrived at Lagos. We're delighted, but it may take some time before it gets here. I'm tired of makeshift!

Much love,

June

PS No other kids wear white socks here!

Mon. Aug. 17, 1964

Dear Aunt Helen & Uncle Milton;

It was so delightful to get a letter from you a few days ago! Quite a surprise. Now I want to fill you in on our first near-month here. The time is flying!

Our house is more than ample; a big cement 2-story home with pastel paint, cement floors with red-brown paint to camouflage the iron-filled dirt that comes in. We have 9 rooms, 2 johns, pantry and serving entry. Hundreds of louvered windows (that need curtains).

The custom is to have servants, and we have 3. A fine cook steward, who is currently planning the meals and doing most of the shopping, plus cooking, a small-boy who is rather inexperienced, and a gardener. We had a curry the other night the likes of which I've never had before. I wish you could come to dinner! The kidney pie is excellent, the rice pudding and cherry pie are supreme! We're lucky!

All we need is our air freight with dishes, pots and pans. There is a basic supply loaned to us at present, however.

The climate here is lovely! 60 degrees at night, cloudy in the a.m. and maybe 80 by afternoon. Sometimes there's an hour of rain. Or a pre-dawn drizzle, since this is the rainy season. One can get hot by moving fast, like hiking to the market-place, but we're supposed to slow down a little here.

The countryside is lovely...very green, and hilly. We live on a hill with the campus spread out below. Not many big trees right here but 1/2 mile away begins much growth -- Millions of palm trees (palm oil, palm wine, kernels to eat, leaves to make into fans, floor mats, etc.), iroko trees tall and thick and lots of underbrush, although this isn't the dense rainforest. That's more in the Western Region, we're Eastern region, north of Enugu. Hibiscus, bougainvillea, etc.

The people! Aren't they genuine and gracious. One begins to feel like an outsider with such ghastly white skin, yet people say "welcome", and most are ready to smile immediately. This is basically an English-speaking country -- was a British colony only 4 years ago -- now is free. So even the children know some English. But we would like to learn more of their home-language.

All the people I've seen are hard-working and nice mommies, daddies, children and relatives, much more unaffected and personable than most Americans. There's a lot of national dress, more women than men, however, but it's worn. We tourists expect Swedish costumes all over Sweden, wooden shoes all over Holland and kimonos all over Japan. Well, here you do see the long-wrapped skirts and kerchiefs all over Nigeria. Gay bright patterns that look very handsome with dark skin. Blouses are more Western. And half the men wear Western cotton shorts and shirts ... land of eternal summer.

And the most fun thing is seeing the women walk along the roads, gathering on market day with big loads balanced beautifully balanced on the heads and a baby tied on the back of the waists. A lovely gait -- (and everyone is remarkably erect and straight.) Even an umbrella, unused, is balanced on the head. The school children come home at 2 pm balancing little wooden suitcases, which hold their books, on their heads and even toddlers imitate mama, by putting a little stick or cloth on their heads while playing.

There are many clean, small villages, and compounds (usually containing the extended family). All you have to do is turn down one of the paths off the road you're there soon...woven palm leaf fences, red mud homes with thatched roofs and very neat court-yards. It's really a charming, cool way to live, in the woods --

like camping, and close to nature. Others live in servants' quarters with electricity and johns, and I'm not sure if they're any happier ?? (They earn more money!)

Well, enough for now -- I wish you'd think twice about that magic flying carpet -- we have pure water (boiled), good food, and a spare bedroom and lots of side trips if you either or both could think of coming some time to visit!

Love,

June.

Mr. and Mrs. C.B. House

September 16, 1964

Dear Folks,

I think I've skipped several days again -- sorry -- (that's an African term. I dropped a chunk of butter off my knife onto the table this morning when we had pancakes and young Aaron immediately said "Sorry". People are generally very sympathetic that way, if you stumble or drop something, etc.)

Well, what news today?

I went to the health center to get more Aralen tablets today. I only had to wait 10 minutes. The facilities are really crowded at present (some days). And with 2,000 students coming soon, it's going to be impossible!

They say that you don't even have a chance at the tiny bank, either. And I don't doubt it because already I've been there several times when there were 30 people jammed in there, and have waited 20 minutes to 1/2 an hour.

We haven't heard much news of America lately...a thing today about Clay and Liston being suspended. Massa. Boxing Commission too.

Our own news tells of a Newspaper Amendment Act going up before parliament which says the government can call it an offence whenever the press publishes anything “confidential”. Of course, the outcome could be that they stamp “confidential” on too many facts, and there is a great cry and furor from the press now about it. Loads of articles are being printed about the conflict, etc.

“Lolita” is just now getting to Lagos. And we hear about the Nigerian Olympic athletic team in Australia. How is the USA progressing there?

We’ve had 3 beautiful days. The wash actually got out, dry and ironed before supper! But today it’s raining again (and it’s washday again). Aaron and Lazarus are such good workers! They wash M.W. & F. and wax the floors each week!

We’re still living out of suitcases, but have added to the “kit” dishes and I bought Charles a shirt and bought material for a shift and borrowed a sewing machine. (Had to change the plug on a transformer first!)

Charles is in Port Harcourt, seaport town 5 hours south of here. Several went yesterday to get the sea freight on it’s way up here. Did I tell it came in on the “African Moon” a few weeks ago? Also the people at Lagos announced they would let our air freight go if we would now pay the storage bill of 35 pounds (over \$95.00). We won’t pay, but I think AID will absorb it and we may get it by Sept. 25 or so.

Same with the car. Someone has to absorb the Duty. AID says we don't have to.

The boys are fine. Robby is loving the kitty, Chuck is at school -- he says all the Nigerians laugh at him and Bob if their grammar and English is perfect in recitation, so they make boo-boos on purpose! Hard benches, flat desks. And ink for all classes including arithmetic! At 7:30 am he leaves in an AID "Land Rover" and returns at 1:20 for lunch, and is finished.

Sept. 18 should be elementary school registration. Ibadan finally wired saying Chuck was 4th on the list and they would notify us soon. Chuck would just as soon go.

(no room for closing)

Mailed August 7

Received August 15

Hi! Did I tell you we got a radio and record player Monday? It is very enjoyable to have music again. Charlie found a big collection of good music in his office, which belongs to the Humanities Department. We also bought a children's record of Grimm's Fairy Tales.

We've been asked out five times and have good food all the time -- in fact, I'm afraid I'm putting on weight. We've stayed home a lot, and have hiked over to the market stalls back over the hill towards town. Now Charlie is beginning to have campus responsibilities. In fact, in connection with some Michigan State exchange summer students coming (called MINEX), he's been real busy for a couple of days.

The other man helping, arranged for Charlie to visit a vilage and the Chief who is arranging a welcome on Sunday. At noon Chief Nwamba and Charlie dropped in to call. He is a well-educated man with handsome robes -- not every one is. It is too bad people in America have the idea that Africa is running over with wild natives. These people are most friendly, over-dressed compared to Americans, and most of them are good parents with jobs of some kind or another.

Most of the kiddies go to school but some stop after the sixth grade and need to work through their teens.

The general situation here reminds me of pioneer America as nearly everything is done by hand. The markets are full of vegetables, palm oil, palm wine, peanuts, palm floor mats, palm sweeping brushes, etc. There are shipped-in things too, like cloth, dishes, and sundries.

Well, back to my story. The Chief accepted a lunch invitation here at 2:00. They would come back then. So Lazarus and I got busy roasting some meat, getting beans, etc. We really hustled! He felt it was an honor to have the Chief here. He made a coconut custard pie, rice and gravy, and a salad. Back they came, we ate, and they left an hour later to take Charlie on more tours. Later when they came back Charlie called me to the door and explained that another Chief had presented each of them with a chicken and Chief Nwamba wanted to present his to me in thanks for lunch, so I took the chickens, with bound legs, and handed them over to our cook. The men left again to find someone. Charlie got back at 9:00 after many welcomes and seeing some amazing communities. Incidentally, I am invited to the reception and welcome Sunday.

FRIDAY The 35 summer students arrived last night. We loaned out blankets, met their chaperones, and had refreshments. We'll probably be seeing them often.

We got your letter of July 25th on August 6.

Love,
June

Letter No. 7

Mailed August 12

Received August 19

Greetings:

First, we've been getting some mail. We got Grandma's letter, one from Houses, and one from Mother, but no one has heard from us yet, and I've sent seven or eight. However, I'm sure they are crossing. It takes at least a week one way.

Second, our air freight hasn't got here yet and I'm itching to use those new dishes. Oh, I meant to write on regular mail so I could mail a check to you for the things you enumerated for me. I'll do it soon and try to add more news.

Incidentally, our food has been marvelous. I don't even have to plan supper at all and I never have to wash dishes. I'm going to really take advantage of this opportunity when my art materials arrive. I also have some textile paints and stiff brushes arriving which I want to use to put an African design on some white curtains as a border. I bought sixteen yards of white cotton percale (they call it poplin) and have torn it into four pairs of curtains which I've had time to hem by hand. It's been a diversion, along with letter writing.

Weather has been very cool at night and mornings. It is usually cloudy but clears off by noon and is rather hot -- sixties at night and eighties in the afternoon. I've needed a sweater much of the time and sometimes it's barely been enough.

George Ferns is a man here who has charge of the summer school students from MSU -- thirty-three of them. He has asked Charlie to help him and they have been setting up a program of orientation and classes. Charlie went scouting ahead to a couple of villages and Chiefs to arrange a visit and reception. I met one Chief and he came to lunch and he asked me to come along with the group when they visited. So I got to go, too.

We drove fifteen miles into the country and ended up in a village clearing. We all approached and heard drums and saw a cement-block building where another Chief and many people were gathered around in a U-shape. There were lots of mothers and children, too. They were all most interested in seeing white people again. The Chief was in royal blue robes with a white peacock pattern all over.

He had come out of the building during the playing of drums and much tooting of elephant tusk horns by the Elders. He sat in a special place with nearly everyone else standing and we adults were introduced to him one by one. He is a most gracious man and an important one.

There were a few folding chairs for some of us. Two wrestlers had a bout, the Chief's wives presented a dance, and drummers and flute players performed several times. Also, a highly costumed Juju priest came out and danced and he is only for special occasions. I hope I can get someone's picture of him. The group presented the Chief with a gift of the traditional Schnapps (gin, I think) and we were treated to soft drinks or beer.

There were speeches and thank you's and goodbyes, then the party broke up and the whole population moved to the buss and three cars to finish the goodbyes. They were very outgoing and many wanted to shake our hands. Quite a visit!

I never mention the boys. They have found some friends and have been loaned a few puzzles and books, but mainly they play outdoors, hiking and looking for polliwogs! (Must always look out for poisonous snakes.) Actually, they are becoming very resourceful. They have acted out stories to records, made up a treasure hunt, think up new jokes, and play with the small cars and tiny

soldiers from Golds -- I wish I had got more of them. Anyway, they are doing fine.

Love,
June

Letter to Helen and Milton Veldee
August 17

Dear Aunt Helen and Uncle Milton;

It was so delightful to get a letter from you a few days ago! Quite a surprise. Now I want to fill you in on our first near-month here. The time is flying!

Our house is more than ample -- a big cement house with pastel paint, cement floors with red-brown paint to camouflage the iron-filled dirt that comes in. We have nine rooms, two johns, pantry and serving entry; hundreds of louvered windows (that still need curtains!)

The custom is to have servants and we have three--a fine cook steward who is currently planning the meals and doing most of the shopping, plus cooking, a "small-boy" who is just learning the work, and a gardener. We had a curry the

other night the likes of which I've never had before. I wish you could come to dinner! The kidney pie is excellent, the rice pudding and cherry pie are supreme. We're lucky!

All we need is our air freight with dishes, pots, and pans. There is a basic supply loaned to us at present.

The climate here is lovely. Sixty at night, cloudy in the a.m., and maybe eighty by afternoon. Sometimes there is an hour of rain, or a pre-dawn drizzle, since this is the rainy season. One can get hot when moving fast, like hiking to the market place, but we are supposed to slow a bit here.

The countryside is lovely -- very green and hilly. We live on a hillside with the campus spread out below. There are not many trees right here but a half mile away begins much growth. There are millions of palm trees (palm oil, palm wine, kernels to eat, leaves to make into fans, floor mats, etc.), iroho trees thick and tall, and lots of underbrush although this isn't the dense rainforest. That's more in the Western Region and we are Eastern, north of Enugu. Hibiscus, Bougainvillea, etc.

The people--they are so generous and gracious. One feels like an outsider, with such ghastly white skin, but people say "Welcome" and most of them smile immediately. This is basically an English-speaking country -- was a British colony until four years ago, but is now independent. Even the children know some English, but we would like to learn more of their home language.

All the people I've seen are hard-working and nice, daddies, mommies, children and relatives, much more unaffected and personable than are most Americans. There's a lot of national dress, more women than men, however, but it is worn. We tourists expect to see Swedish costumes all over Sweden, wooden shoes in Holland, and kimonos in Japan. Well, here you do see the long wrapped skirts and kerchiefs all over Nigeria -- gay, bright patterns that look very handsome with the dark skin. Blouses are more western, and half the men wear western cotton shorts and shirts. It is a land of eternal summer.

The most fun is seeing the women walk along the roads, gathering on market day with big loads balanced beautifully on their heads, and a baby tied on the back of the waists. A lovely gait.

Everyone is remarkably erect and straight. Even an umbrella, unused, is balanced on the head. The school children come home at 2:00 pm balancing little tin suitcases which hold their books, on their heads, and even toddlers imitate "mama" by putting a little stick or cloth on their heads while playing.

There are many small, clean villages and compounds, usually housing the extended family. All you have to do is turn down one of the paths off the road and you are there soon -- woven palm-leaf fences, red mud houses with thatched roofs, and very neat courtyards. It's really a charming, cool way to live, in the woods. Like camping and close to nature. Others live in servants' quarters, with electricity and johns, but I'm not sure they are any happier. (But they earn more money!)

Well, enough for now. I wish you would think twice about that magic flying carpet. We have pure water (boiled), good food, a spare bedroom, and lots of side trips if you either or both could think of coming to visit.

Love,
June

Letter No. 8

Mailed August 26

Received September 2

Dear Ones;

I haven't written for several days. I'll try to catch up on the news.

Our air freight and sea freight are not here yet. It's been four weeks and the delay on the air shipment is in Lagos. Red tape, no room on the flights, they didn't get our acknowledging letters, cables, etc. But in Africa one doesn't fret. Relax and wait. I've bought a few extra dishes and pans to fill out the meager "kit" and we'll get by very well. They say it is just like Christmas when your things do come. I hate the "kit" dishes.

We've got lots of curtains up, we've bought stationery and books, and can order shirts and shorts any time we want. We have new friends and have had dinner out

with them several times. I still like our cook best. Lazarus can cook anything! Curry and rice, fried chicken, cherry pie, chocolate chip cookies, kidney pie (you'd love it), spaghetti, swiss steak, roast beef, anything! I may get fat! However, the kitchen is his domain so none of us go out and eat between meals, and since I don't go out and wash dishes, I don't eat the leftover scraps either. Since we have no car yet, we do a good bit of walking. Good for us!

Chuck has been finding new friends and has decided to go to the local boys' school at Nsukka instead of off to Ibadan 350 miles away. I don't know what will happen to his arithmetic, but he'll manage. He gets to start French, too. Then all of the friends will go off to Ibadan the second year, or to Switzerland. He starts in two weeks and the school uniform is white shirts and white shorts. We've ordered three suits to be made and, including the material and labor, they will cost about \$3.00 a suit. Now we know where we can have other shirts and shorts made for the boys in colors, plaids, etc., too.

I've started playing in an evening Bridge session, as much as I dislike bridge, but playing regularly, and discussing rules, I think I'll get to enjoying it soon.

TUESDAY

Played bridge last night and did very well! Had several good hands and was lucky in getting the bid and playing the hands. Made my bid each time. Next Wednesday the play will be at my house. I'll have to borrow cards, and card tables, and dishes -- if mine don't come -- and Lazarus will make an extra batch of cookies and sandwiches and set up things for the buffet for me, so I won't have to buy or make much myself. All they need is the space in my house.

Love,

June

Letter No. 9

Written August 29

Received September 10

Dear Mother and Grandmother,

I'm writing this standing up because I want to keep my clothes unwrinkled and fresh. I'm at the bookcase in the living room, waiting for a car to come and pick us up for a special ceremony at one of the villages. More later.

First, did you know that USAID provides cars and drivers to be used by AID people on special business trips, weekly shopping trips to Enugu, etc.? True! One signs up at the office and one is coming this Saturday afternoon for three couples.

Next, do you remember I told you many of the men and almost all the women wear National Dress, full robes and long wrapped skirts? Well, we found that several of the summer students here from Michigan (MINEX stands for Michigan Nigeria Exchange) wore National Dress to a Reception given for them by Dr. Azikwe, President of Nigeria and Chancellor (honor position) of this University. We were invited too, because of Charlie's work with them this month. We found that the Nigerians (not natives, please, even though they are native to Nigeria as I am a native to America) are delighted when we compliment them by wearing their style of clothes. I'll admit we have to be careful of the colors we choose. The vivid colors and patterns don't always look the best against our bleached out, sickly looking skin. you should see a gold necklace gleam against rich brown skin! At any rate, we ordered a robe for Charlie and a long skirt and blouse for me, and they look fine. Charlie's clothes are all white and mine are blue with sleeveless white blouse, and I have mine on, freshly pressed.

We are about to go to a celebration given by Chief Nwamba -- the man who came here to lunch once -- in honor of his own Chieftancy. (Igwehship -- Eeg-wehship). There will be dancing, music, food, "heartly donations" to the Chief, etc.

More later,

Love,
June

Later

We sat on bleachers three hours and they still weren't done. 2:00 to sunset, I guess. I came home early.

Letter No. 10

Written September 7, 1964

Received September 14

Dear Mother and Grandma,

Excuse the soiled stationery. I think this is the one I carried home in the rain once.

Did I ever tell you Aunt Helen has written a couple of times? That's nice of her to take the time. She also mentioned that have been sending along my letters to share, which is fine since I don't find time to write as often as I would like.

In leaving people in Alma I was rash enough to say, "I'll drop you a note." A friendly clerk at our little dime store who was so patient while Robby learned to count change: the receptionist at the Saginaw orthodontists who chatted while Steve was being taken care of, etc., so I owe many people.

It's amazing where the time does go! We get up at 7:15 and eat at 8:00. Then Charlie is off to work. He walks down the hill about a half a mile. We are still waiting for our car to be shipped in from Europe, a new smaller one with right-hand drive. Did I tell you all traffic goes on the left side, just like England because this was an English colony for many years. It became independent October 1, 1960. Come October 1, we'll have a real "Fourth of July" here.

I've wandered. There is news of a car in Enugu now. We're going in Tuesday to see if we can get it duty free, as AID works it out. It will depend on how Nigeria sees it. We won't pay that extra \$600 because we were told in the States that if we left our car there, we could get new one duty free, which is the arrangement we want.

When we get a car, Charlie should still do some walking and so should I. Good meals and inactivity don't produce slim figures!

Actually, I have quite a lot of free time, as you can imagine, with three fellows working for us (Vincent now now comes to garden). But you can't keep writing as a steady diet! After awhile one gets writer's cramp. I really hope to do better when the typewriter comes.

Our air freight still isn't here, but don't worry. I'm only trying to break the record. Seven weeks and two days! It's been in Lagos a long time, but they won't release it. Have to have papers in triplicate in several offices, and there is no inter-communication, and a lot of bureaucracy. A man went down to talk with them, but we found out he really went to "spring loose" the air freight of the Vice Chancellor who just arrived this last weekend. Sure enough, that air freight

arrived the next day, and this man looked real good in the eyes of the Vice Chancellor. But we must be patient. It may be being processed.

Schools here are full. We've had to go to the Ministry of Education to find out the rules for admitting more white boys to the town secondary school -- run for Nigeria by Irish Catholic priests. Don't know the outcome yet and are waiting for definite word from Ibadan. So we are anticipating the solutions to several small dilemmas. Patience!!

The boys are dandy. Restless for school.

Love,
June

Letter No. 11

Written Sept. 9

Received Sept. 17

Dear Mother and Grandma;

Well, it rained yesterday, but we planned a trip to Enugu for the whole family so we could look through the market while we were not pressed for time or needing groceries urgently. But in the afternoon Robby and Jimmy got “under the weather”. It happens now and then to one or the other of us. Sometimes a tummy ache and the trots, and/or some fever. It usually keeps a person down a day. I had it, Steve did, Dave did -- it just comes and goes. Jummy recovered and went today, but Robby and I are home. He’s doing much better now. I plan to leave him with Aaron a while this afternoon while I shope for a few things at the market.

Chuck’s school begins tomorrow -- that is, if they will accept all these new students from the States. I guess I told you there was a problem with the schools being too full. All the power we could pull from this University went together to write and ask the Ministry of Education whether or not we can send more boys, but we’ve had no answer. Also, we hate to crowd their classes.

We cabled the International Secondary School at Ibadan for an answer to our formal application sent in May, but they don’t answer. Oh well, this is Africa. The Right Hand Office doesn’t often know what the Left Hand Office is doing. They all want things in triplicate and the Bureaucracy is fierce!

I plan to simply start Chuck tomorrow with a second-year white student. We shall see.

Did I ever tell you the story of the village celebration for which Charlie and I were all dressed up and just on the verge of attending? I think not! Well, we were driven there, to a big clearing near the schoolhouse, and found a bit square surrounded by crude bleacher seats, two rows high. We found places to sit, about 2:00, and people began to come. The MINEX summer students came in a bus, many in National dress, and many instructors and family, white and black, from the campus, and 200 or 250 villagers standing.

Chief Nwamba was driven into the square by a big American car he'd requested, and he was seated. Then things slowly began. There were three different groups of drummers, apparently unaware of each other; the Chief's No. 1 dancers (ladies) performed; there were speeches interpreted; a boy's dancing group; the JuJu priest all covered with costume came by, shaking rattles; bottles of beer and glasses were passed out (we missed this time); goats and calves were given to the Chief; the a big dishpan of goat's stew was passed around with slices of bread. I just had to try some! (The Chief made an elaborate speech in English.) It didn't seem cooked enough, but was done, and we put bread around it and had quite a sandwich! It wasn't too red-peppery either, and I didn't get ill, which was the fear that made several people pass it up.

All this took three and a half hours and the festivities still weren't done, but I was so board-bench weary I gave up and slipped out with a neighbor just before

the “hearty donations”. (Charlie gave). I also wanted to get home to the boys who were with Aaron. He’s 19 and nice to them and they like him. Charlie got home an hour later.

There are many Biblical names here, thanks to the early missionaries: Nicodemus, Thomas, Jonah, Lazarus, Aaron, Cyprian, Ignacious, etc.

We have a cute kitty, black and white, oddly enough. Very affectionate. The kids like it and so do I. Nigerians don’t adopt pets often.

Got three letters from you. We love to hear. Had another letter from Aunt Helen, too.

That’s all for now. Take care of yourselves.

Love,

June

r

Letter No. 12

Mailed September 17

Received September 24

Dear Mother and Grandmother;

I wonder how your weather is this week. We’ve had three beautiful summer days and today there is a heavy overcast and stead drizzle -- and it would have to

be wash day. Well, the rain will stop soon. I'll bet this weather would be murder on your arthritis, Mother!

Aaron and Lazarus are very good to us. Lazarus is the Senior man with twelve years' cooking experience. Aaron is the fresh young 19 year old. He doesn't cook but does help serve, do dishes, wax floors each week, and make the beds and iron.

With two men helping nine hours a day, I wonder how I ever got things done at home by myself, with little children underfoot! Well, I know the answer. I kept letting the housework go! I waxed only occasionally, and cleaned once or twice a week instead of every day. Washing was sometimes done at night. Ironing was never completely caught up, and beds were seldom all made every single day. Shopping and meals and dishwashing took precedence. So I am finally having a wonderful vacation from all that work, and it's nice to see the work getting done efficiently and well!

We've had news that our sea freight has been in Port Harcourt for a few weeks, so yesterday Charlie and another man were driven there (5 hours south) by an AID driver and car to check on it. They took passports and official Residence Permits, so here's hoping! By the way, to top off all the delay of the air freight, they finally wrote and said we could have it if would pay 35 pounds -- about \$90 --

storage on it. We won't pay, but I think AID will absorb it. Such red tape! And some air freights got here before the people did. It's ridiculous, but probably next week it will all be cleared up. Everyone seems to be very sympathetic.

Chuck has started school at Nsukka. He and Bobbie Deans are sitting in until official word comes from the Ministry of Education. There are three more boys just arriving who want in, too.

We hear from Ibadan is 4th on the list and they will notify us again. We may still pack up and go there.

Gee, it's funny how we get used to our surroundings. We took a hike Sunday and came back thinking about writing about the adventure. We came out with something like this: "Our hike was really very ordinary. We went to the edge of



the campus, up a Nigerian hill, and through some paths and underbrush. Saw little plots of cassava and yams, but no farmers. Came to many compounds with houses of red mud bricks and thatched roofs, but didn't want to bother people, so

went around. Lots of children met us and showed us different ways to go. Many were wearing no clothes. We walked up hill and down in the sun and breeze for about 4 miles. Nothing exciting happened.”

Sounds pretty funny!

We think of you a lot and hope you’re getting along all right. Thanks so much for the letters. More later.

Love,
June

Letter No. 13

Mailed September 25

Received Oct. 5

Dear Mother and Grandma;

I have reached a milestone. Today is the first day of school and all the boys should be off. The only exception is Robby, because the first grade teacher cancelled out at the last minute. He'll go this afternoon, though. The precedent is still established for all-day sessions for each boy now. The University will begin classes next Monday, Sept. 28.

Our air freight is not loose yet, and Charlie is getting impatient since his books are in it and he wanted them before school begins. But "they" are doing all they can. Those nice amber plastic "glasses" and sherberts are in it, too, and I'm so anxious to start using them. Also, the equipment in the kitchen is so skimpy -- egg beater sticks all the time, etc. I would have bought another one if I had figured we would be waiting so long. I'm waiting for my hand "mixette" (electric) to come.

Your addition on that bill from Golds is fine and if I ever remember to start on regular paper instead of air letter forms, you'll get a check for it. It is no inconvenience to pay it, and I want to start on the other amount of \$500. It might

be best to pay it back before 1965 so I wouldn't have to actually mention it as income for the year. And yes, you do have to write down any money that has come into your possession, gift or otherwise. I wonder if there is a space in the tax form for stolen money. Ha, ha.

Incidentally, I'm thinking of a couple of favors, too. Since changing my subscriptions to come to you, I've found out that they will often send magazines overseas, after all. Sometime could you write to Better Homes & Gardens and National Geographic, as I miss them the most, and see if they can be sent by sea mail? They'll be very late, but at least we will get them. They'll be fresh here, and fun to read.

Also, once I get those amber dishes, I'm thinking of writing the name and serial number down to see if you could order another set for me. If we have company, plus our own family, we'll never have enough. It can be mailed directly to MSU, Lansing, and they'll tuck it in someplace, I understand. They would do magazines this way, too.

Grandma, it's good to get your letters. I think of you getting up early and waiting for Carmen to get up for breakfast. I get up early, too, about 6:30 every morning. The boys must be at school at 7:45.

I suppose your nights are getting longer now. Ours aren't changing much, but the days are getting warmer as we approach the dry season. In a few months we won't get any rain. At least the clothes will dry fast.

Do be careful and take good care of yourselves.

Much love,

June and all

Letter No. 14

Written Sept. 30

Mailed Oct. 3

Received Oct. 12

Dear Mother and Grandma,

Tomorrow is Independence Day here. I don't know how people will celebrate except that there will be a flag-raising at the grammar school and then the children will be free for the rest of the day.

I asked Lazarus if they wanted the day off and was surprised to have him answer that they better get the work done and then go. That was nice of him. It is a big help. They always sweep the downstairs first, then breakfast is next. After dishes they go up and sweep, and make the beds. Then they start the washing on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. That represents a good four hours apiece. I don't know how much he plans to do or how long he'll stay. We'll see.

School started Monday, Sept. 28, at the University, and the grammar school began Monday, Sept. 21. I think everyone is off tomorrow. We don't have anything special planned.

The deal on a car fell through! In Michigan, we were told we could get a car duty-free here, but AID in Lagos is getting tight because of the Dollar Drain from the United States. Spending money over here for foreign cars is now discouraged because it eats up too many American dollars, so they say they won't make it easy by paying the duty for us, as before. We are all rather stuck, since we all (several families here) refuse to pay \$700 duty for no reason. Otherwise, we would have

brought our own cars. There is one way out, which I don't understand. If a car is ordered from England or France, in our name, and arrives in Nigeria in our name, then we can buy it duty free, but at this point it means starting a procedure all over again. We must wait at least another month for a shipment now. In the meantime, we are going to get a bike!

(Continued in next letter)

Letter No. 14 +

Written Oct. 3

Mailed Oct. 3 with letter 14

Well, Good Morning!

Congratulate us! We finally really and truly did get our air freight. We had figured that this week would be impossible because of the Independence Day slack, but of course the unexpected often happens, so it came the day before. And with it, the typewriter.

Actually, I had gone to Enugu on the shopping bus, and we were hailed down by someone who said some air freight was in. I didn't expect it to be ours because ours was supposed to come directly to Nsukka by lorry, and this was the air delivery place. Another family named Sicardi had their packages there and they were put into our International truck to be taken back. While I was there I went to a pick-up truck with five crated boxes in it and searched and searched for a name. Finally there it was -- C.B. House, Jr. I was so happy to finally see it. It beat us back and Charlie had it all uncrated. We opened things up and Lazarus and Aaron were washing and putting away new dishes and pans, and had an awful lot done by evening. We finally ate off our own plates, and slept under our own blankets. Now we'll have to plan a party soon. We told our friends that we would when the air freight finally came.

We found that several things we thought were to come on the air freight did not get in after all: (Everyone has that experience.) The ironing board (but the men are used to ironing on the kitchen table), the sewing machine (which I itch for) even though the sewing box came, Charlie's preaching robe and hood (which he needs next Sunday to read scripture), all our blank checks, and odds and ends which we had to defer at the last to sea freight (the second batch) because of the weight problem. I think I'll manage though. This should come through soon.

The boys are doing fine. School seems to appeal. They all have Ibo teachers and many Ibo schoolmates.

Chuck seems to be thriving at the Catholic boys' school. That is definitely settled now because of letters sent to the Ministry of Education. He had answered 'no' to the extra expatriates, but I went one Friday and talked with the Assistant Secretary and he said, "I wrote 'no' yesterday, but I'll change that now." He went off and had two letters written, one to St. Theresa's and one to the Vice Chancellor of the University, and I was the messenger. I can't figure why he changed his mind. He was rather hard-hearted in appearance, and a little brusque. Then a letter came from Ibadan, finally saying there was room for Chuck on their list, but we gave the choice to Chuck who decided once and for all to attend here at St. Theresa's. It is a classic education, and he really gets a kick out of it. More on this later some time.

The funny thing now is that all the teachers are on strike, so he goes to school and simply has study halls! This happened just Friday, the last day of September. This doesn't seem to affect the elementary teachers.

Many books came, the important ones, and we're having some bookcases made of walnut. A case 48" by 36" is costing about three pounds, or \$9.00. That's pretty good!

Back to school, AID seems to be cracking down on all non-essential driving. There is a set of drivers who are on duty to take people on business. One has always taken the kids over to St. Theresa's, but this is now considered non-essential, and I wonder when they are going to stop the shopping trips.

We are going to Enugu again today to get party things, and C also has a lecture on the Enugu campus (an extension, much smaller), and we are also getting an English bike, so maybe Chuck can ride that to school. A car pool will work once we get a car. You see many, many bikes here (all English). Most of the Africans have them (or walk), even the servants. Aaron is saving up for one. He gets paid 6 pounds a month, and bikes are about 20. It will really mean a lot to him when he gets it, but it is a luxury item for him. There is no real need. He lives in back of our house, and walks only a short mile to Nsukka, just as we do, and he doesn't need to go there very often. Our part-time gardener has one, but he lives 5 miles away. Lazarus has one, and he goes off to market quickly that way.

Half my time, I think, is taken up by walking. It takes about 45 minutes to get to the bank and back, an hour to the Department of Works to put in a request for repairs, (usually an hour at the bank), and nearly 20 minutes to anyone's house and back. Telephones must be nice!

Well, I must close and get ready for breakfast, and the bank, and the trip to Enugu. I'll write again soon. I think it is rather late.

Love,
June & All

Letter No. 15

Written October 12

Mailed October 15

Received October 22

Dear Grandma & Mother;

Our calendar tells us that this is Columbus Day but I don't notice any excitement around the campus here. I don't know whether they will mention it at the elementary school or not.

Chuck has been out of school for a week. The Nigerian Union of Teachers (NUTS -- this is true) has been on strike for a week. It seems unethical for USA teachers to strike, but maybe they would get better wages if they did. Also, there is a high price paid for education here, and it is greatly sought after. Perhaps there should be some sort of family payment (books and tuition) in order that kids respect the education they get in America. It's handed to them on a silver tax platter and you hear about so much lack of respect in high school. However, that would mean some families couldn't pay, and other kids wouldn't be interested in continuing school, and you would begin to have more illiterate people, so that isn't a solution, either.

The tendency here is to belittle manual work once you get an education. Some students are very arrogant. That was one of the purposes of Crossroads Operation -- to show some of the people with this attitude that educated Americans were not too disdainful to work with their hands. Or rather, that any educated people, not just Americans -- only they happened to be the experimental guinea pigs -- can also be unashamed to do hard physical labor when it is needed. Of course, the other side of the coin is that when they return home they may take physical labor jobs, or may not. After getting their educations, they should use them and not waste them by getting only a labor job, I suppose.

Well, Sunday brings the traders down from the North. They usually walk around the campus, followed by a helper with a huge bundle on his head, and they knock on your door and come in and lay out their goods on the floor, asking what you want to buy today. You have to bargain, and not pay their inflated first price, which is usually ridiculously high. Anyway, we bought two beautiful little green parakeets with orange heads, cage and all, for the rather reasonable price of about \$4.00. They chirp and twitter nicely.

At dusk I saw a humming bird hovering around our bougainvillea, last evening. I'll have to watch for him again tonight.

Chuck has enjoyed the new bicycle we finally bought last Saturday, October 10.

There is so much loose gravel that it is difficult to turn corners and Charlie had a spill the very first time he took a ride. The hills don't help the situation, and the gravel makes it worse. David rides it, too, and Steve can manage, but it is too big for the other two boys. Our Aaron is saving for a bicycle, too, but it takes a long time. We pay him a shilling an hour (the going rate) to boy-sit after his regular working hours, so that may

...looking for the end to this letter...

Written & mailed October 23

Received Oct. 30

Dear Mother and Grandma,

It's Thursday already and this is the day I go to the bank, if need be. It would seem strange to you to turn in a check for \$100.00 and get back about 35 pounds. It's a pink bill, wider than an American dollar. When we spend 7 or 8 pounds at the grocery we don't ever quite realize it is around \$20.00. We try to remember, and when we are paying coins, we recall that "7 shillings and 5 pence" is about the same as a dollar. It's fun to add up and subtract, too. Actually, the pound is worth 20 shillings (rather synonymous to saying 10 dimes to a dollar). But we work with 12's here, and then you reduce the scale to 12 pence in a shilling.

There are coins worth 1 pence, 3 pence, 6 pence, 1 shilling, a few 2 shilling pieces, and nothing else. Otherwise, you have a paper 5 shilling note (violet), a 10 shilling note (green), and the pound, worth 20 shillings (pink). So we have a great time. The funny thing is, we pay quite a bit for canned goods from America or England, then bargain intensely for the price of labor which the tailor charges to make a pair of tennis shorts. Big palm woven baskets we can get for 1 shilling 6

pence after bargaining awhile, and hand woven material is about 14 shillings for a huge piece, 5' x 6'.

I have been collecting various little objects, too. I have a nice thorn carving, the nicest I have seen, which I am going to try to send to you both this week. I know it will undoubtedly be late for Christmas, which is just as well, since we agreed not to send things to each other. I have one whole box packed with a little something for each branch of the family (Charlie's and mine), and I am sending it to Sally in Gary, Indiana. She can then have the fun of redistributing it for me.

I happened into the old juju section of the market last week and found some very authentic, used masks which are used at Christmas, I understand. Anyway, I bought one (I think they would sell for at least \$50.00 in the USA) and someday I may get one off to you, after I go on another shopping trip. We usually don't have time for whims like that, but we are going to collect a lot of them before we ever leave.

Incidentally, we will usually write in the middle of the week and the letters will go into Enugu with the driver on Friday and get mailed at the main post office. I don't know how long it will take from then on. There is a New York flight every Friday night and Monday night, I believe from Lagos, but there are never any strict enough schedules over here to assure a letter reaching you at a certain day.

We're all well. The warm summer air continues. It is usually about 85 in the day, with partial clouds: at night it is from 70 to 74. It's usually pretty humid, too, but last night was sure beautiful, with a full moon and a clear sky! No wonder the villagers without electricity have their celebrations and "socials" by the light of the moon.

How are both of you? We just got Grandma's good letter yesterday, Wednesday, and one from Mother the week before. Thanks so much. Whether there is special news or not, we want to hear from you. Also we do like getting the ball scores and news of the Nebraska team, etc.

Now that the weather is getting cooler -- and how funny it seems here to think of it being cold enough anyplace for someone to need a furnace turned on. We're a little jealous, actually, because we heard Michigan had snow, and early. It looks like a good ski season, and last year we just sat around and sat around, waiting for months for favorable conditions.

Well, I'm glad you won't be having to worry about snow removal, etc., but I wish you could get in the sun. Maybe you'll have to buy a sun lamp.

We heard that the Cardinals won the World Series, and that Krushchev stepped down (or was shoved) and that China has a bomb. Otherwise, we are a little far removed from daily news. Voice of America is very insipid, but daily, and we are supposed to get an overseas edition of each Time and Life, but they haven't arrived yet. Our Alma newspaper comes by boat and in October we get the July news of what happened there.

All our freight is here now except one box of tennis racquets and tennis shoes. We are wondering if it went to storage.

We keep having fresh pineapple, and bananas galore -- usually it costs about two shillings, or 25 cents for 28 or 30 bananas, but last week I got 47 for 2 shillings. That was the record. Some were smallish and some were green, on purpose, so we'll have to allow for that. Had a treat of sweet potatoes the other day. Celery is practically non-existent. Tomatoes and onions are plentiful, and green beans. So

are grapefruit and oranges, which are green colored. I buy the meat and canned goods in Enugu, and Lazarus keeps us supplied with the vegetables and fruits from grocery money which I give him. We have eggs, but there is no fresh milk, which we miss. The canned stuff isn't as good.

No car yet but we have a new bicycle.

Well, enough for now.

Love,

June and all.

Letter No. 17

Written November 6

Received November 14

Dear Mother and Grandmother,

Our "rainy season" is dwindling off gradually, but we had a grand storm this morning. It just poured down, and we had lightening and thunder. We never worry about wet basements -- there aren't any. The water runs off and all is well.

We've had Hallowe'en. The boys dressed up some -- Robby a ghost again -- and went to the school party where there was a "parade" and games and refreshments at 5:00. In the evening maybe ten American children came around to say "trick or treat" but we didn't send ours since the holiday isn't much observed here. The villages often have their own masquerades with a few people dressed up, but not at Hallowe'en.

Robby just lost his two front teeth yesterday, both on the same day! Now his “s” sounds lisp a bit and everyone laughs, but he just laughs too, so it is alright. It sounds like he “sprays”, so he tells people, “I serve towels when I speak”.

Charlie is busy these days trying to re-plan and re-write the Humanities Syllabus. It is a large undertaking, but he felt the old one just didn’t measure up. He also has several lectures (one to 600 students every so often), and seminars, but the most fun is that lots of students tell him they would like to have him teaching their seminars. And he hears good reports, and we are glad. I don’t know of anyone who looks down on him for not having his PhD. we were told there might be some who would make it rough for him.

Chuck is happy these days. Has exams at school and seems to know his material.

Did I ever explain that most Nigerian schools let out for the long vacation in November and they return in late January? So Chuck had to enter in the middle of a term and finish 7th grade over again here. He will begin 8th in January but at the first of the 8th grade, and it will apparently work out just as well when we return to America, because most of the work here is a little harder.

By the way, I went to Enugu yesterday and actually found some birthday cards. I am sending one to you right away, Grandma, and I’ve sent a cable which should have reached you before this. I wish we could have sent something, but “Happy Birthday” anyway.

The mails lately are so erratic. We haven’t heard from anyone in the States for a couple of weeks. Probably someone down in Lagos is forgetting to sort it.

Later

Just had a letter from you. The kids are doing fine in school. Chuck is out now for “summer vacation” till January, so a tutor comes every day and teaches six of them for a while. They use our house.

Much love,
June

Nov. 6, 1964

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. House

Dear Folks,

You should see Robby now. He's studying his school book -- it isn't "Dick and Jane" but "Janet and John"--same type of stories, action and pictures. The funniest thing, however, is his pronunciation! 2 days ago he lost both his front 2 teeth (in the same day) and turned up with the funniest lisp! At least he's being a good sport about it, and doesn't howl if people tease him.

In fact, we told him he "sprays", so he goes around saying, "I therve towelth when I thpeak". And even Lazarus chuckles when he talks!

Aaron said something about new ones growing safely in, and I assured him they would. Vincent asked the name of them and I answered "baby teeth", and he came back with "milk teeth" which surprised me.

I asked Aaron if Nigerian children saved their teeth and he said they don't anymore. He said, "We used to wrap it in a special grass and throw it up on the (thatch) roof, this meant the new ones would grow fast".

So Robby is quite a show now. The novelty is wearing off a little, thank goodness! But every so often something strikes us all funny!

We have not received any slides yet -- will watch for them and I hope they're not lost.

We are sending 2 more films of color and 1 of black and white from David's camera. Heaven knows how old it is. However, one problem is that there are more colored films to send and we can't find any mailer bags. Would you please buy about 4 processing envelopes or some such for 35 mm film and send them to us air mail?

Later-----

We just got one batch of slides -- with the "interesting interior", the colorful checkered house, a few at the farm, etc. Did good to see them. I sure wish we'd brought the projector with us though. However, we can borrow one.

The boys are doing pretty well in school. It's fun to watch the group come home from school -- all colors and all sizes. I think every teacher is Ibo (Ee'bow).

Dave is having some trouble with arithmetic again and sometimes just turns off his brain. Again this year he tends to daydream if he isn't following the lesson. We must expect to help nearly every evening for awhile, I think.

Chuck's class is out for "summer vacation" now till January, so we have a tutor in, teaching 6 of them each morning. Works out fine, except card tables have to be set up and down each day, 8-11.

Take care of yourselves. Glad you rented Grandma's place.

Love,

June.

Letter No. 18

Written November 8

Received November 18

Dear Mother and Grandmother:

Mail has been sporadic! It seems forever since we've had a letter, but it isn't, of course. I rather imagine there has been a delay with letters coming your way too. Please don't worry: everything here is calm and fine. You may hear about fighting in the Tiv country, a long way north of here, but that is only local and doesn't affect us in any way.

We are about due for elections in Nigeria, and were surprised that it comes so near America's election time. Incidentally, Charlie got up at 2:00 am to listen to "Voice of America" which was just then getting returns from the polls which closed at 8:00 pm your time. He stayed up a couple of hours, but I was too sleepy to get up at all. We had told the Deans they could come and listen, and they came around 5:00 am, after a pre-dawn deluge, so I got up then and we heard most of the election news about state elections, too, and of course about Johnson. We had breakfast together, then dispersed in order to get our various children up and dressed for school.

You should see all the poinsettias growing around here, Grandma. Just bushes and bushes of them. We have a yard nearly as big as the one at Burwell, and have a man come in for a while each day to keep the place neat. He is called Vincent, and he is a very good gardener. He has been transplanting Cannas along the front of the house, and has nice rock borders along the driveway, and keeps the grass cut, but not with a lawnmower. The men here all use machets and lean over and flail away at the long blades of grass. It is a straight blade, but is used like a sickle. He has planted cuttings from poinsettias and English ivy, and they are growing nicely in this poor soil. We already have some red leaves showing. The English Ivy is a bush of green with a light yellow edging all around it. No, mean English Holly! We'll take pictures and send them through the Houses again, and you can see it for yourselves.

Another picture which I hope turns out well is one of Lazarus and Comfort all drressed up ready to go to a party of some friends just married. Lazarus had asked for the afternoon off and said he'd make sure Aaron knew what to do; then he dressed up in an all-white National Dress with a great white flowing robe, white

hat (felt beanie variety which is very popular), and a cane, and went off to the party. Later he came back to get Comfort for the second party, and I called them back to the front yard to have their picture taken. The picture will show our front porch back of them, and probably our front door (white); I hope the light wasn't too dim and overcast or the skin tones will be too dark. I took two and hope one will turn out well. Comfort had on a beautiful black taffeta dress with gold embroidery all over it, and a typical kerchief tied upright on top of her head.

We have a new situation in the household. Lazarus was hinting for a raise, and Charlie said "all in due time", so Lazarus asked if he could bring in a young man and teach him to cook. Many good cooks do this and the learner pays a small fee. We said he could do this, and the young man is here this morning. I was prepared for a fat slob with a greasy moustache, but it turns out to be a very young boy, just out of Standard Six (6th grade), although about 15, and disarmingly shy. Of course Lazarus will teach him all his own standards of cleanliness, etc. Right now Lazarus has him out in back and is teaching him to hang up the washing, which seems to be one of the cook's jobs. So, in a way, Lazarus' work load will become lighter and in a way it will take work and patience. The boy's name is Nicolas, and I wonder if he wouldn't rather be continuing in school. Many such people are around, who can't find the tuition to go on. However, here a Standard Six education is rather good compared to the population. It makes one stop and

think. This boy is just about Chuck's level, but look at how much more Chuck will get in the way of education. You will undoubtedly be hearing more about Nicolas. The thing I can't get used to is that he is doing household work for us, yet I'm not employing him and shouldn't pay him. It is going to take some rethinking to remember that all the work he does is his apprenticeship. Lazarus thinks it will take about six months. And the boy pays Lazarus for lessons.

I showed Aaron a snapshot of Grand Rapids days of Chuck, Dave, Steve and Jim sitting in a row outdoors when they were all pre-schoolers, and he was amazed at how they looked. It is that snap I sent you, too, which I liked, of them sitting on the steps of the house, like four "Speak-no-Evil" monkeys together.

Enclosed is finally a check for the stuff I charged at Golds. It is no inconvenience, so don't worry. I will check with Better Homes and Gardens and National Geographic and see what has happened to our subscriptions.

I like the new ribbon on your typewriter, Mother. It shows up a lot better and made me take a look at ours. It was dim too, so I changed to an extra one we brought along. It helps.

I must quit for now and get some other checks in the mail. By the way, there is some occasional dishonesty in the civil service, and I was advised to scotch tape the stamps onto the envelopes. Sometimes the stamps are easy to take off, and are worth more than some people make in a day, so they are naturally a great temptation. Sometimes a stamp is removed and the letter is sent on sea mail with only the smaller stamp remaining. Sometimes both are removed and the letter never goes at all.

Love,
June and All

Just dated November, 7 am, Tuesday.

Dear Grandma and Grandpa,

We are at the breakfast table. I'm going to pass this around the table:

Robby says: (handwritten) Hello. How are you? I'm sleepy and I have to be at school at 8 o'clock!...

Jimmy says: (handwritten) I'm doing my home work at the table.

Steve says: (handwritten) Hi! I wish I could be with you during Xmas.

<----- Syrup smudge (we are having French toast today!)

None of them have on school uniform shirts today, unfortunately. (Dave is still asleep. I'll get him to add a word later.)

November is nearly finished and I wanted to get some Kodacolor prints of some slides before Christmas. I took the slides in Nov. 24th and the clerk said it would take 6 weeks at least!

Therefore, Dad, can I bother you to leave the enclosed slides at the Western (is that right?) Shop on Prairie? I only need 1 of each -- and one of the Scouts I need.

In fact, you can do me another favor. Keep them there and I can let you know where they are to be sent. There is one picture of the 5 boys in Scout uniforms in front of the Baden-Powell House in London,

1) I need 18 reprints of that one, and I was going to put them in Christmas cards to the Aunts.

You might as well keep the ones for: Aunt Taty and Jane

Aunt Boo

Aunt Eunice and Uncle Louie

Felix and Marianne

Janie and Dan

Beth

Sally and Jan

Yourselves

But I need the other 10 for friends, and my mother, and an Aunt in California, etc. and a few Nigerians here, etc. Please send the 10 to me.

2) And I want 2 of the slide of me skiing. Please send them here, too.

3) All I need of the wedding pictures is 1 of each to give to Charles' secretary.

They will come here too, thanks. Maybe it will be too heavy for 25 cents postage, though.

[Pause for correspondence on Chorus concert coming up, grocery for pop, market for more red cloth for Girl Guide neckerchiefs, and Charles got home from Enugu and wanted coffee]

Later:

I just realized I didn't give Dave a chance to add a line:

(Handwritten) Hi, my calvert is coming along pretty well; 2 days a week I do two lessons and all other days I do one. Boy it sure is going to be good to see you and the farm and the lawn mower again. Bye for now. PS How do you feel after your operation? 4 pm now.

We figured he was behind 45 lessons when he started. He also planned to have time free whenever the other kids have holidays. So he's actually doing 7 lessons a week. (He wanted weekends free.)

Charles preached in a village Sunday. A Harvest service -- much like Thanksgiving. After the service, different groups sang their way to the front with their offerings -- money, chickens, food, etc. and afterwards, C's honorarium was a chicken and two huge yams 12" long. (His first honorarium in Africa!)

It was good to see long, tall Chuckie last weekend. He had had a little bout with 'malaria' and was looking a little peaked. Said their food isn't good, but didn't seem to over-indulge at any one sitting here. We had shrimp on Sunday. (It comes frozen from Port Harcourt, a seaport south of here.) He returned Sunday -- we miss him. But he'll be back Dec. 17th.

Well, I'll quit now -- we're expecting a letter any day.

Love,

June

Letter No. 19

Written November 23

Received December 2

Dear Mother and Grandma,

I've been trying to paint a few pictures lately, mostly faces, and have been having a fine time although I must learn to do better at reproducing the rich brown complexions over here. I don't paint often, however, because we find we don't have a lot of free time. I'm relieved of many duties, but we are still without a car so I have to walk every place, and grab opportunities of rides to the grocery store, too.

One day a week is shopping day, and the AID driver (there are many) takes a load of women down south 45 miles to Enugu. It takes an hour, and then we all stop at several stores for groceries and items we can't get in Nsukka. There are usually trips to the Chemist and sometimes to the Garden market for seeds, or the place where you get a driver's license, or Raleigh, where you buy bicycles, etc. It takes a lot of stops to clear everyone's lists, and then we end up at the meat market which stays open past 12:30, and then often stop at the Sports Club for a bite to eat before returning home. It is always 2:00 pm or more when we get back.

It is rather wearing, but fun to go and get things we need.

Do you know there's not a single broom in Nigeria, like the kind we have at home. There is a kind they use on the gymnasium floors, which are used in each house, and a "hand" kind made out of the spines of palm fronds. They all bunch together at one end and are tied, then you lean over and use it like a whisk broom. Costs three cents.

We find it takes a lot of time just doing errands on the campus. To go to exercise class (for campus women, taught by Inga Fritz) Monday and Wednesday we have to walk nearly a mile, and it is a third or a half a mile to go get stamps, to the bank, health center for pills, etc., and friends live from 4 houses to a half mile away, so much time is spent in walking.

There is a small grocery (Ekwulu Bros.) full of staples at Nsukka -- another mile -- but you need a ride to carry it all back. Our car is still held up for some deep, dark mystery. There are many such mysteries in Nigeria. Office procedures just aren't precise like ours at home, and many cases of poor bookwork get people tangled in a lot of red tape. Hundreds of folders are merely piled on scores of desks. Come to find out, after all the ordering we thought we had done, six other cars arrived in Lagos to be brought up here, but ours was not among them. Why? Nobody knows. There simply was no car in our name, so we start again. You can

see why a perfectionist would have a difficult time here. And there have been people who can't take it, and ship home.

Charlie did by a bicycle, which helps him get to and from his work faster. His work is downhill from here, so it is nice going to work. Coming home is harder. The boys like to use it when Charlie doesn't have it. Aaron is saving for a bike, but it takes a long time. It is rather important that we pay our men on the same wage scale as other cooks, etc., and a steward makes only about six pounds a month. That's about \$17.00. He doesn't have any rent to pay, or utilities, and he's living with Lazarus. Lazarus' wife, Comfort, cooks for him, too, and I suppose he pays something for food, but basically he doesn't have many expenses. He did save enough for a wrist watch this month, and new sandals. We were all delighted. He is a very alert young man, 19 years old, and is a very conscientious worker. He really keeps ahead of things all the time. If it begins to rain, I never have to worry about the clothes -- he remembers to bring them in. He is also the one who irons things.

Last month we had a minor accident -- did I tell you? He showed me a tack while cleaning and said "What am I to do with this? I've marched on it twice?" I told him I was sorry, and to throw it away. Later I gave him medicine and bandaids and told him to take care of it. He mentioned using a razor blade -- I suppose to "bleed" it. Well, he apparently neglected it for a couple of days and I noticed he was limping. That scared me, what with all the germs in the soil around here. I told him again to be sure to keep it clean and covered. He had been going barefoot a lot, inside and out, with the open sore, I guess. They call it "wound" here. He is bright, but the Nigerians' idea of first aid isn't as advanced as ours, plus the added germs. We told him it might get serious, and I decided to show him how to use our kind of bandaid and squeeze bottle, and told him I wanted to see it better by Monday. (Sunday is his day off.) He left Saturday night with all this stuff. Monday I asked him first thing, "What of your foot, Aaron?" He gave me a big grin and said, "It is all well. The medicine is too

powerful!” (Meaning very effective.) I get a kick out of him. He is like my sixth boy.

He has learned things so fast! He is a smooth operator now. And I admire Lazarus’ administrative ability. He taught him slowly and didn’t ever get angry with him, that I know of. We can remember when Aaron was new and unsure, “green” so to speak. He had no house uniform and was shy, and his hands trembled when serving food to us. He is completely different now, and takes good care of the table, has confidence, and looks nice too, in white shorts and shirt.

Our schedule here is changed a bit. Offices open at 8:00 am but close at 2:00 pm, with a coffee break at 10:30. Charlie usually comes home around 1:30 for lunch. The boys eat at 12:15 and go back for one and a half hours more of school. Siesta is observed by everyone, servants too. Even stores close for a couple of hours. And it is quiet, because kids are in school until 2:30. Except for school and school offices, things slow down. Charlie takes a rest after lunch, and I usually do, too. Turns out to be 1:30 to 3:00. Servants leave at 1:30 and return at 4:00. Then it’s “evening”.

Charlie had several seminars to staff and has managed to do that, even though some professors are very lax about getting to the campus in time for the opening in the fall. Some still aren’t here. It’s very strange. He still has problems – first

of all the problem of seeing, from day to day, that the lecturers show up. Also, they are operating the course on the Enugu campus (an extension of this campus) as well as here at Nsukka, so each lecture must be delivered twice. Books are a big problem, too. They had to cancel two readings because paperback texts ordered last May did not arrive until late October. Communications are difficult and administrative procedures cumbersome, so plans confirmed one day may come completely unstuck the very next day.

The biggest problem of all is the course outline itself. It was in the hands of a committee for 8 months after Charlie's predecessor left Nsukka, and what he started the year with is a mess. He decided that the second and third terms of the course had to be ditched and that he should definitely write a new syllabus. He had originally planned to follow through with the planning that was already done for this year and use the time to get a good solid plan worked out for the second year. Then he could use that whole year for the development and consolidation for his successor, but he couldn't stand this stuff that was handed to him. He feels he must get something new ready to put into use in January. He found out, too, that several other people had already reached the same conclusion and were just waiting to see what he would do. He put out a provisional outline of the 2nd and 3rd terms, which has met with an enthusiastic response. He says it is nothing at all remarkable, but it brings a little order out of chaos. Now he has a big writing job to get a full syllabus printed by the 5th of January. Then maybe he can take the rest of the year to do a really thorough overhaul for next year. Frankly, I'm glad he is challenged and sees a job to do. No one, before we came, was too explicit, and he didn't get a chance to see the previous syllabus before we got here. Anyway, he says it is really fortunate, because with such a mess to begin with, he doesn't have to accomplish much to look very good.

Teaching seems to be the most fun, and he has had some rewards, too. One member of his seminar told him that the whole class considered themselves to be very fortunate, and that other students were wanting to get in. Each period there are from six to ten students who are not on the roll, but who come to "sit in". One

very good student dropped the course so that he could take something else. When he dropped, Charlie told him he would miss him. The boy answered, "Oh, that's all right, I'll still come to class", and he does. Charlie explains things logically and with good perspective, but in an informal, subjective way that appeals to these students. They are basically about five years older than American students, and are pretty good. Charlie says you have to remember that they are studying in a foreign language. They have had some English through the grades, of course, but Ibo is their home tongue. Eee' Bow.

Must close. Take care of yourselves.

Love,

June and All

Letter No. 20

Written - mailed December 2

Received December 10

Dear Mother and Grandma;

We were very unhappy to hear that you hadn't had a letter for three weeks. However, I'm not really surprised, because we have had a backlog of letters over at the mail office -- 5 or 6 bags waiting to be sorted for lack of help. There was a strike in Lagos for a couple of days, then things began piling up. The oldest bag

of mail is left at the bottom, and newer ones dumped on top of that. These postal agencies are not always efficient, and there are human failures, too. All in all, we didn't hear for about three weeks, either, and just got a letter from you today. But we knew there was a delay in the mail, and you didn't, so I guess we were better off.

We have been amazed to see the sudden change in the weather. There is no rain, few clouds, and the humidity has gone way down. My friend said it was down to 20% this week, but I wouldn't doubt if it was lower. Within two days it was dry and dusty, the sultry air all gone, and the dampness in the mattresses was even being "sucked out" by the dry air. For a week the bedrooms smelled very musty near the beds. The wood carvings we have bought few, but a couple of ebony things -- have dried out and one has already split -- a not uncommon occurrence, we have learned.

Now, the clothes on the line dry out in two hours or less, and our skin isn't clammy. The wind is dry and feels like I remember the Nebraska winds used to be, although not scorching. It is about 8 to 85 degrees, but we don't drip now, like we did in the sultry weather. The valley is thick with a dust haze, and you can't see the hills at the far horizon. The house is dust-mopped each morning and by supertime there is quite a layer all over again. So Dry Season has begun with a bang. It feels good, but even now my hands feel dusty and gritty and I washed them just 15 minutes ago. Everyone says you have to use hand cream, face cream, chapstick, etc. It should be interesting. Generally, I like it better than the Rainy Season. So often we would feel hot and sweaty during a walk or any effort, then sitting down we could just feel the damp and chill descend on the back of our necks, etc. You could feel hot and chilly at the same time. It took hours for my hair to dry after washing it -- now only fifteen minutes. So that is the big news from here.

I went on the shopping bus today. Bought bananas, 2 for a penny. I got 48 or 50 of them for 2 shillings. Got a fair sized pineapple for 9 cents (9 pence, we say).

There are three American students from Goshen College, Indiana, going to school here, plus other Americans. They can't stand a steady diet of hot African food (rather like Mexican food), so they have standing invitations with American families twice a week. We have a boy assigned to us on Wednesday nights. His home is in Canada and he has 8 older brothers and 6 older sisters. He baby-sat for us one evening, though usually if we need someone to stay all I have to do is ask Lazarus or Aaron to stay, or come later, and they do.

The letter I wrote a few days ago explained how Charlie is getting along. He still manages to keep ahead of the game, and his arrangements usually stay arranged. He has done a good job of lining up people for seminars, etc.

Our cat is getting big. She is very affectionate and the boys all love to hold her. She's mine, though, so I allow them to take her or not, and it all works out better psychologically. Otherwise, I'd have them sharing their possession with each other rather than loaning out my possession to one or the other of them. It's silly, but it works.

Houses are getting along pretty well. Sally and Jan bought a cottage at a lake near Galesburg last summer and have had a few reunions there and are closing it up now. Houses drove to St. Louis to visit Janie. They have bought a house there and Dan is in a new job of Pathology, now that he has graduated from medical school and finished his residency in the East. The house is a pretty two-story

frame. They are renting our red station wagon, and we loaned them our stove and refrigerator and plastic dishes, to get started. They didn't even have furniture. More of our things could have gone to them instead of going to storage, but we couldn't get them there. Janie's baby boy is having trouble keeping milk down. He seems to be allergic to cow's milk, or so the pediatrician says, so they've been having some special cares over him lately.

The little boys here are fine. They get to go swimming at Enugu this next Sunday. Charlie and I went once last week. It was at a fine modern hotel, and very, very nice. Deans and Veltrops will drive. We three families had Thanksgiving together here (potluck) this week and took some flash pictures. When they are developed, we'll send you copies. There were six adults and twelve children present. One baby stayed home with a sitter. Each family sent along a steward to help in the kitchen and with serving and dishes. The children played games and all were very good. We had a pork crown roast and three chickens. Turkeys are about \$8.50.

I must quit. Love from all.

June

Picture and Note on back

Written Dec. 7

Received Dec. 15

Hi;

This is a fall school picture of Robby's class. He is in the farthest row to the left, with his head down.

It's quite an international classroom. One Mexican, Two Indians, Two British, Two Americans, One Canadian, Many Nigerians. One American is a Southern Baptist missionary child.

The teacher is Mrs. Ogunniyi -- Oh goon e yee.

Things are running smoothly here. Chuck's birthday is approaching. Other kids have had parties, but I don't know if he will want one. He wants a case of pop

all for himself, and a record player, but the thing we found for him is a guitar. I think he will love it. Could you please phone Gold's and see if there is an instruction book on simple guitar playing that they could send airmail? We'll pay postage.

We think of you very, very often and hope you are comfortable. You neither complain, but let us know how you fell these days.

Love,

June

Letter No. 22

Mailed December 11

Received December 21

Hi;

Another note. I'm waiting for supper, and have 15 extra minutes, after some unexpected visitors dropped in -- Charlie's clerk, a fine bright young man who knows more about Humanities than the Humanities students, but has never had time to get through University. Of course, most people in this culture have reached only grade 12, and many stop after 6 in order to go to work and help support large "extended families".

That term usually means a corps of relatives that live back at a small village, in one family group. They keep together this way, but if one moves away, he sends back money. A man just married brings his wife to his family's village. Infant mortality is very high, and consequently children are precious, and even an illegitimate child is fought for and taken into the winner's family and given a

place there. In fact, in the servants' quarters they will often import a couple of relatives and take care of them, even though it's over the house quota, hoping they will find work, which is scarce.

Have I told you about the tailors' shops? Most of these are located by a road and since the weather is mainly nice all year, they are simply bamboo huts with thatched roof and no door. Maybe two or three walls. The man imports his cloth and sewing machine every morning and sits all day, sewing. Some have several helpers. Cloth is folded over a couple of bamboo frames for display, all colors, plain and patterns.

The roofs are rainproof, floors are packed red soil. The sewing machines are worked by hand. Although there are some electric lines to the towns, no machines seem to be electrified.

The "sheds" are made by hand, as most everything is here in the "country". There are many farmers and market ladies. They build houses of clay bricks and thatched roofs, with packed floors, all by hand.

There is a prison on another hill which we visit to get baskets made. The walls of the compound are huge palm leaves woven together, by hand. Not really very strong. Another ironic thing -- grass and weeds are "mowed" with matchets, like a big meat cleaver. Every morning you see prisoners on the hill cutting grass -- for thatch -- while in charge of them may be one or two guards -- prison police -- on bicycles, unarmed, while 20 men have the big heavy matchets which could "do in" the guards in a minute.

Well we are somewhat getting ready for Christmas, although it still feels like summer. People in shorts, barefoot, etc. We are getting Chuck a portable record player, David and Steve are promised bicycles -- then when we get the car Chuck can have Charlie's, and a new one before we leave. Jim and Rob, I don't know yet.

We've sent to a book store in Alma to send out a book to you. It is a cute one about a family's adventures in Africa. It should reach you by Christmas. I don't think the box will, that we mailed in early November.

I'm getting Charlie a real good tennis racquet. Hope our car comes by Christmas.

Love,
June

Dear Folks;

We got a big juicy letter from you just yesterday and I'll answer right away. Chances are, this will be your Christmas letter, anyway. And it must get off. All your Christmas letters to the boys came also, and gobs of other mail, so I guess the strike is off and things came through again. This was a second strike. It was so good to hear.

Christmas will certainly be different this year, indeed. I wish, though, that Beth would come home instead of going to Janie's. I'm sure she plans to be there part of Christmas vacation. But we will be thinking of you. . . and wishing we were there. All Christmas morning at Rio, you can think of us spending Christmas afternoon here. And about midnight Christmas eve here, we'll be thinking of you about to watch the Christmas programs on TV all Christmas Eve. This 6 hours difference is confusing sometimes. But you know, each day when you see the sun rise that it just left us, in fact is shining down on our lunch time. So, we get it first and push it on to you with our best wishes!

Guess what we have in the back yard. A goat! Ewu! Lazarus got him for Christmas (early shopping) and it is out by the boys' quarters, tethered to a tree, in a grassy spot. He's getting good and fat...is all black, and is for the Christmas feast! They will share him with neighbors, and have rice, palm wine, beer and goat meat (prepared like stew and rice). They get Christmas day off.

Many apologies!! I WONDERED what happened to this letter. Charles just unearthed it yesterday, Jan. 10. I'm especially embarrassed since the first paragraph says this must be your Christmas letter. Oh, boy! I hope at least the Christmas card got there in time.

Did I tell you about Thanksgiving, or not? We had the Deans and the Veltrops over for a potluck supper. Chuck and Dave and Bobby Deans organized (we should spell that with an "s" here...organised) a treasure hunt with clues outdoors

all over the neighborhood, and the badminton set and tetherball sets up, so the kids had a good time. About 6:00 most of the adults had collected, and a helper each from Deans and Veltrops came to help Lazarus and Aaron to put out food and serve. There were 18 of us, all put into the dining room (2 or 3 card tables). Each family said their special grace, and we talked of Thanksgiving at home, and what all our folks were probably doing. The kids were all good, but a little restless before dessert time, so I took them all outdoors (13 of them) and marched them around the block in the night. They sang and had a snake-dance, and had fun. (There are no sidewalks, so we went along the black top road that goes by our house. Mr. Veltrop took flash pictures, and we're anxious to see them some day, and get prints.

The Christmas pageant at school was on Chuck's birthday...I think I told you about that...I hope. Anyway, there are pictures of it that are on the way.

JUST THE DAY HE RETURNED FROM THE JAMBOREE, WE RECEIVED THE PETER, PAUL AND MARY RECORD IN THE UNIVERSITY'S SURFACE MAIL. Chuck was so delighted! He was worn out, but he HAD to play it (them), and we went to bed about 12:30 am. And he told me the next day that he didn't quit till 2 or 3 in the morning.

And also, the Christmas money he spent on (some of it) a couple of 45 records...it's his pride and joy, his record collection. They have records here, but

they are generally more expensive (the 45's), and some are twice as expensive, and the big LP's are about 52 shillings. That's \$6.40 or so.

Well, the kids are back in school now, and glad for their daily regular schedule, I think. But Chuck's "summer vacation" isn't over until about January 25. He's having a good loaf after the grind at Lagos. He said he and Bobby Deans did most of the campfire cooking for his troop. Every meal. They even did liver and onions. When he got back he said he was so glad just to get back to four walls, again. And that he could smell fresh bread. And did they appreciate COLD water and food. David was in 7th heaven when he got into his own clean bed. It made them appreciate home and comforts more. We're glad we sent them.

I'll close now, and get another letter off real soon.

Love,
from all.

Letter No. 23

Written December 26, 1964

Received January 5, 1965

Dear Mother and Grandma;

Christmas is over, and it was interesting! In the first place, the school had a pageant before school let out, so all the Mothers were frantically sewing choir robes, angel costumes, shepherds, etc. The teachers put them through their paces. Then on December 16, Chuck's birthday, we all got to go over to the school yard, and watch the whole thing.

We sat outdoors on folding chairs at 5:00, and all went very well. The choir was good, and each room had a little part. A brown Mary and Joseph stood over a

grass-filled basket with a brown baby doll in it, and the angel Gabriel was a tow-headed Dutch boy. And so it went. Very cute. I am going to see if someone got pictures. We were too far back.

Lazarus and his little boy of 5 went over to see it, too. Anything outdoors that way attracts crowds, but I had asked him ahead of time if he wanted to take time off and go see it. He had observed us sewing, and Aaron had ironed the choir robes, etc., for Steve and Dave. Jim was a shepherd, and Rob was a star. I'll send the program in my next letter.

Chuck's birthday was uneventful. He didn't want any fuss and bother, and we promised him and his friends a ride into town for a swim, supper and a movie, when our car comes. He got a book he wanted, and a guitar which a friend of mine wanted to sell. The older one from Burwell we had stored. I didn't think it would arrive safely. And a few other odds and ends, plus a case of pop all for himself and his friends to enjoy.

For Christmas there was a Candlelight service in an auditorium. The Protestant Chapel has yet to be constructed. The R.C.'s were first. The service wasn't basically religious, but mostly a Songfest of Christmas carols, and mainly lively to keep children interested. We had been asked to play a quartet on the Recorders (have you seen one?) They are about 8 to 12 inches long, made of wood and you blow on them like the saxettes Mr. Struve had us play in Burwell. They

are the outgrowth of the reed pipes of the Egyptians and Greeks, and were very popular in Shakespeare's time -- and a hobby we picked up last winter. Anyway, four of us practiced and did an acceptable job.

Christmas day we had company. The young man from Alma College, Tom Auer, whom Charlie helped choose last year for a year's position at Mayflower School in West Nigeria. He got there late August and this is the first time we've been able to get together. He's a house guest, and a House guest, now for awhile before he looks around on his holiday time.

As to celebrating, we found out there is a real holiday spirit here with the religious part of it kept in church. There are colorful paper hats, firecrackers, and dancers and drummers who come from house to house all day Christmas and the next day, and they don't mind if you give them a threepence or so. A children's choir from St. Luke's came by, and some Nigerian ones, too, which were very good. Christmas trees are scarce, and the scraggiest things you have ever seen. We didn't really have one, but we put up a few boughs. Public places decorate with palm branches and arches.

We gave our fellows the day off and we all went into Enugu and had a swim and dinner at the Hotel Presidential. (The campus pool was finally filled, then it was found out that there was a leak and the motors were being flooded, so they had to drain it.) There were three families and 14 children. The service was excellent and the food was good but didn't taste quite like Nebraska Tom Turkey. The kids were very good, and it was a big day, and we all got home just tired enough.

Lazarus had bought a Christmas goat and on Christmas day, early in the wee hours, his family got up and started the proceedings, and by afternoon had company come in. They planned palm wine, rice, beer, and goat meat with bread. The next day his kiddies turned up in the nicest suits of Nigerian dress. We took a picture which should turn out well. Bright aqua with lots of white embroidery. Cost 2 pounds 10 shillings (\$8.00 for both) but he makes only 11 pounds a month, so it was a grand gift. We gave them cars and a brown doll, and all the men nice

sport shirts, and a bonus, and Lazarus some beer and Aaron and the others a case of pop.

Dave and Steve got their new bikes, finally. Chuck got a portable record player he had been pining for, Jim, a camera, and Rob a viewer with slide pictures (Viewmaster). I got some pure gold jewelry, and Charlie a good tennis racquet and a book on Greek art. Our Christmas was very, very good except that we missed you and wished we could be with you.

Thank you for your card which came on time. I hope ours made it. We are safe and happy.

Love,

June and all

Letter No. 23 1/2

Written December 28, 1964

Returned for lack of complete address

Received with another letter May 15

Dear Mother and Grandma,

We've been so busy during December. Another thing besides the preparations for Pageants, Christmas, Recorder playing, etc., was the fact that the Scouts were preparing for a trip to Lagos by bus, where there will be a week of Nigerian Jubilee Jamboree from the 29th to Jan. 4. Watch and see if any papers or magazines come out with any news or pictures of it. Chuck and Dave got ready to go and just the day after Christmas we got them to Enugu with their friends -- two other white boys, but lots of boys from here that they knew and had gone to school with.

There will be something like 50 buses arriving in Lagos on the 27th and 28th. Most fascinating, and a big job to handle. They will be back January 6th. I hope we'll have our car by then and can go and meet them about 70 miles from here. There is a big river and ferry service there, and when the vehicle service is slow people can cross easily on the passenger ferry. Then at least someone will be on hand, and can get back to find more transportation, too, in case the telephone

service is completely incompetent, which happens often in Nigeria. In the first place, you and the operator often can't get together in the use of the English language, and there are delays and red tape and interminable waits, so we're not really depending on a call.

At last count there were five ferries on duty, but you can't tell how long they will last. Bob Deans (Advisor in Animal Husbandry -- our best friends) said the cars were lined up so far it sometimes takes a 3-day wait to get your turn. But everyone was heading East for the holidays, and things should have simmered down by the 5th or 6th.

I've seen a 2-page spread in the newspaper on the beginnings of the Jamboree, and I'll visit some neighbors and see if they have extra copies, and I'll send you what I find here. It was mainly about the leaders meetings and getting ready for the boys.

Did I tell you that they left here on Saturday about 5:00 and got to Enugu and had a pack lunch for supper, met other Scouts, and then got settled in an empty school house. Others kept arriving and it looked somewhat disorganized. Charlie and Bob took them down -- no room for Mothers. Charlie figured they would be lucky to get off by noon the next day, although their getaway time was scheduled for 6:00 am. Planning in an American way, the buses would have been on the scene the evening before, the drivers having an over-night stop in Enugu, too,

ready for an early start, but the organization is not so red-hot here, so by normal Nigerian operating procedures, the 15 buses probably drove all night, generally aiming at 6:00 am, which was their appointed time. Nigerians never had had large groups of people to move efficiently, so it is foreign to their nature. No one hurries, anyway. Most of them tell time by the sun, not by their watches.

Last night something different happened. We looked out and saw a brush fire slowly creeping south on a hill a mile away. Everything was OK, but it was fantastic to see at night. The fact is that after the Dry Season comes and the grasses all get dry, people take what they want for the thatch roofs, and the rest is burned off. So this is custom, and today the hill is black. First it was green, when we came -- the grass was lush and long, then it was all changed to yellow in November and December. Now it is black, and they say there is still one more color -- the bright green of spring when the rainy season starts in May or June.

Incidentally, did the book make it or not, which we had sent to you from the Alma Book Store? "African Creeks I Have Been Up". Probably not by Christmas. I hope you enjoy it.

The boys were very delighted with the pound-notes which we marked from you. We never give them pounds here, otherwise. It's just too much money for children to be seen with in such an economy, so it was a real treat. Something like a five or ten dollar bill.

Well, next is New Year. I wonder how it will be celebrated here, if at all. Lazarus was happy to take New Year's Day off, so I suppose it is a national holiday. We have tickets to a chicken barbecue here on the campus in the evening. There is a club where people go to see movies on Saturday and Tuesday, and the children go Fridays. Also there is a bar and soda fountain of sorts. We go to the movies some, but can't seem to work up any interest in the bar end of it. It's very boring, I think, with people just sitting around drinking beer, etc., but maybe the barbecue will be nice. We'll be outdoors, of course, which must sound very funny to you.

We saw a total eclipse of the moon this month --- did you hear about it?

About the dresses I sewed for you, Grandma, did you notice anything funny about one? The material wasn't 36" wide, and I had to insert little triangular pieces down on the bottom of the skirt. I noticed the dress sample you gave me to copy also had piecing like that. I hope it doesn't show too much. I hope you are getting some good out of the aprons, too.

You would be interested in seeing the poinsettias blooming here on big bushes. Enough for now.

Love,

June

Dec. 28th, 1964

Dear Folks,

(continued from another letter)

Dave and Steve got their new bikes, finally; Chuck got a portable record player he had been pining for, but very little else. We included books and one other small toy. And they were completely goggle-eyed at the \$5.00 bills! Jim got a

camera; Rob, a Viewmaster, and I gave Charles a good tennis racket and book on Greek art, and he had ordered some gold jewelry for me, Nigerian-made. So it was a very nice Christmas, except that we missed you and wished we could be with you. Also, it seemed strange with the weather about 85 degrees.

Charles rushed off to Enugu this morning, and I had this letter in the typewriter, so I jerked out the first 2 pages and sent them off. No telling when the next car would take mail to Enugu. And if I mail things on the campus, it usually takes about 3 days for mail to get 45 miles to Enugu.

We've been swamped this December. Besides the costume-making for the school pageant and recorder playing and Christmas, itself, was the fact that the Scouts were preparing for a trip to Lagos by bus, where there will be a week of Nigerian Jubilee Jamboree over the 29th to Jan. 4th. Watch and see if any papers or magazines come out with any news or pictures of it. Boy's Life, the scout magazine, will surely have.

Anyway, Chuck and Dave got ready to go. And just the day after Christmas we took them to Enugu with their friends (2 other white boys, but lots of friends from Nsukka and St. Teresa's school that they knew.) There will be around 50 buses pulling into Lagos from the Eastern Region. Most fascinating, and a big job to tackle. I hope we'll have our car by the 6th so we can go and meet them at the river where the ferry is, at Onitsha. The ferry-service during the holidays was completely impossible. . . cars lined up to 75 in line. . people waiting 3 or 4 days to get their turn. People on foot can easily get across on the passenger ferry, however,

From: David House

To: Mr. and Mrs. C B House

Rio, Illinois, USA

Dear Grandma and Grandpa;

Sorry I haven't written you for such a long time. Today I am sick and home from school. I sure wish I could be sick on your couch and watch television. ‘

How are you and everything around you?

Thank you very very much for the Christmas card and the five dollar bill!
Is the weather still cold and snowy there? It is warm here.

Lots of love,

David House

PS My good luck troll [illustration] says hi too.

Letter No. 24

Written January 5, 1965

Received January 13

Dear Mother and Grandma,

This is two days after the New Year, and we finally have our car. It arrived in Enugu just as Charlie was at the lot for the umpteenth time, checking to see if it was lost or what. It drove in from the west where it had been held up at the river at Onitsha. There is a ferry there and no other way to cross the river, and there were hundreds of vehicles waiting their turn. But it finally got here, and they were most helpful in getting it licensed and ready to go, so Charlie stayed in town all afternoon and then drove it home. I was hoping that was why he was so late and was delighted to see it was true.

We are really happy with it. It is the most solid car he has ever seen, Charlie says. Very compact, and you don't have to slam the doors but can close them easily from two inches. In case you want to talk about it with Roger or someone, Charlie gives these particulars: All of the fittings, such as door handles, brake levers, etc., which would be stampings or pot-metal castings in a Chevy, are machined aluminum. It looks like a small car, but has room for 7 adults. The engine is a "slant four", a 1618 cc. four cylinder engine, mounted on a slant like 1/2 of a V-8. It has four gears ahead, which is very good in the kind of up-and-down-hill, crowded village, rough-road driving that we have to do. The only thing it doesn't have is uniqueness. There are lots of them on the road. The taxi drivers who carry the main burden of inter-city transportation use them almost exclusively. It is possible to load ten or more passengers in them and ram them over the roads at 70 mph. Ours has over-load springs, so that when we want to sell it, it will be just right for a taxi, and thus will be easy to get rid of. That is one reason we got this kind, and one reason we decided to wait out our order for the new one and not take that used one of the other fellow.

Charlie really feels this car was worth waiting for. He is ecstatic! The color is cream or "white", like the Rambler we once had, and rally about the same size and appearance. Dark blue interior. Of course the steering wheel is on the right side, because we drive on the left side of the road. That puts the driver near the center of the road, as the reverse does for us in America. (The name is Peugeot (Pooh-joe, except with a softer j than we are used to saying. It is more like zsoh.)

It is made in France.

Charlie started a letter to you and to his folks to explain a little about the political situation here. There was to be a bit election, then odd things happened so that you are probably getting some news of things being vaguely upset here. There is nothing dangerous, but I'll copy what Charlie said, since he had to go off to a lecture today and asked me to fill you in.

"We are in the middle of a political crisis brought on by the national elections, the first in Nigeria since independence. There were, apparently, some serious irregularities in the nomination procedures so that candidates from some parties found it impossible to file for nomination in areas controlled by the opposition party. As a result, one major coalition of parties boycotted the December 30 election. There was no voting at all in a large section of the country. The problem now is how to form a government. With so much of the electorate boycotting the election, there is likely to be trouble if they try to form a government on the basis of the election. There is some talk of secession of the Eastern Region from the Federation. We just don't know what is going to happen, although things have been quiet so far, with most people adopting a "watch and wait" policy. My guess is that there is a lot of "horse trading" going on behind the scenes. It is very possible that we may have a few weeks or months of martial law until there can be a new election."

Later, January 5

The papers today said the crisis has been solved. We had heard they were going to have a big general strike, however, and stocked up on staples (I do every month, and it actually was time again.) We knew this meant perhaps a shortage of gas, etc., and got a tankful of that, too. Anyway, the papers said the former president of the country, Dr. Azikiwe (Ah-zeek-weh) had appointed or reappointed officials of a new cabinet. This means that there was still no democratic election and I don't see how he can rally get away with that. All parties were poised and ready to vote for their favorite sons, so to speak, and then things were called off. Now a cabinet has been formed by the former president who has apparently set himself up again. Confusing!

Chuck and Dave are finished by now with their week at Lagos at the Scout Jamboree. They are due to come home, driving by bus all day today, Tuesday. We felt it was a wonderful opportunity. A man came up from Lagos a couple of days ago, and he had spent a day with them. They were doing fine and having a wonderful time, out from under Mother's apron strings. I guess I told you there are 4 Americans from here attending as Nigerian scouts. Two of them are Houses. Bob Deans and Charlie took them to the take-off place the day after Christmas. They stayed in a school with two or three hundred Nigerian boys and then they travelled to Lagos by bus. They had practiced with their troop in building bamboo-and-palm shelters, which they would reconstruct and and live in in Lagos. A Dutch bachelor from the Engineering Department and an American university student (an Eagle scout), very capable, went with them in addition to the regular leaders of their troop. The scoutmaster is one of Chuck's teachers from St. Theresa's College. Charlie says he would have loved to go along too, but he's spent nearly every day re-writing a huge syllabus. I've been doing stencils.

I'll get this off. If there is a strike, it may sit a week or two in Lagos. I hope not.

Love,

June and All

Letter from Chuck to the Houses

Dear Grandma and Grandpa,

I had just arrived home from the Scout Jamboree in Lagos and it was about 12:00 midnight and I was very tired. We had just come 350 miles by bus in 18 hours, and I just fell into bed and lay there a minute. Then I saw something beside me, and guess what it was! You're wrong, it was a plate of cookies. Then I looked over onto the dresser and guess what I saw there. This time you're right, it was a Peter, Paul & Mary record album titled "Peter, Paul & Mary in Concert".

My mother says I must sign off now so she can mail it today.

Love,

Chuck

Letter No. 25

Written January 12

Received January 19

Dear Mother and Grandma,

We just got another letter from you, written Christmas Day, and it arrived January 9. That took quite a while.

I don't think I told you how delighted the boys were with their Christmas money. It's the first time any of them has had a whole pound to himself. They felt quite rich. Mrs. House happened to send American money, which they liked, but it is sort of useless here. I guess we could get it changed, come to think of it, but the currency-in-use is gaining favor. Chuck went to Enugu with us in the car Saturday (500 mile checkup already) and bought two very popular records that he was anxious to have. They'll get their thank-you notes in the mail soon. Things were a little upset with the scouts going off, then returning, etc.

I don't know how heavy this letter will be but I'm going to include some snapshots. They aren't very good, but they'll have to do until I get some better ones. The colored one is from a lady in Michigan. She visited her daughter and son-in-law and family here last summer, and I got to meet her and we all went around together to some villages, etc. She took this picture just before she left to go to the airport and back to America. I'll get her address and see if she will have several more made for me. Or would you mind writing her from there? No, I guess I had better write since I met her. The other mother-in-law came too, and she is a PEO in Marquette, Michigan. She had met a few of my PEOs.

I'm sure you got our letter saying we finally got our car. I'll have a picture of it for the next letter. We are very satisfied, and relieved at finally having it. It was so difficult to get around and get errands done. Things took more than twice as long. It was good to have it when the boys came back from Lagos. Charlie and 3 other cars drove 80 miles to Onitsha where he crossed with the ferry over the Niger River. That is the only connection between Western and Eastern Nigeria. Traffic often piles up so that people literally wait for days to cross with their automobiles. It is easy enough to cross as a foot passenger, however. As it

happened, they were able to get a special ferry for the Scout busses, from West to East. Even then it took nearly four hours to get them across the river. Thirty busses. By that time the other cars had arrived and they loaded the whole Nsukka contingent in. This is disjointed, but the point is that it was a long process, starting at 5:00 pm, and the kids hadn't eaten all day, and hadn't slept much the night before, and had been on a bus all day, so they were really tired. They jammed each car with boys and gear, and nearly everyone slept for the two-and-a-half hour ride home, arriving about midnight.

Charlie said they had been up since three that morning, and on the road since 6:00 am on one of the funny little busses (named "Amisa Brothers Visible Unity Transport"), very crowded, very hard, very bumpy, which carry passengers in Nigeria. Our four American scouts were the only "Europeans" among the 200 or so scouts in that particular contingent. Charlie was really tremendously proud of them. When they saw him come ashore off the ferry on the West side, they were very, very glad to see him. They were functioning beautifully and without complaint. Add to it the fact of not having had food for over 12 hours. There is just no place to stop and feed 150 scouts, and no time to stop. He said their spirits were still up.

One very interesting and gratifying thing, David was in much better shape than Chuck. His equipment was in better condition (less of it absent), his clothing

was neater and he seemed more confident. The scoutmaster told Charlie that Dave was the best man in the troop all during the Jamboree. He took more part and made more friends. Chuck, of course, had more responsibility. He seems to have done a good bit of cooking. For 9 days they drew their food from a quartermaster and then cooked it themselves over a campfire. Chuck says that the official newsreel covering the Jamboree has 25 seconds of him and another boy cleaning (scaling) fish!

The Nsukka troop seems to have been a kind of focus of interest for the Jamboree. The Scoutmaster also told Charlie that they had a number of visitors and all of the scouting executives from different nations who came to look them over. Many people would ask what country they were from and when they said "Nigeria" they would look at the white boys and ask, "How can this be?" Our four Americans and two Indians were the only non-Africans in the contingents from African countries. That amounted to over 2000 scouts.

Considering the political situation, which has now been resolved, (you have to remember that here things are not organized with the precision that they would be there), and the health situation and travel uncertainties, and the lack of comforts, a lot of people thought we were a little too daring in letting them go to Lagos. We knew it was somewhat of a risk, of course, but adding it up, Charlie thought it would be worth it, and he was the one with previous experience here -- and in the Western region, too, where the Jamboree was held.

The results, maybe by sheer luck or perhaps by calculation, seem to vindicate the judgement. The kids are sure carrying their tail feathers high! Charlie says so is he!

I had a calm birthday celebration. Had birthday cauliflower. It's rare here, and I had found a huge one at Enugu. Otherwise, Charlie gave me a beautiful gold cashmere cardigan sweater, and the Deans, our best friends, came over and surprised me with a Nigerian pure silver demitasse spoon. And the boys sang:

I'll get this in the mail.

Love from all.

Letter No. 26

Written December 10 Misplaced

Received January 19

Dear Mother and Grandmother;

Well, what a surprise today! We got up and looked out over the valley and the campus and could hardly see a thing. There was a thick smoky fog and haze all over, and it turned out to be a thick dust. So it is finally here -- HARMATTAN -- the wind that comes from the north and brings all the top layer of the Sahara desert with it and keeps the air thick with dust. It's just like Burwell used to be at Rodeo time, before the streets were paved. We had heard about it but had only experienced the beginning of the dry season. It's quite cool, and the sun seems very weak, just like when you look through a Nebraska dust storm. The heat doesn't beat down; it seems like a thin overcast of clouds. I understand this dust is wretched on record players, too. They must be covered in plastic or enclosed in a tight case or cabinet or the dust gets down into the works and ruins it, like sand-box sand getting into the main shaft of a washing machine.

I asked Aaron if this was Harmattan and he said yes. I asked him how long it goes on, and he said a month or two. It is rather weird, but I expect the Africans would really be stymied by snow! And freezing weather!

Guess what we have in the back yard. A goat! Lazarus went out and bought a Christmas goat for a feast and it is out by the servant's quarters, tethered to a tree, in a grassy spot. He is all black and good and fat. Most of the Nigerians around here are Christians, and Christmas is a big day for them, too. Thanksgiving passed without a thought, of course. At Christmas they give presents to their children, and they have a big party with palm wine, beer, rice, and goat meat (like a stew on rice). I don't know yet whether adults exchange gifts. I want to give the day off for the men.

Did I tell you about Thanksgiving? We had the Deans and Veltrops over for a Potluck supper. Chuck and Dave and Bobby Deans organized a treasure hunt with clues all over the neighborhood, and the badminton set and tetherball set were up, so the kids had a good time. About 6:00 most of the adults collected. Veltrops sent over their steward, Raymond, and Deans sent their Moses, so Lazarus and Aaron had lots of help in putting out food and serving it. There were 19 of us, all put into the dining room. Each family said their own special grace, and

we talked of Thanksgiving at home, and what all our folks were probably doing. The kids were all good, but a little restless before dessert time, so I took them all outdoors and marched them around the block in the night. They sang and had fun. There are no sidewalks, so we went along the tarred road. Mr. Veltrop took flashlight pictures and we are anxious to see them and get prints to you.

There is to be a Christmas pageant at school next week (the last week of school) and the kindergartners are angels, 1st graders are stars, 2nd shepherds, 3rd I don't know, and 4, 5 and 6 the chorus. I am currently making white choir robes, although I think the chorus is a speaking chorus (3rd graders are shepherds, too.)

The wind is whistling through the screens. Did you know that only USAID houses have screens on the windows? We're lucky. Other people have the louvered windows, too, but they open out into the night and all the bugs and mosquitoes (not many) can come right in. AID also gives us air conditioners. We have one in each bedroom, but we don't use them much. But we feel like plutocrats with so much, when many people are here with quite little, and not making a mint, either, like we are. Direct-hire people with the University also have to pay their own shipping charges for household goods, etc. But we all have cars and servants, so we are equal there.

Chuck's birthday check got here the 9th. Many thanks! He'll by records. Thanks for football standings, too. Sorry about Nebraska's last game. Glad the parade was good on TV.

Answers: Ghana is a strict territory by itself -- it doesn't spill over into Nigeria. We're safe, and far removed from the Congo, too. Don't worry. But we do have another postal strike, so things will be slow again.

Your TV tables sound real good. If you can get more, could you save 8 or 12 in the basement? Never mind!! I thought you said they were on sale. Don't get more with stamp books, though.

As to Christmas, I ordered a book to be sent to you, but it isn't much. If you want to send a personal check for about \$12.00 for all the boys, we'll convert it and give each of them a pound note from you, wrapped up. They rarely get money or allowance because we feel it is too showy when our good servants (well paid) earn only 11 pounds a month! As for us, we aren't in any need. We'll appreciate a letter most. And don't worry about time lapsing. If you get this by Christmas, be assured we'll represent you with the pound notes whether or not your persoal check gets here in time.

I hope this reaches you the 18th, but with the strike, I wonder. If it is late, we are wishing you a good Christmas now.

Don't worry. We're healthy, well off, and in no danger.

Much love,

June

Letter No. 27

Written January 19

Received January 27

Dear Mother and Grandma;

Another Wednesday coming up. This morning I was due to go to two schools to pay fees for all our boys, but I got a notice of a Health, Education, and Welfare committee meeting so I'll have to do the others tomorrow.

At 11:00 I was going to the prison to buy more baskets, etc., but I wanted to take Steve over to the doctor. He seems to be running a little slow, and here it is best to take no chances, so we are having some blood tests taken. However, we don't expect to find anything. He's been having a low temperature some days, and not much appetite some days, and a general loss of weight. However, we must remember that since it is eternal summer here, he has had a good chance to

run off many pounds, and you know he needed to lose some of that chunkiness. But we thought we better be safe than sorry, so that took up a good hour.

This afternoon I shall go to an oil painting class. It lasts two hours and is lots of fun. Keeps me in practice, too. I'm finally learning about oils, which is the best thing.

At supper we will have Victor come again. I think I told you he is a Canadian, and a Mennonite, going to school here. He comes every Wednesday for American food. He'll love the cherry pie we'll have tonight. And this evening there is choir practice. It is open to everyone on the campus (oh I think not students in this one). Charlie says he is an excellent director, that I'll enjoy it, and that they need altos. He has joined, too.

Enclosed are snaps of our car, and one Victor gave me. The minister is Eric Worstead, a relaxed, jovial Episcopalean from England. The white boys are from Goshen College, and all Mennonites, and the Nigerian is Mr. Fumbara, Victor's roommate. Thought you might enjoy seeing them. Would you pass it on to Mrs. House, and then she can get it back to me.

When Victor's roommate comes to eat we put a dish of ground, red pepper by his place, especially for him because Nigerian food is very hot -- like Mexican food. I guess Chili pepper is the same thing. They have a great stew called "egusi soup" and I think it calls for 10 or 12 peppers. It is all dumped over a mound of "starch" called fou-fou, which is like very stiff dough, cooked. Gives you the feeling of a dumpling, but it is very bland and tough. Deans had us over and we had one-pepper egusi soup. We drank lots of water!

I must quit and get this in the mail. I am going into Enugu tomorrow and I'll take it with me. Incidentally, AID is not liking to pour so much money into foreign countries, I hear, and they don't like the idea of paying for the transportation, or "shopping bus" each week, taking the women 45 miles to the cold store in Enugu where good meat is, and groceries are, and a few small department stores. Unnecessary, they call it, so after tomorrow we are asked to pay a pound each time we go. That's \$2.80. Pretty expensive! But I think we can

pay a driver who is free, to drive us in. I would do it, but Charlie says it is too difficult. There are always hundreds of people walking beside the road here and there, on the way to market or some such, goats, children, chickens, wild taxi drivers, and truck (lorry) drivers. It takes one's constant attention. We'll see how it works out.

Much love,
June

Letter No. 28
Written January 29

Mailed February 9

Received February 15

Dear Mother and Grandma,

I have some new pictures I want to get to you. We have a stream (Adada) nearby the we swim in sometimes, and it's a beautiful spot I hope we can capture with colored film...but for now I'll just put in the only black and white shots we've taken. At least, they show us, and the boys, and there's one of their school, and a view over the valley from our second floor balcony. (I ust get a picture of Chuck's school, come to think of it.)

Things have been running smoothly ... Charlie got his syllabus written and mimeographed (they call it cyclo-styled, here); and it was a satisfaction, but there are more semesters to cover with the same kind of work. He should, in other words, write a new syllabus for each term.

Do you remember last summer when we came Charlie was asked to help another advisor with the MINEX students? That mens something like Michigan-Nigeria-Exchange. About 30 students from Michigan State University are briefed and sent over here for a 5-week summer school and side-trips. Well, George Ferns had charge before, and Chzrlie helped, but this next summer George's time over here is finished, and most of the planning is in Charlie's lap. There is no one else to do it, but there are others who will help him. He is having fun planning a better series of courses than last summer, and will also arrange many of the side trips (and I'll get to go on quite a few). There's a Curriculum Proposal I'll send along for you to have, that turned out pretty well. Last year it was pretty much thrown together. One course was Geology pure and simple, and a great bore.

At any rate, he must begin planning things now. We hope to have a few more holidays, and I hope he won't work through all of those. Next week is Ramadan, a Moslem holiday when all schools will close. It seems funny to be observing other national holidays.

We had made a Nigerian flag before coming, and had planned to hang it up outside during any Nigerian holiday, but it didn't arrive. I guess it went into storage. Anyway, no one else does this kind of thing here. So I guess it's better that I don't.

I got a note from Aunt Helen, in which she told me where they went for their Christmas holiday. I think it might take her mind off her lonesomeness if she would travel more. I wonder if she would consider coming out here? More than anything I'd love to get you, Mother, and you, Grandma, out here to visit, too, but I suppose it isn't possible. We keep trying to think up ways it would work out.

There is a toilet downstairs, and we would convert the dining room into a bedroom. It is at the side of the house, rather separate, and has a door that locks. And we have 2 sitting rooms, one of which would convert easily into an eating room. So space is no problem.

I brought jeans and shorts with me to Nigeria, but it looks like I won't wear them much. Nigerian ladies ALWAYS wear dresses, unless they're much educated and somewhat sophisticated ... then they'll wear slacks to the movies once in a great while, and shorts to exercise class and for tennis. But that's all. I wore my jeans and a shirt once on a chilly day, and went to the dining room, and the men in the kitchen saw me go by, and whispered to the kiddies "Look at your mother!" Other wives wear shorts around in their homes, and a few uncaring

ones wear them in public, but I don't want to shock anyone. One student asked me "Why do you (Europeans) wear such scanty clothes?" I still don't know if he meant sleeveless sundresses with short skirts (country Nigerians wrap their skirts around so they cover the calf), or if he means the shorts you see sometimes. However, in Enugu, in the Sports Club you see many, many British with very, very short shorts on that even shock me! And some of them wear shorts with medium high heels on. Rather revolting!

So I am remaining in dresses, and skirts and blouses. Shorts are for tennis, and always white. By the way, I've continue wearing my summer wardrobe for 6 months now, which would be a normal 2 seasons at home. Add to that June and July before we left, and I've been really stretching it. But there is lots of material here to buy, and it's easy to sew up some cotton things.

The boys are in need of new pajamas, by now, but I'm going to save time and take the cloth to a tailor. There are many of them and my friend said he would make one pair of PJ's for 3 shillings ... a fair price of 35 cents here to do them with short legs, drawstring, short sleeves and no collar. We need 5 pairs, and I'll save myself a lot of work.

You asked what I do with my time...it's hard to explain. But in the first place there are many organizations here...Women's Association, Bridge, Bible Study, Hospital Auxiliary, plus sewing classes (I don't need those), cooking lessons for rare foods, art classes, reading clubs, there were exercise classes, etc. So those are the extras that take a little spare time.

For everything we need we have to travel a couple of miles; groceries, a written request for repairs for the house, cloth to the tailor and the finished article returned, a trip to the carpenter for a bookshelf, film to the photographer; and when you need several different items from town there is no one general store where you can buy a lot, like a dime store, or department store, but you have to ferret out an individual building for each and every errand. Except the market...they have different items, but not many that you need. Cloth, mainly. And some vegetables, too.

We are hampered by the fact that there are no telephones for individual use. So if we want to talk to a friend about plans for getting together, you take ten minutes and walk over, talk, then it's ten minutes back. And this kind of schedule is true of so many kinds of smaller errands we run in the neighborhood.

Also, we simply never rush. Around here everyone walks, they don't run or hurry, and we find we're the same way. Your whole way of life moves more slowly, and you just don't accomplish as much, something like the way you act during a hot summer day. But also, your energy gives out if you hurry around. The Nigerians never run.

I have more letters to write, it seems like. I've been writing since 8:00 am, and now it's 11:30 am. And once I took a break to look at the drama in the back yard. From this sun porch on the 2nd floor I can look down to where the clothes hang up. And I saw Aaron holding one of the upright posts, which had broken off at its base. All the men gathered around while Lazarus took a pick and dug out the old stump and Vincent helped put in a new one, etc. They had a good time, and laughed about it. But I think some clothes got dirty and they had to do them over.

Breakfast is at 7:15 am, and I can sleep late because I don't have to cook it. Lunch is at 12:15 when school boys come pounding home. I sat with them usually, then when they leave again, I go up and take a quick nap from about 12:45 to 1:15

or so. Charlie is usually home at 1:30 for lunch, which is early, as the working day is 8:00 - 2:00. So I sit and converse while he eats, and then he takes a nap from about 2:00 to 3:30, or a rest at least. The whole community is geared to this concept of Siesta. You can count on your privacy, but only the Americans come and bother you during that time. (The school boys come home about 2:45, so I keep Charlie company for awhile, then take care of the needs of the kiddies. And that is just like home, getting two ready for the Cubs, another ready for Chess, or band or simply keeping THEM company and talking and listening. Sometimes settling arguments, but during it all I am listening while I sew or read or paint, etc., not while I WORK. That's the difference.

At any rate, I'd better get this done, and get it ready for the mail. Charlie is going into Enugu Saturday morning to see a person on the Enugu campus, so the letter can go then. (Did I tell you that AID wants to stop spending so much money abroad, and is cutting out the shopping trips to Enugu. The only way it can be rationalized is if they have a full bus of 5 passengers, and each one pays a pound (\$2.80). That's pretty expensive, so we're all trying to hold out, and work in errands, and stock up on several weeks supply of meat, etc. Our local grocery has a very good supply of staples and many things besides, however, and it isn't as necessary to get to Enugu as it used to be a year ago. Things have apparently built up greatly in the last year. We can see improvements in just 6 months.

We just passed our half-year mark, by the way, and we had dinner at Deans to celebrate. I have some snapshots to enclose, which will help mark the milestone.

Love from all,
June

1/29/65

"Pages 1 and 2 lost" -- (to Rio)

...We go once in a while, and then, sometimes in to the pool at Enugu. We were supposed to have the campus pool open up at Christmas but the stupid contractor

had put in a 2-foot wall here his contract said to put a 6-foot wall. So when the pool was filled, the wall started to crack and seep, and water leaked through into the motors, etc. Quite a mess. But the motors weren't ruined. (for the filter system, I think.) The new proposed date is Feb. 12th. We'll see. Now they need life-guards!

It's interesting here, by the way, to see Washington's Birthday and Lincoln's, etc., coming with no national interest, bank holidays, etc. No mention. But we had two days out of University school for the Id-el-Fitr, end of the month of fasting for the Muslims, as I guess I mentioned. There are other days when stores are closed, etc. No one here has even THOUGHT of Valentine's Day!

We were so interested in your visit with the Missionaries from Nigeria. You never know but what we'll meet them, too. I think it's nice that you're going to that series. But I expect it's a problem getting there, with bad weather and all. You should have our roads. It's black top, too, to Enugu from here.

Mom, how about that change in schedule at the hospital which you heard they might institute? Where would it necessitate your quitting? We're wondering when it will happen or if, and the effect it will have on your daily schedule. You might just become a lady of leisure!

Chuck has started back to school. This was his LONG vacation...or Summer Vacation. Wears white shirts and white shorts to school, for uniform. I'm so

thankful I don't have to keep them washed and ironed. He has 3 sets; looks like a house-boy, since our men wear the same uniform. He is growing and has only a couple of inches till he catches up with Aaron, who is about 5'10". Lazarus is much shorter.

Must quit now. OH. Just this morning Lazarus told me his wife "is going to have baby" in about 3 months. We were beginning to suspect, of course. But Charles, after all his experience, said, last week, "Oh, do you really think so?" in a very doubting way. She is planning a trip home for 2 months, leaving Nena and Emmanuel to Lazarus's care, then will be here the last month and deliver here. I told Lazarus I wasn't surprised, but he was happy to know it, and asked if he was hoping for a boy or girl...and he said boy.

Love, June and All.

Letter no. 29

Written February 18, 1965

Received February 25

Dear Mother and Grandmother;

I feel way behind with my correspondence with you. You mentioned getting some letters, and also the things Sally sent on. I'm glad you've received them, because I don't feel I've been sending enough.

About the package, those thorn carvings are rather delicate, but also the glue he uses is definitely inferior. I sent it because you have mentioned sending to Kimport Dolls for a thorn carving. The candy in the can was a good kind, but it turned out to be a joke when we read your letter saying the inner paper stuck so badly to the candy. I had meant to write before you got it and tell you that this is called "rice paper" and it really is made out of rice and is edible. You are supposed to strip off only that one outer layer. When you put the candy in your

mouth you wonder if it is really edible, then it starts to dissolve. Sorry for all that bother. If you have any left, try eating it now.

You must have missed a letter -- the one telling about the plans for the Jamboree. Not that the planning was elaborate -- in fact we were debating whether it was wise, what with all the political mix-ups, etc. So you didn't miss much, but I don't like letters being lost. I think I've told you before, the people are so poor that if they get a look at those stamps and see a way to peel them off, they will do it. Sometimes they will take a big one and leave the other and send the letter on by surface mail. This is more the exception, but a shilling will buy a man's food for one day, and lots of people are out of work and out of food. This is why I usually remember to scotch tape the stamps on. Our cook is lucky. He is a better paid member of the working class -- gets about \$29.00 a month, plus extras like some eggs, meat, and powdered milk quite often, etc. Incidentally, he announced that Comfort, his one and only wife, is due to have a baby in about three months -- the middle of May -- and in the meantime she took their little boy and girl off for a visit to their village. She has just left, and will be gone two months. I think this is a custom.

There are so many people I owe letters. Many nice people sent us Christmas cards, and I never got a mess of cards sent off.

You mentioned Victor eating here. He also goes to a second family on another day. All the “European” kids -- we are all considered European -- are farmed out for twice a week, but we don’t have any others.

About the baskets, we have so many different kinds, and I also go back for other people, or with them sometimes, because the Lance Corporal there is a friend now and seems to enjoy it when someone familiar comes occasionally. He had them make copies of our Takraw game -- it’s a throwing game, two baskets and a ball -- and the ones they made were as good as and stronger than the originals. Anyway, some baskets are like trunks and I store sewing materials and mending in one, and clean linen in another. There are two big round baskets with covers, one for clean laundry off the line and one for dirty clothes up in the bathroom. There are loads of simple wastebaskets; they’ve learned to make cornucopias; they make short hand brooms made of palms; and I have a cane basket for Charlie’s papers on his desk, a bread basket, under-the-bed storage baskets, umbrella basket, shopping basket with handles, etc.

Steve is OK but slightly anemic. The doctor gave him some iron pills and asked to see him a month from today.

Incidentally, your letter of February 4, saying the package arrived, came yesterday, after the other one written later. Steve picked up the mail one day, and day before yesterday presented it to me, saying he’d had it in his bike bag for six days.

Concerning the boys at school, there has just been a new band class open this term. Jimmy’s age has a “flute” band, like the Burwell saxettes. Really, they are plastic recorders like our good ones. Dave and Steve are in another band group. Chuck and the older boys are allowed in the University band, but it is rather pitiful compared to the high standards and early musical training of kids in the States. No children here have any band, much less instruments of their own, and often not even school fees, through the elementary grades, and I don’t think there is much in secondary schools. Chuck says there is a fife and drum corps at St.

Theresa's, "but it is terribly out of tune--just terribly." So the American kids are way ahead and very lucky.

Last week I started Ibo (EEE-bow, please) lessons. It is an extra-curricular thing and very interesting.

Saturday there are some Scout officials coming to the campus and there will be a big meeting of leaders in the afternoon. Charlie has rather joined forces with them. He said one time he would like to camp out with the boys, and was interested, and they took him at his word and enlisted his help. He had always been pretty hesitant because in his community there had been no Scouts, only 4H. There will also be a big inspection for all Cubs and Scouts. The kids are lining up all the pieces of their uniforms, and a campfire at night when they can wear their Home uniforms and kerchiefs, if they want to. That should be nice. Here they must wear the Nigerian ones, which are nice, too.

We are glad to hear your furnace is working all right.

Call a TV repair man to come and install a jack for Grandma to put on her ear. Charlie's grandma gets a lot of good out of the one she has.

Do write again, and don't get too discouraged if letters aren't on time. Even air mail is erratic, for no reason at all.

I'm glad you don't have to freeze your nose and toes to go out and get the mail anymore, Grandma.

Love from all,
June

Letter No. 30

Written February 23, 1965

Received March 2

Dear Mother and Grandma,

Well, finally the thing we've all been waiting for is a reality. The swimming pool is open! Last Sunday, the 21st, was the beginning day, after many set-backs and delays.

The Phys. Ed. Director, who lives across the street, planned a ribbon-cutting ceremony, by the Chief of Party, who lives UP the street, and a FREE swim for anyone that wanted to come. Of course, many families were interested . . . all the Houses were there. . . and many Nigerians were present.

The gates were opened, there was a small speech, the ribbon was cut, and people plunged in. There were a couple of hundred bystanders right around the edge of the pool, and many in the water, so it was pretty congested. 2 minutes later, the Phys. Ed. man had to jump in and save a Nigerian who THOUGHT he could swim. And every half hour after that there was another one. (These fellows mostly were used to paddling in streams, or at best, a choppy ocean, and didn't really SWIM.) Even one American dived in about 4:00 and conked his forehead on the bottom, making an inch cut.

We were in the crowd of sympathizers and offered him one of our special suture kits (extra fine needles which Janie's husband sent us from his hospital, since there aren't such thin ones here). He had it repaired nicely and was fine that evening.

But such chaos. The pool was closed early. They hadn't counted on such over-self-confident people.

Also, the kiddie pool was crammed, and before long, all little Nigerians from the country were coming over and looking with delight, then just running in, stripping off their clothes and jumping in. So the whole thing was out of hand, too crowded and too dangerous.

The second day was scheduled to be a paying day, and it turned out more calm. People who really knew how to swim were naturally the ones who would invest in a ticket, and also the life-guards by then had decided to make everyone swim the length of the pool before he got into the deeper water (which is only 6 feet, anyway).

Feb. 22nd was Baden Powell's birthday, founder of the Boy Scout movement in England. Therefore, the Saturday before, there was an Inspection of the boys, and Cubs, in the afternoon, and at night there was a big Campfire planned. Mothers brought finger foods, and different troops from around this territory came over. There was a huge bonfire in the center of a big ring and all troops and kiddies and parents were around the outer perimeter, watching as each troop took its turn performing some skit or song.

It was fun to watch each Nigerian leader come out and teach and lead all the others in a song, and often one would continue by getting the the boys up on

their feet and leading them around the campfire, in a rhythmical dance. It's fun to see how loose and graceful they are. The Americans couldn't do as well. The Nigerians had been dancing all their lives, at home, at school, in their villages or towns, anytime they hear a drum or Nigerian tune. In fact, we see small children beating on anything they can get their hands on....empty can or pot or dish. Rhythm seems inherent. They are relaxed and unsophisticated...not so many inhibitions piled on them.

It made for a very impressive campfire.

It was also Washington's birthday, I hear. There was some note passed around implying that AID workers would have the day off, but it never came about. I went to pick Charlie up at noon, though, instead of at 1:45, and he came peacefully. Then we went swimming later...and it was much saner. The watchers had to stay out of bounds way back of the boundary fence, instead of right at the pool's edge, and there was a fee to be paid this time, plus a small swimming test for everyone to prove if he really belonged in the deep water or not.

It was also Lazarus' birthday! His wife and children were gone to visit their parents back in Umuahia, so after supper we felt he should have a little special attention, so we took out the case of beer from the freezer (which we'd carefully pre-planned and pre-iced) and presented that to him along with a wrapper (a colorful "skirt" wrapped around and worn with a regular man's shirt). He seemed quite delighted. And this morning told Steve that he'd put on the wrapper when he went home, and asked some friends in and they drank beer till 11:00 pm. That pleased us all.

Actually, he is treated pretty well here. We like to have our fellows realize the benefits of good diet, etc., so we give them a chunk of beef from time to time (although they can buy market meat any market day -- market is every other day here). We also give them some eggs each week, and powdered milk, etc.

They also have health benefits and "membership" in the health center here. We pay an extra fee if anyone gets sick and needs attention. So in a way, they're rather dependent on our care, and we are very dependent on their cleanliness and

health standards in our kitchen when preparing our food. It's a very cooperative thing.

Again, we feel we're more than fair to them, and in return we've noticed several little things that are very rewarding. In the first place, Lazarus knows what we like to eat from his experimenting around in the first month or two. I told him to go ahead and cook what he knew how to, which meant he was planning meals too. And gradually, we quietly let him know which things we didn't care for: and there were darned few things, too. We're not like rabbits...we don't much like bitter greens, collard greens, mustard greens, etc. And he's learned we don't like fat. Otherwise, it's all good American food like macaroni and cheese, meat and potatoes, "spaghetti", casseroles, rice pudding, pie, custards, cake, home-made ice-cream, etc.

Also, and one of the nicest things, he doesn't come to me at the 11th hour and say, "We're in the middle of supper preparations, but we don't have any more_____!" And then ask me to rush off and get whatever is missing. He always cooks what is on hand, or goes off on his bike to get the missing ingredient. Or asks a day ahead. Also I ask him for a list nearly every time I go in the car to the grocery. He also takes care of leftovers...and cleans that darned oven and refrigerator! What a God-send!

Consequently, I'm free to take Ibo (eee-bow) lessons, and read books, paint, write letters, and rest! It's also not such a traumatic experience to have company for dinner. I'm getting very spoiled, I can see that, plain enough!

Well, enough for now. I am enclosing pictures of the family taken on that Sunday when we went to the Anambra river and rented two dugout canoes and had a ride up and down the river. Later there will be a few from the Niger, I hope.

We're distressed about your bad mouth-condition, Dad. It's impossible to EAT, I know! And that's no good. I hope that B-12 will work.

Love,
June

Tuesday, Feb. 23

Dear Folks,

I seem to be sporadic lately. I can't remember just when I last wrote but it seems like a long time ago. Time flies here so fast! I did, however, send an envelope of clippings, newspapers and pictures, which I hope bridged the gap.

David has been off his feed this week (this is only the 2nd day), so he's home today and is planning to write a note to you and to Aunt Boo (thanking her for the Christmas card.) He has a small tummy ache and headache, nothing serious. He'll be in school soon. These little things come and go with all of us, usually only noticeable for a day. It's often just "stomach palaver" as they say here.

I have a touch of it, too. I went to a "banquet" Saturday night given by the girl's dorm, and it was a Nigerian meal...not too strong, but it didn't sit quite well for the next few days.

The biggest news around here is the fact that the swimming pool did finally open Sunday, Feb. 21st. The Phys. Ed. director (lives across the street) planned a ribbon-cutting ceremony by the Chief of Party (both from Michigan...Hawley lives

UP the street), and a FREE swim for anyone that wanted to come. Of course, many families were interested...all the Houses were represented...and many Nigerians were present.

At 2:30 everyone dived in and had a ball. 2 minutes later they had to drag out a gasping Nigerian who THOUGHT he could swim, and every half hour after that there was another one. Even one American dived in around 4:00 and conked his forehead on the bottom, making an inch gash. (We were in the crowd of sympathizers and offered him one of our precious sutures which Dan sent us in case of emergency. He took it to the Dr. who appreciated the delicate thinness of the needle and did a splendid job of sewing him up. But now I'm afraid the reputation will get around and our needles will go out to everybody and not be around when WE need them. Also, since I'm basically selfish, it occurred to me that we paid Dan for them, although he was gracious enough not to mention cost, but this man with the split forehead never warmed up to the subject. Also, I know if he'd offered, we'd have refused!)

It was chaotic! Also the kiddie pool was beginning to overflow with youngsters. Before long all little Nigerians from the country were coming over and looking with delight at the water, then just running in, stripping off their clothes and jumping in. So the whole thing was out of hand, too crowded, too dangerous and a nightmare for those in charge. Really sounds pretty funny! (That was the only

free day, and by Monday, the customers paid, and it was mostly swimmers, of course.)

Feb. 22nd was Baden Powell's birthday, founder of the Boy Scout movement in England. Therefore, the Saturday before, there was an Inspection of the boys, and Cubs, in the afternoon, and at night there was a big Campfire planned. Mothers brought finger foods, and different troops from around this territory came over. There was a huge bonfire in the center of a big ring, and all troops and kiddies and parents were around the outer perimeter, watching as each troop took its turn performing some skit or song.

It was fun to watch each Nigerian leader come out and teach and lead all the others in a song, and often one would continue by getting all the boys up on their feet and leading them around the campfire in a rhythmical dance. It's fun to see how loose and graceful they are. The Americans couldn't do as well. The Nigerians had been dancing all their lives, at home, at school, in their villages or towns, anytime they hear a drum or Nigerian tune. In fact, we see small children beating on anything they can get their hands on...an empty can or pot or dish. Rhythm seems inherent. They are relaxed and unsophisticated...not so many inhibitions piled on them.

It made for a very impressive campfire.

It was also Washington's birthday, I hear. There was some note passed around implying that AID workers would have the day off, but it never came about. I went to pick Charles up at noon, though, instead of 1:45, and he came peacefully. Then we went swimming later...and it was much saner. The watchers had to stay out of bounds way back of the boundary fence, instead of right at the pool's edge, and there was a fee to be paid this time, plus a small swimming test for everyone to prove if he really belonged in the deep water or not.

It was also Lazarus's birthday! His wife and children were gone to visit their parents in Umuahia, so after supper we felt he should have a little special attention, so we took out the case of beer from the freezer (which we'd carefully pre-planned and pre-iced) and presented that to him along with a wrapper (a

colorful “skirt” wrapped around and worn with a regular man’s shirt.) He seemed quite delighted. And this morning told Steve that he’d put on the wrapper when he went home, and asked some friends in and they drank beer till 11 pm. That pleased us all.

Actually, he is treated pretty well here. We like to have our fellows realize the benefits of good diet, etc., so we give them a chunk of beef from time to time (although they can buy market meat any market day. (Market is every other day here.) We also give them some eggs each week, and powdered milk, etc.

Letter No. 31

Written March 4, 1965

Received March 9

Dear Mother and Grandma;

Things are really getting busy around here. I'm involved with a couple of projects and that goes double for Charlie. About a week ago a minister's wife got a group together to organize the Women's World Day of Prayer on this campus for the first time, and I fell heir to renting the room, making arrangements, and also doing posters. That took one whole morning. Plus the stencil making of the six page program. That took another morning. On top of that is the performance in a week of the Choral Society of the campus (mostly non-students) of which we are both members. The committee decided all the details, but again I ended up doing the posters. I have three done and nine to go. It will be a satisfaction to reach the half-way point and know the rest is downhill.

The conductor is a slight, handsome man named Lazarus Ekwueme, and he has studied music nine years in London and has all kinds of degrees. He is a fine choir conductor and should be able to produce a topnotch choir if he only had some talent to work with. The Nigerians still have an ear for simple melodies and harmony, nothing very sophisticated, and there don't seem to be any voices that are meant for solo work. But still we labor on. Ekwueme has written his own mass, called Missa Africana. Latin words, and follows the traditional mass of the Catholic church, but with more modern chords and some African rhythms. Very interesting. We've been at it six or eight weeks now, and we're getting down to the final week of rehearsal, beginning next week, the 8th. I hope we will do a good job for him.

The swimming pool finally opened a week ago last Sunday, really and truly, after many setbacks, and misinterpretation of contracts, etc. February 21st was the big day. I think I wrote about so many people going in that first free day, thinking they could swim, but the lifeguards had to pull out 4 or 5 people before they finally despaired and closed the pool early.

So far we have all gone swimming every day. It's a wonderful way to end a hot, hot day. I also get my hair washed and a soap shower down there, so our

bathtub is nearly always free for the final rinse of the washing of the clothes, which is the way the men do it here.

We are beginning to get tan whereas before it's too uncomfortable to stay out in the sun on purpose. The kids are getting good exercise, and so am I. I don't stay active enough otherwise. My errands get done by car, as I had anticipated long ago, and I don't walk enough. But I try not to snitch food between meals, or 2nds, etc. But this swimming should thin me down.

Charles is deep in planning the MINEX program (Michigan-Nigerian Exchange) for summer students. Currently, he is revising another syllabus plus getting the handbills and programs printed for the choir concert. All the ladies have to make navy blue dresses, too.

The boys are fine. Chuck began 8th grade work in January (according to the Nigerian system) and is having no trouble with homework. English is a ridiculous farce for him. He is letting his hair grow longish too, not crew-cut, that is.

Dave is doing some good diving these days, also jumped off the one-meter tower, which is way up there! He and Chuck go to Scouts on Wednesdays.

Steve is a real tough swimmer, and some of the lifeguards are trying their hands at coaching him some. He hates school work, but has an obsession currently of joining the Navy some day, and is after his Dad to tell him all he can

about it, and teach him things. So we can use that as a leverage by telling him how important the school work, good habits, etc. are.

Jim is delighted over Cub Scouts (Steve a loyal follower) and is as happy a fish as the rest. Robby is really swimming, too, and is the only one who takes a canteen of water and a sandwich to school. Many kids do, but not our other boys for some reason. And it is getting hotter these days. After football at recess, they should have a drink of water, and of course shouldn't drink the water at school. Each has to take his supply of pure water.

We are getting lots of good groceries. Even Hawaiian Punch at Enugu, but for ten shillings, or \$1.40. We get one can for a birthday celebration! There are chocolate chips sometimes, marshmallows, etc. Brown sugar is on the shortage list every now and then, until a ship comes in. We've been longing for smoked oysters lately. Joy and I have a special taste for them, and they've disappeared for four months, but are back now. We can even get pop, cake mixes (too expensive when Lazarus will make cakes) and salad dressings (Helmans). But never graham crackers. Anything crisp like that -- such as soda crackers -- is very scarce, and limp unless they come in a tin. A can of Ritz crackers is about \$1.30. The Sugar Crisp cereals are sodden lumps, and I never buy any.

Well, there isn't anything great in the way of news, but I've meant to mention these things before, and happened to think of them now.

Take care of yourselves. It must be about time to look forward to Spring.

Love,

June and All

Letter No. 32

Written March 7 1965

Received March 13

Dear Mother and Grandma,

Well,, I have had such a productive day and weekend, why should I stop and rest on my laurels now? I'll just keep going and write out a quick letter.

I told you I had to do some posters for the Women's World Day of Prayer, which this campus observed for the first time, on Friday, March 5th. I also did the stencils for the 6-page program -- Charlie's office ran them off and stapled them so I didn't have to do that after all -- and within three days and running into today, Sunday, I produced 12 big posters for the choir concert which is coming up in a week. The director kept making trips down to Enugu and stopped by to see each time how many I had done so he could take them down and get them posted.

The programs were Charlie's job to have printed by a local printer, but we had to buy tax-tickets so the city can get it's share of the profits -- if any -- and then had to staple them to the programs. Anyway in all my spare time (except swimming time -- I won't give that up), I've been putting the lay-out in with pencil, then inking in some of the print, pasting Mr. Ekwueme's publicity picture on, etc. etc. JUST got them finished by working all Sunday morning.

Happened to stop by a friend's house Saturday morning and she asked me to stencil a 3-page leaflet on health hints for the tropics -- I'm really one of her committee. So I agreed, but have refused to have anything to do with the mimeographing of it. So I got that done in the afternoon.

Managed to throw together 3 sort of meals in the meantime, and by 5:00 the boys and I started acting out children's records. I was Sleeping Beauty and Robbie was the Prince. Chuck was Robin Hood, Steve was Little John, Jimmy was Pinocchio, and David Aladdin, etc. We got pretty wild and were making crazy, exaggerated actions to the words and music of the record stories. It was fun. Then Dave and Jim took off to watch a neighbor's new TV set. Now all the kids want to live up at the Lawson's!

I've just brought Rob up to the bathtub, and while Charlie is off teaching a short course to lay-readers of the church, Chuck and Steve are continuing their play, and I'm getting this quickie done. Incidentally, the play time has sort of developed from other boring Sundays, and tonight we started by trying to recite nursery rhymes which the kids had nearly forgotten.

Last week we had an idea that would have been fun. We asked the swimming director if the pool is so exclusive that the servants can't use it. The local doctor would be horrified if he knew they could. At first we thought it was just for students, senior staff, junior staff, and their children, but the director said anyone can come so long as they pay, and follow the rules -- shower, etc. -- so we figured we'd take Lazarus, Nicholas, and Aaron, and Sunday, another brother who lives out back, and for whom we landed a good job as a gardener. We explained it to them and got them prepared, then this whopping thunder storm came right out of the blue, just an hour or two before we were supposed to take off. By 4:00 it had all died down, but it must have been 75, and Lazarus figured it was too cold. Well, maybe it was as low as 70. Anyway it didn't work out, but we'll make it up to them. We were going to pay this first time and see if they liked it. If they do, it will be up to them to raise the money for future times, unless we treat. The kiddies said Sunday was bragging that he could swim better than anyone in our family. We sort of laugh at that to ourselves because at the pool the only guys who can swim decently at all are some who have transferred from another school that had a pool. Most of the fellows flounder quite badly. They don't seem to kick their legs, and do a strange stroke with their arms, splashing a lot, and not

coordinating their breathing and head movements. In fact, their heads never go under the water, and in a good “crawl” your head should be under the water half the time. Every other stroke you turn sideways and catch a breath, then under water you let the air out. It works out very smoothly with practice and instruction. But they are very, very green, having only practiced in creeks and streams, or maybe the ocean if they are from down south on the coast. So I very much doubt if Sunday can do better than even Bobby, who has passed his test by swimming the length of the pool. We’ll see!

I’ve enjoyed the swimming tremendously and have gone every day except today. I find my endurance is improving fast and my strokes are getting better and I’m getting faster (and a little slimmer).

Unfortunately, something got the best of Charlie, for one day, and he had the skitters and the trots and the upheavals, all of Saturday, plus a little temperature. He felt achey and sick, but ate a little and read a lot, and stayed in bed all day. Today he felt better, but weak, ate more and managed to do some typing, and went off to teach this class I mentioned. He’ll be OK tomorrow.

Tomorrow I am to help a lady who missed three lesson of Ibo, and I also have to make a navy dress for the concert. Monday night is rehearsal, as are Wednesday, Friday, and maybe Saturday, if we still sound rotten. Next Sunday

will be the concert on this campus, and Wednesday, the 17th, will be the concert in Municipal Hall in Enugu.

Well, enough for now. I must get Jim in the tub, and David at homework. Chuck just broke a favorite green glass bottle that holds 4 gallons -- very pretty. I know where I can get more, but it cost me a pound (\$2.80). The stinker! I think he will have to work it off. He was very repentant.

Love from all,
June

Letter No. 33

Written March 11, 1965

Received March 18

Good Morning,

This is a gray overcast day, but it will be sunny by 10:00. It always is. We had a surprise shower last Sunday, which prevented us from swimming. I guess I mentioned that, but otherwise the weather is very steady. In March it is getting hotter because of the way the sun swings around (or earth does, rather), changing seasons on most of us. Our days are 90 now, or higher and nights around 80. The main difference from day to day is whether it is very humid or very dry. I wrote once that the humidity reading was 20. I was wrong -- it was 35. Our neighbor boy was too young to read their barometer, or whatever it was called, and came back saying 20. But it plunges from about 90% to down to 35% within a day or two, and seems rather strange.

Country people -- men -- here are still going barefoot, shorts, no sweaters. School children wear shoes. College boys consider it “bush” to go around in shorts. They all wear long trousers and cotton shirts. Some wear white shirts and ties all the time. The Yorubas from the Western Region wear full robes and striped “stocking caps”, as they apparently like their national dress better.

Chuck is home today and yesterday with a little upset. Just the “bug”. A little diarrhea and stomach ache. He’ll be back soon.

I went to Enugu Tuesday and stopped in at the Library. It’s a fine one and has a wonderful children’s section. I took out cards for all of the boys and came home with 10 children’s books. I wish my husband would ever take time to drive us to Enugu for a more relaxed trip, when we could all stop and browse in the library for awhile. He is only drawn there on business and sometimes I get to go along, while the boys are in school. He never was one to just get in a car and go, and sight-see. He always has a hardheaded schedule to keep, and no nonsense. He settles down more if we happen to go with Deans in their car and adapt to their schedule. Including swimming, or lunch, or both. He doesn’t want me driving on that trip, either, which is considerate, I’ll have to admit, but it leaves me hamstrung. On the road, you see, there are hundreds and hundreds of people within the 45 miles, walking to markets or villages all spread out along the way. Also little children, goats, chickens, and wild taxi drivers who are very careless.

You have to be very alert every minute as the road twists and turns and goes up hill and down, and you can't always tell if a car is approaching or not, much less if he's on his own side of the road. I manage to get in to Enugu with someone.

Now on the other side of it, he has some big problems on his mind that don't clear up suddenly when he comes home to rest. I think these things keep him from taking any day off and really relaxing. He has problems with class schedules. Other professors schedule examinations right through his classes, and a couple of his seminar groups are simply going to collapse at the end of this term unless he can get a new leader, because the Peace Corps girl who was teaching it got married last summer and is now pregnant, and she and her husband are forsaking the whole program to return to America next month, and there are no replacements until the end of the year.

He was just at a meeting this morning when something queer came up. The Chief of Party who arranges the housing pointedly remarked that a man from England called to his attention the fact that some Americans are feeling rather conspicuous in such large 2-story houses that are so much more than they had at home. There are only 16 of the big houses. It is always somewhat embarrassing when a friend from a 2-bedroom house says, "Oh, you live in one of the big houses the Americans have." Actually 6 of them have Africans living in them. Anyway, the whole point is that the Chief of Party acted like it was very much taboo to ever think a thing like this, and especially to mention it to anyone. Charlie said it made him feel like it was against the rules of the Fraternity. He was really reprimanded for having mentioned it, if he did, and the C of P said, "I figured you were the only one who would have said it", but there was no proof of such a thing.

There are 250 families on campus, some in apartments, but many in dinky little houses, about the size of our Alma house or smaller. Families with 3 and 4 kiddies, and sometimes 13 and 14, although not all at home. Well, I know I have mentioned it to people, or just the fact that we were fortunate to have a large house handed us. The funny thing is that at the beginning the old-timers pointedly said, "How do you like our house?", expecting us to bow and scrape and

say how wonderful they were for getting us so situated. Well, we didn't expect one this big, and are thankful. But the reprimand at this meeting was entirely uncalled for. And other big-house "owners" acted like they had never heard of such a thing, of getting a house too big or too good for them. They don't seem to sense the difference.

Well, enough for now. I'm afraid this wasn't very interesting.

Love,

June

Letter No. 34

Written March 16

Received March 23

Dear Grandma and Mother;

This is Tuesday, March 16, and our first public performance, the Choral Concert, is over. We were a big hit; we all looked beautiful and I'm sure we deserve rave notices! We were in a big echoey auditorium, so some of our mistakes were covered up. There was a tape recorder capturing the sounds as we sang, and later, at a small party after the concert, we listened. It didn't show us off

to such good advantage, but it was passable, actually. We all needed just a little more practice in spots, but the audience was so starved for good music that they really clapped and clapped. Also, of no little consequence, the posters and advertisements paid off, because on this first concert we made enough money to pay back our expenses. Tomorrow, Wednesday, we go to Enugu for the second concert. It's perhaps going to be a bigger crowd, and perhaps a little more sophisticated audience, so maybe "counts" more. But Sunday was what we all consider Mr. Ekwueme's real premiere of his African mass.

Did I tell you we had quite a "round and round" among the ladies of the choir several weeks ago? Mr. Ekwueme asked us to all make navy blue dresses alike, and some of the Nigerian women objected that color doesn't go well with their dark skin. An American Negro jumped in and said she didn't see anything wrong with it, that she's seen lots of blacks and navys on colored people and it looks fine, makes no difference, etc. Actually, you don't get the contrast. Think of Americans with white skin in the winter, wearing white dresses, and you get the same feeling. Another color might be more flattering. Contrast is what you're after. We all agreed on navy -- I was against it somewhat because I didn't feel it flattered the Nigerians -- they sort of blank out -- but it was swell for me. Then we had a deep discussion whether to wear white collars or not, and we finally agreed on a one-strand white necklace. It was rather funny, but we all looked quite good, after all was said and done. Mr. Ekwueme had a beautifully tailored tuxedo on, custom made in Britain -- he studied in London 9 years and is rather Europeanized -- and the men had dark trousers, long-sleeved white shirts, and black bow ties. They made fun of us at practice, trying to work up an argument as to whether their bow ties should have squared ends, or pointed, or round.

Friday night there was a play done by the Nigerian students, and we've rarely seen a better performance. They all entered into their parts so well, and it was an adaptation which fitted in well with this culture, and we were mightily impressed. Good scenery, etc., too. Then Saturday the second show to which we went actually, Sunday was the concert, and Monday was to be a performance, musical

comedy, by the traveling actors from Ibadan University, in the West. We were going to go -- three women -- but wondered if it would rain. This is the dry season and not much rain comes, but when it does it really wallops down. There was this huge black cloud at sundown which suddenly collected over this very valley we live in, and on either side we could see evening sky and stars. We figured of course, that the students got together on this campus, took up a collection, and paid a rain-maker to cause the storm to come and ruin the rival University's production. So far there are no rumors to this effect BUT, as we drove over to the open-air theatre, the wind rose, and small spatters fell on the windshield, and great crashes of lightning hit a few files away. We stopped the car on a hillside where we could look down on the stage and audience, and soon the audience just seemed to melt away, and people poured out of their seats, the actors quit, and the wind whipped and the sky grew blacker. In about 5 minutes it really hit -- just after we turned around for home and I had delivered the friends and reached my own porch. It really howled and raged and leaked in, and tore and blew in fury. The lights were out, and we were all wandering around with kerosene lamps in hand, and candles, looking for those darned matches! What an exciting evening. Finally the lamps were lit, the puddles sopped up, and the kiddies put back to bed (three had been tucked in) and the wind died down and the rain changed to a drizzle. Before we went to bed ourselves it was all over and quiet out on the street.

But I see now why so many people here are afraid of lightning. Each time there is a storm there are several people reported killed. We are closer to the clouds here. We are about 500 feet up on a huge escarpment, which is why we have a nicer climate than down in Enugu -- hot and humid there most of the time. Well, every bolt seems to land here, so we'll be more careful. The rainy season is different. Things slow down then, there is no thunder or lightning in July and August, and it just drizzles every day.

Next week Charlie has to go to Lagos on business, getting things lined up for the receiving of the summer Minex students from Michigan State University. He wants me to go along. We'd be gone five days, so I'm approaching neighbors as to keeping various boys, and have had reasonably good success. We'll go either the 21st or the 28th. I'll let you know. At any rate, I'll have a chance to shop in some big stores again, and we'll have dinners out, and maybe a good movie, or some such. I hope it works out.

Did I tell you the guitar book did come, and it is a good one.

I'm glad Mrs. Fillmore sent the pictures. I'll have to write her a note.

Love,

June

Letter No. 35

Written March 25, 1965

Received March 29

Dear Mother and Grandma,

We are in Lagos. I came along on Charlie's business trip. It's a real holiday for me. The boys are with neighbors, and I have been shopping some of the big stores for a change. (But no one has a doughnut cutter!)

Charlie's main business has taken six hours or more each day, plus time on the way. He's coordinating receptions, sleeping arrangements, etc., for the summer

students from USA, coming here June 19, and the Nigerian group going to the USA the same weekend. They are to meet each other for a party and Charlie got US Information Service to take over this aspect. He talked to the Railway Agent, too, to plan a trip North with them.

It's very hot and sticky here but many places have air conditioning, including our hotel. The worst part is the long drive home in the heat.

The USAID allowed us to have a Rambler station wagon for the trip, and an official driver, which makes it easier on us.

We can see the ocean from town. It is the Bight of Benin (Beh-neen). We swam in it today. It is very salty and very warm.

Save the frying pan. Also don't let your electric stove out the door! We'd like to buy it when we get back. We loaned ours to Janie and will just sell it to her. To hard to go fetch.

In the harbor are some interesting big ocean-going vessels. We never have time to sit and watch for long, however.

Parliament just convened today, and there was quite a colorful assemblage at the Parliament Buildings. Even hundreds of Yoruba trader-women dressed in blues, to escort their district representatives to the door. You would love the blues, Mother. All combinations of blouses, long wrapped skirts, and wrapped turbans.

Grandma, you would be surprised at all the palm trees that grow here, and bougainvillea. I'll send you a picture soon.

We return tomorrow, Thursday, March 25.

Love,
June

Letter No. 36

Written April 6

Received April 15

Dear Mother and Grandma;

I'm writing on Tuesday morning, a warm day around 85, a nice breeze blowing and the sun shining. We've been having very little rain -- it's the dry season anyway -- and have been swimming a lot.

With two weeks Spring Vacation on hand, we took the boys to a good hotel in Enugu on Friday, fed them lunch, spent the afternoon in the swimming pool, and intended seeing a movie, but the projector broke down. At least, they all were delighted to sleep overnight in the nice air-conditioned oasis, and the next day we had time to do some shopping. Then more swimming and more food before we checked out. A nice relaxing vacation for school boys. Actually, the swimming pool wasn't such a rare treat since the University swimming pool has opened and they have been swimming nearly every day since February 21, the Grand Opening.

We have more holidays coming up. You'd be interested to know that there are two Muslim holidays, April 12 and 13. There was also a day or two off after the month of Ramadan, which is fasting from sun-up to sun-down for the whole month, then one glorious feast. There is also Good Friday the same week, and the following Monday is Easter Monday. So we should be able to work in a few side trips with the children, maybe to a weaving community, or pot making community, or some such place.

Actually, the two weeks off weren't so "off" for me, except the trip to Lagos, because the kiddies were home all the time, or in and out, and it took a lot more supervising here than on school days.

Did I tell you that the young couple -- Peace Corps -- who went with us to Lagos, were arranging to return to America? She is pregnant and wants her baby born at home. Anyway, she has no maternity clothes, so I'm helping her sew -- no, I'm sewing -- some things. She can't sew at all. Doesn't even know how to pin a pattern on cloth, etc. They go in a few weeks. I'm hoping that their surface freight is underweight so that I can put in a couple of boxes to be mailed in the States when it arrives, and when she gets around to it. That would be payment enough for doing all the sewing.

We have a party coming up this Saturday, a farewell-welcome dinner really, for all the people who have been here two years and are about to leave (April, May, or June) and the newcomers just arriving. Some won't quite make it in time, but there will be another like party in the fall. We are each of us supposed to make a hat representing some person in history, and then we guess each other's identities upon arrival. Charles looked at the gimmick with jaundiced eye, but I think it will be a good ice-breaker, probably. He thought of a Lord Nelson Navy hat, or Caesar's laurel wreath. We'll see. If I had long hair again I could wear a snood and be E. B. Browning.

At least we are trying to plan something more palatable than the party that welcomed us. We all went to a very dull kind of thing, where you just sit around and card tables and go inside and help yourselves to drinks and dinky sandwiches. It was grim! There was also tape-recorded music to dance to, but it wasn't very danceable, and everyone was simply left to wander or sit. I still feel bored just writing about it. Of course there were some very "sociable" groups of close friends who had too much to drink, or just enough, depending on your viewpoint, to enjoy it very much. Charles and I were amused -- for weeks after this inner group, whenever it met casually, repeated the thought that it was sure a grand party, wasn't it? Enough of that. Ours is going to be a dinner in the Continuing Education building, and a presentation program. If they want to dance they can stay on and there will be music, and if they want to drink, they will pay for it themselves.

I don't remember anything else new to relate just now, except that the boys are expected to have gym clothes now -- navy shorts and white T-shirts. And they are thinking of incorporating school uniforms, and you should hear the various gripes and cheers from all four corners of the campus. I'm finding that no decision here is simple! Too many viewpoints.

Well, I must take Lazarus to market soon. We're planning a Curry supper for Thursday.

Love,
June

PS I'm sorry, but one letter came back here. I forgot to put "Nebraska" on it.

Letter No. 37

Written April 12

Received April 21

Dear Mother and Grandma;

Well, today was standard. Standard panic. I was asked this morning to do three posters and I said I could do them by noon. Then another lady came and asked me to help out in a pinch. She had delayed writing out some notes of a lecture and hoped to have 20 copies by noon, to pass out to the next lecture in the series. So I told the 2nd lady to go and explain to the first lady. So the typing got done and the posters I will do this evening.

This afternoon I delivered some bamboo screens (to a friend) from the prison. She doesn't have a car. Forgot to pick up a pair of shorts from the tailor, but was home when the Lance Corporal Anere (Ah-nair-ah) came by for a formal visit. Another friend came to tell me our birds were getting along very well. I had two, but one died; she had one, and we both wanted to keep them from getting lonesome. And another friend stopped during all this to say thanks for the loan of sixteen cups and saucers last night for an entertaining she had for her husband's department.

On top of all this, our cook, Lazarus I mean, wasn't feeling well. He had a chest pain this last weekend which went from bad to worse, and this morning we took him over to the Health Center and found out he had pneumonia. So he wasn't being a hypochondriac, as the Doctor implied before examining him. Such skeptics! Indeed, help is so scarce that many of the nurses are very impudent, and some doctors haughty. Public servants tend to be this way, post office employees,

etc. I haven't met one yet, but Charlie has come up against some real meanies. And the newspapers lament the situation many times. The fact is, concerning hospitals, that there is a crying need, and not nearly enough help or trainees graduating, etc., so the current nurses just don't go out of their way for anyone. When Charlie took Comfort over months ago to have some burns checked, they were going to make her go home for her registration card plus paying a fee before treating her, and she was in pain. Well, enough of that. We've had good luck ourselves, and you don't need to worry. It's just growing pains of a new country which used to be run mostly by competent British, and is now raising its own competent people, but there aren't enough.

We have a new invention. What with all the small complaints rolling in at the lunch table, we decided to construct a Pity Board, with each person's name and ailment attached. Steve and I are the only ones not on it tonight. Jimmy has a deep sliver in a toe and a sore throat and canker. David says he has cuts and sores on his feet, but I can't see them, and a slightly sniffly nose. Chuck has a cold, Daddy's back is sore from weather, and Robby "broke" two toes horsing around. Then there is Lazarus. We put him on the board, too. Honor spot, in fact. I guess there are 8 loose teeth in the family -- thank goodness not the adults.

Today and tomorrow are Moslem holidays. Elementary schools and the University are out. Not the Irish Fathers' St. Theresa, however. The kids were home all day, and this may be the reason that they are restless.

Visiting the campus this week is President Hannah of Michigan State University. Also, the pastor of the campus at Berkeley, across the Bay from San Francisco. He and his wife, (Dr. Hadsell), were in the Western region for awhile and are now here. I think he is investigating missionary efforts. We are due to have them to dinner this week. (Our cook-mate, Nicholas, did very well tonight, but I don't want to overload him, so we'll wait until Lazarus is up again. We took them to church Sunday, and Dr. Hadsell was the guest minister. They traveled light so he needed to borrow Charlie's robe and hood. We had heard his talk, basically, before, but he's all right.

This is a beautiful moonlight evening. The moon is nearing full, and it's 84 degrees right now, at 8:30. That's about 3:30 Monday afternoon for you, or 2:30. We wonder if you still have snow on the ground. The Hadsells say San Francisco is past its drizzly winter period and is in a very nice spring now. We had a rain lately, just before the men came and repaired Aaron's window shutters, so I am afraid he got soaked. But they are patient. We help each other out, with no verbal agreement. We know when someone is doing an extra big job that it helps to make the beds and clean our rooms -- or if someone is sick. There is nothing said, but special efforts in return can be seen. And vice versa. It works out very nicely. I think we are all on the same side, so to speak.

Comfort is back, and the two children, and happy to be here, I guess. We are sorry Lazarus is down, but glad Comfort is here to take care of him. He has gobs of medicine and will get a shot tomorrow.

The Deans took us to Enugu to a movie and swimming on our anniversary last Friday.

Enough for now. I must get the little boys started for bed, slivers, loose teeth, and all. Don't forget to write. We love letters like you do.

Love from us all,

June

Letter No. 38
Written April 20

Received April 28

[Page 1, carbon to Houses and Grandma Hornby and Laverty]

Dear Everyone;

We've received letters within the last week, and one from Grandma Laverty, which is a real treat. But I feel I owe you a letter again. I should choose a day each week and stick to it, but I'm doing well to remember our Malaria repressent pills each Sunday.

Sundays I have more work, of course, or I should say simply that I work on Sundays. I don't do much during the week. There is always the "straightening up" to do, and especially in the little boys' room. They just don't seem to get the hang of putting things away. They are good about their clothes, however, and usually throw their cotton shirts and shorts into the wash when they get ready for bed. This orange dirt really shows on clothes and an outfit rarely lasts more than a day. The school has even asked that we send gym suits to school in order to save the everyday clothes. If a football hits you in the stomach, ouch, you continue all day with a large orange-brown spot on your shirt. So they have navy shorts and -- you guessed it -- white T shirts!

Currently there is a headache going around -- a Variety Show that the Woman's Association has tried to put together. But this week there appear to be several illnesses, plus several people simply pulling out, and that leaves a Recorder quartet in which Charlie and I are both involved, and a barbershop quartet Charlie is trying to get organized. But it is just not done with spirit here. It is a real effort to get excited about it, and people who have tickets to sell have mostly decided to just BUY the tickets, which means there will be profit but no audience. I have a feeling it is going to be a real dud. Also, this week it happens that the music department has decided to have Music Week. And suddenly there shows on the agenda a big conference for three days, to which all staff members and their wives are requested to go. So it looks impossible, but we'll do the best we

can.

The boys have enjoyed extra days off this month, four more because of Moslem holidays, but it is driving the instructors crazy because the students are missing so many classes. Actually, there was no early calendar put out for anyone to plan by. Someone facetiously figured out that there were exactly eleven teaching days in the third term. It SEEMS like it. And there is material that must be taught and the students should be examined on to get credit for the courses. Also, there is no Exam week here. The Exams are spread over four or five weeks, and when one is scheduled, the students cut classes and study hard for their coming exam. Same for the following ones, so it takes a month to study for four or five course exams. Madness!! Kids just don't come to class. Last week a huge assembly of 500 was supposed to come, and twenty showed up!

[Page 2, to Grandma Hornby and Grandma Laverty]

Glad you and Helen had a good visit. Did you urge her to visit Nigeria? Sounds like she had a good time looking around.

We hope that new injection will be a great help. Sounds hopeful. As you say, anything is worthwhile if it brings some relief.

About hair cuts -- even in Nigeria there are young people who get tired of the old way of doing things and experiment with new fads. There is a Bay haircut which is "different", and there are slim pants and pointed shoes. One school stated that it had outlawed these styles, and short skirts for girls. However, I agree that since our culture prefers men with short hair, they should basically keep it short and not really get it so long that it looks like a girl's. Chuck's is not that long, only longer in front. It looks good.

Incidentally, we get lots of English ads and magazines and articles here. You'd be interested to know they always say perm for permanent, Mum for Mother, and Gran for Grandmother.

I've been typing up my PEO report to be given in May. It's on Nigerian women, but I am still no authority. I can only give impressions, and I'm most interested in the country women. Otherwise, there are the normal wives, clerks, secretaries, teachers, etc. It is the country women who are living virtually in Bible times. It's amazing. I'll send you a copy some time when it is finished.

That Abraham Adedire with the kidney transplant, we of course heard about too, from this end. Stranger still is the fact that when Charlie first went to look up someone at MSU who could record a few Yoruba words for him to send to his first MINEX students, it was this man.

The boys are fine and enjoyed an afternoon at Enugu on Monday. No school, so we went to see a family off to America at the airport. They've finished their two years and are visiting Rome and other places in Europe on the way home.

'Nuff for now.

Love,
June

I have been trying to get my talk on Nigerian women typed up. It has to be given in May...I'm no authority, but I'll put down my impressions from things I've seen and heard. It goes to PEO. I'm most interested in the country women. Otherwise here are the normal run of store clerks, teachers, wives, secretaries, etc. These others, though, are actually living in Bible times! Amazing. I'll send you a copy sometime.

You've heard of Abraham Adedire who had the kidney transplant? His mother went to the US from Nigeria? Well, oddly enough, this was the man Charles hunted up a couple of years ago in connection with Operation Crossroads. He was at MSU and the nearest person C. could find who could record a few Yoruba words on tape for the crossroaders to learn before their trip. It was apparently a successful operation. What an over-awed little mother that must have been. She was a country woman.

Chuck has been letting his hair grow some. I wrote mother once, and she wrote back hoping it wasn't a crazy Beatle-cut, that that seems such a ridiculous fad. It isn't, but she'd be interested to know that the youth of Africa also have fads...down south in Nigeria there was a school which outlawed "bay haircuts" and short skirts and the boys short shorts! Another town has forbidden lipstick, nail polish and the straightening of hair. They say their girls have a natural beauty

they don't want spoiled. So kids all over have fads I guess, and get tired of the old way of doing things.

The kids are keeping busy with school again now, and seem to be getting more resourceful as we had hoped, but there sure isn't much to do. However, much of the time at Alma was a grind too. There may have been more "cultural" things around but no money to go, anyway, as far as Lansing or Detroit anyway. The kids would see newer movies, etc., but I guess we all have to live with just so much routine, and get along. Well, there's routine here, too. More later.

Love,

June and all.

May 5, 1965

Received May 15

Dear Mother and Grandma;

Well, the Variety Show is finally over...a complete success, I'm happy to say, and thanks to the hard work of many people, but mostly Americans and Indians who rallied round the flag. The Nigerians just don't really care about things like that (although the students like to watch). But the faculty families don't put their hearts into it and when they say they can perform, often they later pulled out, even up to the last week. They aren't civic-minded, either, and more centered in their homes and family life, I guess.

I suppose Americans get a gaudy reputation here, because it is they who have formed a good Pre-School Nursery School for kiddies. No one would have moved a finger before. But now that it's going, well over half the children are Nigerian. Same with Hospital Auxiliary...the purpose is to help out with things the doctors are too busy to do, such as producing lectures and visual education for the servants, baby-nurses, etc., selling medicine for "worms" to same, raising money for and making curtains for the Health Clinic wards so patients can get to sleep at night. Things like that. The Nigerians just don't figure it's their problem. And I

suppose we do stick our noses in sometimes. (But it's a help for Cubs and Scouts ...again, American organizations.

I'll have to say, however, that the PTA is strongly Nigerian, mainly because the principal and staff are too. And the Women's Association has part Nigerian Board (and President). But as to other ways of "joining, it isn't in their blood. Then again, I found that Alma was over-organized! And if you joined everything you were eligible for, you'd never have a chance to breathe. Anyway, it's just because we were raised different, culturally. And we can't either help too much what we are.

There are some Nigerians who resent American intrusion and look forward to the time when the Americans are phased out of the program here, which is indeed the intention. We can't just say, "We're really quite nice, and I hope you'll appreciate us". But we do know things will not run as smoothly for awhile when all the efficient men pull out of the departments. There are efficient Nigerians with a good background of education (usually abroad) and these are the men who are gradually filling the positions the Americans leave. Charlie is looking for a man to fill his spot...and found a very good prospect, then suddenly this month his allotment-for-a-new-man-in-the-department was taken away. There isn't any way at present for him to train a man to take over his place. And it would take at least a year! Very discouraging.

Chuck and Dave are all settled in now, except that Roger and Dave have the small bedroom, and Chuck is out on the small sunporch (and study) with windows on three sides. They seem quite a bit more mature than last summer . . . I'm delighted to see some of the willfulness of David has disappeared, and some of the selfishness has dissolved from Chuck, or self-interest, let's say. It's done them good to be away and to conform to a more disciplined schedule than we have at home. A candid system of rewards and punishments. . . like desserts being taken away, taking their turns at sorting socks and laundry on certain days, and not fighting the system.

They are beginning to see their little brothers' nonsense objectively and not getting so involved in trifling quarrels, etc. They've had a week-and-a-half to do practically nothing, and have filled the time very well. We'll gradually get into some studying at home, though, I think. . . then break it up with our Christmas vacation. Then they can review when they return. They don't have to be back in school until about Jan. 16.

Chuck's birthday is coming up soon. . . so is Janie's the 13th. When you write would you tell her I've thought of her and that I hope to get a card off to her, but first I have to get into Enugu again and search for cards. This is so inconvenient living 40 miles from any decent shopping centers. (Nsukka has many little stalls and shops that provide the essentials, however. Even film developing: and tailoring, since custom-made clothes are just too expensive. Am I ever glad I can SEW). (There are patent-medicine stores with reliable things and very odd things, and a couple of groceries with many American brands, and places that sell cloth of not much variety, compared to America's versatility, a stall with buttons and zippers, carpenters, etc. And these are all open-air, remember. Who needs storm windows or even doors, except the bigger stores lock up at night. Otherwise, everyone picks up his goods and takes them home at night.

Steve is 100 pounds again, and needing to get into that pool and swim off a couple of pounds. He's not chubby yet, but plenty blocky. Jimmy is still slight

and quick and loves swimming, like a frog. He has two little boy friends who seem to vie for his attention. (Bobby Lawson and Brian Veltrop, both Americans.) He's in the middle, and if he pairs off with one, the other gets jealous or mad. Sometimes the three manage to play together and have fun.

Robby is needing a haircut, and somewhat unhappy about school. Doesn't want to go each morning, but he puts up with it. And they all wear their school uniforms.

[I learned much later that he often sat in a tree playing hooky.]

Our Thanksgiving turned out well. We did go to Enugu and have pie for breakfast with the Guptills. (Scrambled egg and juice too) and many of the kids had as many as 10 to 13 small slices. There were 9 different kinds of pie. I can't say that I'd care to carry on that tradition. It was rather sickening to me to have to eat anything that sweet at breakfast. The kids reveled in it.

[Unfinished]

Letter No. 40

Mailed May 13, 1965

Received May 18

Dear Mother and Grandma;

The barest of letters. I'm just finishing my report on Nigerian women, and will need to get the final draft finished this morning, so I won't spend much time on you.

I've got most of the sketches done, and will compile the whole thing tomorrow and get it to the Enugu postoffice early Friday, giving it two full weeks to reach its destination. I wonder if it would cost me a mint to insure or register it.

Let me think what is going on that is interesting. The weather is changing to cloudy every day, and there are frequent rains. It's cooler now than in March or April, the hottest months, but if you walk around there seems to be a heat in the air, a radiation from the hidden sun, and you work up a sweat very easily.

However, if you sit still, it is quite cool, and even a strange damp feeling comes on the back of your neck. The Nigerian workers must feel it too, because when the weather turns "cold" they put good knitted mufflers around their necks, even though they continue wearing shorts and short sleeved shirts, and sandals. Our gardener is one who does when the weather gets clear down to 70.

Charlie has just finished writing a big end-of-the-term examination and feels good about it. His only superior over here in the General Studies department thought it was great, and that made him feel good.

The kids are OK. They go through a pair of shorts and a shirt in one day, because of the red dirt over here, so they have fresh clothes every morning. Thank goodness we have Aaron. He is the 19 year-old steward. He sweeps out the house every day, and keeps up with all the washing and ironing, and even folds the clothes and puts them in the drawers. I'm getting so spoiled! But if I can ever get some trivia out of the way, all the help that I'm getting will definitely release me for more painting. I got some practice in last week and did a quick copy of a piece of modern art that Chuck wanted for his room. He's redecorating in purples, violets, and blues, and the painting was done in the same colors. It was actually a black and white reprint in the book, so we had no idea what the original colors were. That will be a shock to see it someday in other colors. It would be most surprising if they were the same.

'Nuff for now. I hope the arthritis is better this week.

Love,
June

Letter No. 41

Written May 15

Received May 22

Dear Mother and Grandmother;

I just got Mother's letter today and will answer it.

The time has been flying lately. It's hard for me to realize that the green grass must be peeking up on your street. And I was surprised to have you say you'd been out four times to get some sun, Mother. That's good for you.

I just went up to the prison this morning looking for some more basket work. I'm gradually replacing commercial looking boxes with attractive storage baskets. They are eventually going to produce fibre rugs up there, too. I hope I can get some nice ones. They are certainly going to be tough and strong.

I took all my old Time magazines for the Prison Staff Club. They might find some enjoyable and/or enlightening articles.

Tonight is movie night at the open-air faculty club. Certainly not a pretentious building, but it affords a little variety. Tuesday night is also "cinema" and Friday evenings there is a kiddie movie for an hour.

As to the National Geographics: We received six, for the last 6 months of last year. I think we undoubtedly received June before we left.

We definitely save them! They're wonderful resources.

The articles about the Presidents sounds good. We have the November issue, but not the January 1965.

We have not been billed for anything as far as I can remember and we have not paid anything as far as I can remember.

The six copies we received here were sent directly from the company after I wrote them asking about the fact that we had received none since moving.

Chuck is doing well on the guitar and enjoys it a lot. Dave needs a banjo.

I'm sorry you can't get to the basement sorting. You will some time, but be careful.

Won't you please ask the TV repair man to bring an extension ear-phone and plug it in for Grandma? She could hear so much more by having it up to her ear like a telephone.

Houses are getting along OK. He is starting a garden. They say the Mississippi River, up by Burlington and Moline, is seven miles wide. They've been having awful floods up there.

I'm lucky on my PEO report. A man visiting here will take it back to Lansing for me, so I will be sure it isn't lost.

Love,
June

Letter No. 42

Written May 23

Received May 29

Dear Ones,

Mother complains that it's been two and a half weeks since a letter came. That's not so good, but I guess I have explained before that the mail service here is erratic. There is no one in any hurry to see that things are delivered with any speed such as we get in the USA. A letter may wait inside the post office walls three or four days, waiting for a bag to fill up, before they close it and send it on its way. They definitely do not see that each day's letters get off the very day they are mailed. Then, if a letter has to go to the airport, it may or may not catch that day's flight. Next it lands at Lagos, and may or may not get on a plane. If it does, you're in luck and in another day it should land at N.Y.C. Then efficiency takes over.

Here, it is rather like the days of the pony express, though come to think of it, that was faster! But you have to realize that America has had many more years of experience with civil service, postal service, established rates, etc. Also, Nigeria is BIG. Fifty-five million people and, as I told my friends in my report on Nigerian women, which got finished and mailed -- or rather taken back by a man who was returning to the States -- just imagine the area that Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin cover, then double it, and you have Nigeria. No wonder there is room for things to go wrong with management, etc. For instance, this friend who took the report, was at the airport and the plane blew a tire while

landing. Instead of having one, or some, on hand, they had to have a replacement flown in. The idea of stand-by equipment is rather a foreign one here.

On the campus we are going through exam weeks. Exams are scheduled over a period of about seven weeks, which is hectic. The students quit their classes and begin studying for one exam, then go on to the next one, memorizing night after night while getting ready. There is much emphasis placed on rote memorization, which is basically a British concept. Teachers at St. Theresa's despair when our American kids can't memorize page after page. Charlie has the same problem in reverse. His students do memorize sheets of mimeographed materials, then spew it forth on the exam and really don't show any understanding of what they are saying. He has talked to them about it, and they are gradually getting to understand what he wants. The trouble is, most Nigerian teachers are English educated and want reams and reams of stuff echoed back. The more the better. Too bad!! And these kids have been told to do it this way for years and years, so of course it is difficult to change their study habits all of a sudden. Most of Charlie's students improved a great deal the 2nd and 3rd terms. (the elementary school teachers are a little disappointed too at the performance of the American kids in this respect.)

It's been a hot day, and the electricity has been off again. They turn it off Sundays quite often, usually without notice, and our refrigerators start dripping, there's no fan, no electric stove -- we use a primus burner and try to keep up with boiling the water, at least. I usually have Lazarus bake a cake on Saturday.

We are in another stage of planning for the MINEX students. Right now we are planning dinners in American homes here for them all next week and the next. Also, the families are asking in a Nigerian couple who have been to America and might have good advice. Actually, it's partly in order to acquaint the kids with American food, and partly with American manners. I think they are used to cafeteria style, with an occasional special meal served by waiters, but they don't know what Family Style is, with the dishes of food put on the table and passed around. And the tastes will be different (oh, I mentioned that -- they are going to

take along tins of red pepper and other spices to put on their food so that everything won't taste too bland.)

Charlie has to go to Lagos again this week to finalize plans and to follow up on every thing he did the time we went together. One never knows if the other fellow will remember. Come to find out, the head of the committee is Dr. Achifusi and he has done next to nothing but say "all right" to Charlie's ideas and suggestions. It is harder this year considering the fact that the groups are coming from both directions instead of only one.

Monday morning:

I was wrong about that name -- it's Achufusi -- Ah-choo-foo-see.

The kids are going strong although Chuck fell off his bike a week ago and hurt his wrist. We thought it was sprained but decided to have it x-rayed and that revealed a crack, so they put his whole arm in a cast -- the kind with the bent elbow. He got to stay out of school for a week, but we pushed him out of the house this morning. It was his "good" hand, the left. Steve is in good shape from playing and swimming all winter. He is slim, but strong looking. And we have teeth falling out right and left this month. And Dave will be twelve pretty soon!

Love,

June and all.

Letter No. 43

Written June 8

Received June 15

Dear Mother and Grandma;

Got a good letter a few days ago which I must answer, but I'm in a hurry to get some word off to you. I think I am late again, but Charlie is going to Lagos, starting today and this will be mailed from there. He leaves in about an hour.

We're all fine, but again we've been busy every minute with printing programs and getting ticket sales organized for our Concert. We did very well last night, then everyone came over to our house for refreshments and to hear the tape recording of the Concert, to see how we performed. It was fun. One more on Wednesday in Enugu.

The kids are OK -- anticipating the end of school about the 18th. University Graduation is June 12 and there is a convocation ball which is to be very colorful.

There is also an end of the year party for AID people by the swimming pool. Ox roast, swimming pageant, square dance, etc. Then many families will be going home on leave. I'm jealous. The Dutch people get leave every year. It's in their contracts. We have 30 days coming to us but I don't know if we will get to take them all or not.

I'll close and get a decent letter off soon. Just wanted you to have word.

Love,

June & Charlie & Boys

Tuesday, June 8th

Dear Folks,

Charles is off to Lagos today at noon to get more concrete arrangements on the housing of exchange students, etc. and will get this in to mail there.

When a man goes to Lagos, it is recorded on a bulletin board and everybody and his brother knows it and comes up asking favors, and business deals, etc. But often a driver will do some of the footwork. However, this time C. will fly, and do all the business by taxi.

Our concert was last night and sounded very good. I'm getting tapes of these things, so that when we get a recorder I'll be all set! They'll bring back memories, too, because we work so hard on these concerts! And are really fond of the music. We give another concert Wed. at Enugu. C. will miss it.

The kids are fine -- more teeth! Steve has a sore toe -- that is a simple infection. He'll be OK.

Our cat had a fight-bite that got worse. I took her in to the vet who was going to remove a claw -- he went out of the room for a minute and the assistant gave her too much ether. So she was gone when I got back from an errand for the vet.

The kids have been too busy to realize she isn't coming home for meals. I think when they ask, I'll say she's run off to find a husband??? (and start a new home.) I don't want a young impressionable brain to get the idea that it is risky to take ether in the hospital. Is that cheating, though? Or protecting the kids, too much ? Weather is more bearable. Overcast a lot now, with Rainy Season beginning. Makes it cooler. Only 80 degrees now. 90 degrees in March. We usually have at least a 25 degree difference between "in the shade" and "in direct sun".

Love,
June

Letter No. 44

Written June 20-27

[Handwritten: "Received July 12, after 4 weeks of silence"]

Dear Mother and Grandma,

Well, this is Sunday again, and C. is off in Lagos doing business for the MINEX exchange groups. He left with the busload of Nigerian students at 5 am (in order to be sure of making the 8 am ferry at Onitsha across the Niger River) on Friday morning, the 18th. They were to drive all day, eat lunch in Benin City (Ben NEEN), then reach Lagos around 7:30 or 8 pm for supper. All of these stops, of course, are what C. was pre-arranging on previous trips to Lagos.

Saturday, the 19th, was the day the American students should have arrived by plane, and I assume they did; then in the evening all the students from both

groups were to get together for a party which the USIS (United States Information Service) agreed to put on for them. I wonder how that turned out. But more especially, I'd like to know how the party turns out that they're going to have at the END of the summer. They'll have SO much to talk about and compare. (This first one might be a little stiff and uncomfortable at first, although I've met several of the Nigerian fellows who went and they're energetic conversationalists.

Sunday, the 20th, today, the Nigerians have taken off by now on their flight, and the Americans are getting acquainted with Lagos. C. will show them different things, and then begin the drive back again on Tuesday, the 22nd, stopping at Benin City overnight. They will see the famed wood-carvers there, and the bronze casters at work, then start back here on Wednesday, the 23rd. They may be travel-weary but they will have seen some of Africa before being plunked down for their summer courses. C. felt that last year the kids needed some contact beforehand, instead of just seeing airports then coming directly to the University.

An interesting thing is that the American students were quite surprised to find that Nigeria is not "dry" as Michigan is. Of course, there was no great Prohibition, etc., and also people can't afford to drink much, and don't feel the need to. There is palm wine and beer to celebrate special occasions, etc. And the students are

under no restrictions here. Last year there was a reception and cocktail party for the American kids, and alcohol was available, and I never saw such stunned, delighted kids in my life. It was the students, of course, who were used to drinking in America, anyway, but always on the sly. C. says here it would take the fun out of it to not have to sneak your drinks.* That's part of what makes it so sinful in America. Or desirable, I guess.

*Students

Likewise, the Nigerian students, who are very moderate, were quite surprised to hear that they wouldn't be allowed to drink any beer on the Michigan State University campus. Not even take any to their rooms. They couldn't fathom why it was forbidden or had anything to do with morals. (Some of them last summer saw some American students coming up the hill to the University, smuggling a bottle of something under their shirts; and they had a big laugh about it; that was before the American students knew it was not an untouchable here. That's what C. meant by saying having to sneak it is maybe why it seems so delightfully wicked!

And needless to say, these groups I've mentioned are not necessarily representative of the whole student body of either University. Not all American students sneak beer to their rooms; but also not all American students drink, not all African students drink; but more Africans than Americans drink in moderation and without the pangs of a guilty conscience.

What other countries than America have gone all out on a moralistic prohibition program? Not many, I guess. I guess we're rather unique. But didn't the bootleggers make scads of money and want prohibition to stay because of their profits? And Carrie A. Nation had a lot to do with it...it was a product of the times. I guess I'll have to do some reading on that.

Our weather has changed a lot lately. It's overcast much of the time, and a summer rain usually comes up about once a day. It's a lot cooler, too, though, and is nice, from the heat of the dry season. It's almost too chilly to go swimming, but it feels good. It reminds me of home so much, to sit in the living room with the

windows shut and the rain pounding down, wearing a sweater, etc. It's also nice to be comfortable in long sleeved blouses again. In the dry season we wear the coolest, briefest clothes possible. There are extremes, of course, and I think I told you once that the Nigerian women NEVER wear shorts or slacks. That is the common everyday Nigerian who has never been off to England or America. There are some very stylish upper class women who will play tennis in white shorts (only white is allowed...British hangover, in a way), and once in a great while have a pair of modest slacks on. But basically it just isn't done. A few Americans will wear them about the campus, but I haven't yet, and won't. I did it once on a cub scout hike, and the other 2 women had shorts on too, but it was a funny feeling to be the last in line, trekking through the woods and jungles with about 10 naked little brown boys and girls following me and giggling and taking the rear view. I told the Nigerian Cub in front of me, "They're laughing about my shorts, aren't they?" "Yes, but I didn't want to tell you."

There are some thoughtless Americans here who say, "Oh, bother", about the Nigerian attitude, "I'll wear shorts if I want to." And they do. To the grocery and all around. But it's embarrassing. Not to them, though. It is rather more considerate to ask what the Nigerians will think. However, you can't always put that first. You can be independent and a non-conformist, if you're already that type, but it can be shown in other ways, perhaps.

Also, it is rather unfortunate in this community that the Americans are under quite a lot of criticism anyway. The Nigerians, some, resent our being pushed on them to show them how to organize a University, the direct-hire people hate our big salaries, and the big houses a few of us have. Other people hate the fact that WE are provided with air conditioners in our bedrooms, others complain that WE get screen on our houses and they don't...they have to put up with mosquito nets.

The teachers resent the mothers saying anything about the modern teaching methods in America (and, of course, maybe there was not all tact used...I don't know any facts, but only that there are rumblings.)

The Americans (some of them) resent the school authorities saying they are going to require school uniforms (because this takes away their individuality and is too conforming), but all the other schools have them. They look nice when the group acts as a unity at some performance. But one American says, "It isn't a Nigerian custom anyway, it's as British as they come. Why should we enforce more British ways?" But it's been Nigerian for about 100 years now!

Anyway, you get so much TALK and DIFFERENCE OF OPINION here. We had assumed everyone would be outgoing and would have the interests of the international community, "everyone for harmony", etc. when we came. But what an awakening!

We have found, however, that the Americans indeed do have the technical know-how to help run things without seeming to know it all. We have seen much Nigerian bureaucracy at work. Many appointments are made on relative bases and not on merit, some officials will NOT follow through on schedules, arrangements fall through, many are extremely discourteous and know they won't be fired (same for postal workers and especially nurses).

On all the community projects it has been the American (and European) wives and families who have carried through, until we who help organize are saying, "Where is the community spirit of the Nigerians?" And we are learning that it is rather non-existent. And this is not so much a shameful thing as a natural thing. When the country isn't up to the sophistication of America, when the majority of

people are living on a subsistence level and the upper-class Nigerians who drive Mercedes Benz are rare (and often earned the money in doubtful ways) and where women's rights are not well-developed and most women feel their place is in the home, who are we to come and say, "you should be organizing, and doing this and that" because that's the way we do it at home, and therefore it's 'right'.

The Medical Officer needs some outside help on things his budget doesn't cover, and he would like to have health education programs and talks for the many servants and helpers around here, and he has no time to spend on it when serving 2500 students and 200 faculty, their many children, and all the Junior Staff too. HOWEVER, the Americans and Europeans take up the torch and try to carry out some of his ideas, but we get weary of being the only ones who are consistent and TAKE time out to work on these things.

PTA is organized by the school, but not well attended. There is a Women's Association which is attended pretty well by all nationalities, not in great number, but there's a good cross-section, but again it's the educated women who seem to be interested enough to carry on. This top layer of Nigerian women can't carry the whole burden. And I think maybe the point here is not that the campus is over-organized, as Alma was, but it takes such effort to be plain organized.

And now the real point, how much organization is desirable? I like the women to get together and find out that the other nationalities are human, too, but other

organizations are uphill struggles and you find usually, in the long run, it's Americans who are pushing it. Americans have activated the Boys Scouts and Cubs. Americans are trying to get the Girl (Scout) Guides going next year for the little girls on campus (all nationalities invited, of course). It's good to have activities for kids, but here the families apparently provide their own entertainment for their children. And are certainly not ready for community actions.

So we're torn. Should we calm down and wait till Nigerians are ready for a community spirit, born out of need? And thus lose some of the enriching features of our home communities? Or should we forge ahead for the sake of our interests and children's interests, have our organizations (that are sometimes not all that important...you have re-evaluate each one) and be called pushy Americans who never leave things alone. It's hard to go around explaining your position to everyone, too; but one thing is sure. When you leave your own society for awhile you are certainly forced to take an objective view of your own standards, and in the long run maybe sort out some of the deadwood. There are some cases where there is a mass hysteria and Americans will perhaps join something or do something because everyone else is doing it. Think of the effect of advertising, too . . . too many housewives think it is essential to have wool carpeting over all the floors. And they see things they want and are convinced they need them. (I'm one of those!) But isn't that what all the installment buying is about? I mean the people who have all new furniture, two new cars, golf clubs for everyone, automatic dishwasher, and maybe a membership in the country club, too; although, on a smaller basis and fewer possessions it can work too. (Yes, I'll admit installment buying can sometimes be a lifesaver, but that's if you have common sense along with it.)

At any rate, it is a fact that Americans have gone overboard in a big way for installment buying, some of them forgetting the interest and some getting in way over their heads.

I'm getting off my soapbox now, ladies and gentlemen, please make way! I feel much better now. But please take everything with a grain of salt. I'm not depressed, but interested in seeing what makes this place tick.

Incidentally, that comment about Nigerians who drive Mercedes Benz was inspired by a few neighbors we have, plus, more especially the time we drove through the Mid-West region, which is really run down compared to the East, OR West. We were creeping over the rutty main streets, viewing the disorder, and came across a beautiful new gray Mercedes Benz parked by the side of the road. It was incongruous to say the least, but even more fascinating was the little message painted on the side of the car, "Minister of Finance". We wondered if that possible could be where the Treasury was putting it's money! It certainly wasn't into any upkeep of roads, trash removal, etc.

Later: (a week later. I'm sorry.)

So much for all that. I must close, because this letter is getting too heavy. Charlie and the group got back safely, have had a visit to a village, with dancing and all, and we entertained them ourselves, for dessert out in the yard, just last night, Sunday.

C. got home just the day before his birthday, so we had a cake and some presents for him on the 24th.

Chuck's cast is off and he's fine.

Much love,

June and all

PS I'm enclosing a partial list of the 1965 Graduates from the University of Nigeria. We find we can pronounce most of these names now without too much study. They all have meanings, (like the Hebrew names of the Bible). Robby came home from school one day talking about a "Bunny Face". Turned out to be "Boniface".

Letter No. 45

Written July 5

Received July 14

Dear Mother & Grandma;

Well, we just got over the 4th of July. No one gave it any attention, of course, except the Americans. Independence Day for Nigeria is October 1. But the Americans in Enugu got their heads together this year and organized a "picnic" at the best hotel, so we decided to go. We heard that last year they had real hot dogs, which we almost never get here. Sometimes there are some Armour Star Franks at a grocery store in Enugu, but most the the Enugu people grab them up before we get a chance from Nsukka.

Anyway, we went and there were lots of tables set up. The MINEX students went too; there was square dancing, a magician, swimming, a short program, including singing of The Star Spangled Banner, which we hadn't heard for a year, then a young man read the Declaration of Independence, etc. The supper was spaghetti and cupcakes, basically, not very good, and by night all our children had thrown it up. I don't know what was wrong. It was only slight and gone in 24 hours; we don't know if it was a quick virus, or if it was something they all ate on Saturday, or swallowing some murky water from the swimming pool, which was

not very clean. The management had hoped to clear it up, but prior to that their filter system was not working well. The pool on the campus is always clean and pure, and we are much better off here so far as swimming is concerned. Anyway, it was probably not the spaghetti, since Steve had not been well a couple of days before, and Jim and not the night before. Also, Charlie and I felt “insecure” that very morning, but weren’t really sick.

So much for that. We thought of all that must be going on in America, and wished we were home. I had intended to pass out some sparklers I had, but I forgot them because of the sickness.

On the 25th of July we hope to have a two-family celebration with the Deans, since it marks one year gone since we arrived in Nsukka.

We had a cute little pet for awhile, but it couldn’t stand captivity. We decided to let him go, but he was too far gone the 2nd day. A little six inch porcupine; this African variety is a “hedgehog” and has the brightest shoe-button eyes, a pointed nose, and tiny feet. We had named him Prickers and after 24 hours he was drinking sugar water and starting to eat, so we had hopes. We really thought there was a good chance of him thriving, I guess because our encyclopedia said they are often tamed and made into house pets who wander around at eating all the bugs and insects which invade your house.

Incidentally, there were no fireworks at all at the celebration -- only a few firecrackers which the boys bought. They are called “Knockouts” here.

Charlie and group are out at a village this afternoon, but I didn’t go because of the tenuous condition of the boys. They are all but Chuck out of school, too.

I’ll write soon. I’ve been lax.

Love,
June

Letter No. 46

Written July 12

Postmarked at Enugu July 13

Received July 17

Dear Mother and Grandma;

We got your letter and I consider myself properly reprimanded.

This is Monday and since Charlie had to go to Enugu to make future plans for the summer students from America, he brought the boys and me along. So we are at the swimming pool waiting for our lunch to come. This place is the Enugu Sports Club, a private membership place to eat, swim, and play tennis. There are movies, too, but they are public. The membership is about \$3.20 a month and we find it is a good headquarters, bathroom stop, and reorganizing place. We also swim if we don't have too much shopping.

Most members are British. It's funny to see some of the men, the perfect stereotype with handlebar mustache, etc. Strangely enough, it's English women, not American, who wear the short shorts here, and often they are around 40, and they wear high heels at the same time. The English are very disdainful when it comes to fraternizing with the Nigerian help. It may not be proper, but the kids and I come breezing in with greetings, and we get smiles in return, and better service. Sometimes I'll ask for a meat pie, and the fellows will say "No, these aren't fresh", which I appreciate. They never say this to the English.

Chuck is still in school. His long vacation comes in December and January.

This month Charlie has to go to Jos to pre-arrange for a trip for the Minex kids. Here you do not phone or write ahead for reservations, and when he goes in person and reserves sleeping quarters, he has no assurance that within the next week or two the rooms won't be given to someone else on the spur of the moment. In America that is hard to understand, but things aren't always so efficient here.

Our cook's wife, Comfort, is due to have her baby with a month now, Lazarus told me today. There is a hospital a mile away which she plans to go to. Did I tell you they have lost four or five children? Some as babies, some at 5 and 7 years. It must be hard for them. I don't know the causes, and I don't know if they do.

Beth will come about August 12, just when the American students go home. I'm planning to convert Charlie's small sun-porch study into a bedroom.

I hope your knee injections help you. One Minex girl has had a sudden recurrence of arthritis this week.

Love,
June

Letter No. 47

Written July 14

Postmarked at Nsukka, July 17

Received July 24

Dear Grandma & Mother;

I sent a letter only yesterday, but I'm trying to reform and send off more like two letters a week. We'll see how well I stick to it.

This is my last air letter form, too, so my next job is to go over to the post office, which I hope isn't too crowded now that most people are away on leave, or have gone home for good.

We just had a letter today from the Houses that said Beth had been down to the farm for her last visit before coming over here in August, and upon her return discovered that her apartment had been robbed! Her sewing machine, record player, typewriter and transistor radio! She had worked two years to pay for a few luxuries all her own, and now they are gone. She had planned to give a month's notice at her office and quit just before coming here. Now she wants to leave that apartment more than ever, but she has a lease that has two months to run, which she can't get out of unless she can sub-let it. She had just bought material to make a suit to travel in, and now she has no machine to sew on, and Sally's is near Galesburg at the cottage which they bought last summer. We have urged her to come ahead on the trip and had already sent her some money -- now she may need more. Her shots cost more than she thought, and now the plane ticket seems to be more than she'd planned on. It's a shame, but I guess she'll survive.

We had a surprise today. A memorandum came in the mail from the MSU offices, and said that they have given Charlie a raise of \$1250.00, effective July 1st,

which means an actual raise of about \$1600.00 when the Post Allowance and Post Differential are added. When you figure what sort of salary this would represent if we were paying Income Tax, which we don't have to do, it becomes fabulous. This is another reason why we can afford to share some with Beth.

Incidentally, I am starting with regular payments to you which will come off that \$300 we owe you. I wonder now, after a year, if I have the records that show what little we have paid back. Wasn't there an extra \$200 on top of that too? I am ashamed at how blank my mind is, but I know you have a good memory and can tell me in your next letter.

We will have enough money to pay for a piece of property in Alma, too, which is out on the river -- high land -- and we had an eye on it before we left. It is going to be very exclusive and should be salable at a good profit if we could buy it fast and not spend a lot on interest. There are already three upper middle-class houses there, and the electric lines are buried in earth, and there is an obvious trend of building between the golf course and this land. We shall see.

There has been talk among the officials of asking Charlie, after his home leave of three months next summer, to come back for a year and train someone else to take his place. They have sadly neglected this in his department, and he is alone so far, where nearly all other departments have Deans, and Associates, etc. The main idea is that the USAID people are here only until 1970, by which time all

departments will be taken over by efficient Nigerian educators. But they neglected to budget any money for a helper in Humanities, where the concentration is on educating lawyers, or doctors, or teachers -- professional people. So no one had heard of Humanities, but it is becoming important, and this University seems to want to include it in its curriculum.

So eventually we will have a choice, and we are trying to evaluate. The kids education is the biggest thing. They aren't getting here what they could have at home, as we are finding out. Math is inferior to the New Method, and English is very elementary, since the Nigerians are learning it as a second language, of course. And the kids had to learn complicated computation of pound, shilling, and pence, based on 12's and 20's.

Did I tell you we are definitely considering sending Chuck and/or Dave up to the Dutch Reformed School for missionary children and expatriate children? Charlie will have to go up next week to explore possibilities for Minex kids, and he will stop at Jos to check out the school. They have the new math, and definite study halls, etc. A very nice place, my neighbor says, and she has had two children there, just the same ages.

We like the idea of extra money coming in to help pay for the children's later education, if we can settle this earlier education. But again, we don't want to return here for this third year, if we are needed at home. So we will have to discuss it some more, and decide just what everyone is missing or gaining. And we will want to consider your opinion, too. The extra money represents extra financial security, and as I said, education, but we'll see.

My hair is dirty and greasy. It seems to need washing every four days here. It is because of the hotter, moist climate. At least it dries in a hurry, which is convenient.

Love,

June

Letter 47 +

Written July 15

Dear Mother:

I've been checking through receipts, etc., and came across this statement from National Geographic, sent way back in January, but it came by sea, and we got it in March. It probably won't help, but you asked me to check up on the details I had here, and I told you the issues we had, including the ones of Presidents, so this is in addition.

Things have been hectic here at times, as they always are in the summer with the kids home from school. It gets noisy and disorganized at times. Right now Jimmy is drawing invitations for his birthday party on Monday. Our gardener has a birthday tomorrow, and the cook-make and steward both do on the 17th! Quite a busy week. We don't DO anything for them, but I've bought several yards of goods for them to do with as they want.

Charlie is in Port Harcourt. He has the Minex kids down there on tour. Back Saturday.

June

7/14/65

The C.B. Houses

Dear Folks,

Mom's letter of July 7 just arrived, telling about Beth's misfortune. I am at the office getting ready to start a trip to the south with the MINEX kids. We'll be gone four days and I want to get this off before we leave.

Tell Beth to come ahead and we'll work out the finance out somehow. I don't want the trip to be spoiled by her feeling guilty about the money she's spending. It won't replace the things she's lost, but it will be worth it to us to have her here, especially if it works out so that we stay on for an additional year or two. It seems hard to realize that we will be coming back, either to stay or on leave in less than a year. It has just become a little harder to turn down the opportunity. I didn't expect to get any salary raises from the rather generous amount we were given to start, but in the same mail that brought Mom's letter I got notice of a \$1250.00 raise effective 1 July, which means an actual raise of about \$1600.00 when the Post Allowance and Post Differential are added. When you figure what sort of salary this would represent if we were paying income tax it becomes fabulous. Neither Beth nor you should feel guilty about sharing some of it.

Of course, we have a lot of things to add into our decision. The kids education is the biggest thing. They aren't getting here what they could get at home and I don't suppose our health is improving any. I don't have any particular reason to think that we're being damaged either. I'm a little concerned about Steve, he's been running slow for several weeks. Two days ago I noticed that he had a number of very ugly sores on his bottom which he hadn't said anything about and which were bad enough to slow anyone down. They look suspiciously like some sort of Staph infection. We have cancelled his swimming and I'm giving him thrice-daily pHizoHex baths and I think I begin to see some response. He has developed into a tremendous swimmer. The Phys. Ed. advisor said that if he keeps it up we won't have to worry about his college education! This he said to

someone else at the pool while they were watching him and the report got back to me.

The kids all got good report sheets at the end of the year -- except Jimmy of all people. His problem, according to the teacher is "mischief". There is another little snot of a kid in his class who has about the same level of intelligence and energy and the mixture is volatile.

I am running as hard as I can just to keep up with things. I plunged into MINEX right out of exams and I'm really pushing to keep ahead of their very tight program. As soon as we're back from the south, I will head for the North to set up that trip. On the basis of energy expended, I have begun to feel that I am earning every nickel I'm making.

I feel a little guilty about being over here when I am needed there, but I also feel that perhaps I can be of more practical help to you by building up the total family emergency resources.

The most important thing right now is to send Bets off happy. I know how much those things she had meant to her -- maybe too much -- but they were all useful things and good "capital investment".

I must stop now and get on the road. I will not know for another week or so if the threatened hail storm ever hit!

Love to all,

C.

Hi,

Just a note from me before Charles gets this off. We were SO sorry to hear the bad news. We'll send Beth a little extra to help out on the shots and airplane ticket, and I've written to her telling her we're expecting her, anyway.

Monday July 19

Jim's birthday. Actually, he celebrated on Saturday (which my mother wouldn't like, ethically, but I don't think I mind celebrating an off-day). Two of his best friends and two of his next-best, were going away Sunday and Monday (one family to the States for good), so we had decided to move it up two days. 10 boys we took to the D.O.'s Hill, which we talk about in David's letter, and had a treasure hunt, and games, and food. Turned out very nicely. I was so glad it didn't rain. We haven't even had rain every day.

Steve is out on the porch today, playing with the ever-popular building blocks, Chuck is under the weather and lying in bed enjoying reading, Robby is using my easel and painting with poster colors, David and friends are using stilts which David built, and Jim is off at a friend's house helping to make a tree house. C. is at work, after a good trip down to Port Harcourt and one day of rest. So, it's a nice quiet morning. And, bless them, Lazarus and Nicholas are doing the wash! I can see them hanging things out, down in the yard (I'm upstairs). And it's a heavenly feeling. I sure appreciate them!

Nuff for now.

Love, June

Letter No. 48

Not Dated

Postmark date July 21 Enugu

Received July 24

Dear Mother & Grandma;

I mailed my last letter from the little local post office, from which people say the mail isn't expedited, as mail is taken care of if mailed at the big Enugu post office. We shall see if it arrives before this one or not, which will go the latter way. The other one tells about Charlie's lucky raise, and mentions the fact that Beth's apartment was burglarized.

Things are going very well here. The Minex course has two weeks to go of formal classes and exams, then on the 3rd they all leave on the train trip that goes north to Jos, and Kano, then west to Ibadan. It will take almost two weeks, then the kids simply get on the plane and go. No, there's a party first, with the Nigerians who will be coming home. I'd love to be at that.

They will have many things to talk about. We just had a letter from Francis Okole in Lansing, who said he was continually amazed at all the nice things in the USA but that he does miss home, too. He misses the palm trees and the hills.

He also said he thinks of home as he walks along the road saying hello to everyone, and feeling very silly when he gets no answer.

Of course you know how that is, in such a busy society; we just can't be bothered greeting people we don't know. Here it is different. You walk along and everyone is interested in you. Naturally, because we are Europeans, but the Nigerians are also interested in each other -- friendly and concerned. It seems to demonstrate more brotherhood than you see in American lives. Anyway, that is what he meant.

Charlie will go up to Joss this week and lay out the pre-plans and reservations needed for the trip. He also hopes to stop at Hillcrest school, where we are hoping to send Chuck and Dave. Their curriculum and organization sound very good.

Healthwise, we are doing OK. Chuck happens to be down this weekend. Some fever, and he doesn't keep food down, but it's not serious, and he's better now.

Steve has been running slow for a few weeks. We discovered he had several sores on his bottom, which he hadn't said anything about. They were infected enough to slow anybody down. They look suspiciously like some sort of Staph infection. We have cancelled his swimming and are giving him Phizo-hex baths, which we think are beginning to help. Staph is so hard to get rid of.

He is developing into a tremendous swimmer. The Phys. Ed. advisor said that if he keeps it up, we won't have to worry about his college education. He says he is a "natural" and that he should get a swimming scholarship without any trouble.

The kiddies all had good report cards at the end of the school year -- in July -- except Jimmy, of all people. His problem, according to the teacher, is mischief. There is another little stinker of a kid near us who is a very sassy influence. He's gone for the summer, and this may help. Did I tell you I haven't heard a word from the PEO group about my report which was to have been read May 28? I'm very disgruntled because I did a lot of work on it, including pictures and sketches.

Well, I'll quit. Steve is building with these ever-popular blocks, Robby is painting on my easel with poster colors, and Chuck is reading in bed. The other two are off to friends' houses, and Charlie is at work, so it is nice and quiet today.

Only two more weeks of Minex here, then two weeks of the train trip. They take the plane home August 12th.

Love,
June

Letter No. 49

Not dated

Postmark date July 24

Received July 29

Dear Mother and Grandmother;

I was distressed to hear from Mrs. House saying that you hadn't heard from me for three and a half weeks. Well, you can be assured I didn't wait that long to write. There is one clue to the mystery. I was a week late and sent down a fast letter to Lagos with Charlie, that he didn't get mailed, and it came home again. He had to meet the Minex team and spent literally all day in the Passport and Visa offices while the officials passed him from department to department while inefficiently looking for some visas. They had never even issued four, and the State Department let them come on the flight anyway, and it was hard to get them through customs without them.

You just can't imagine the filing system here. You look at a second-story balcony and there are rows of tables with round baskets on them, and in these baskets are piles of standard oblong filing folders that look thirty years old, dog-eared, nothing alphabetized, etc. There is just no good business management. They don't think that way here. Ledgers are all done by hand, etc. -- very, very slow. And the men will take off on a coffee break when they feel like it, and leave you standing and waiting.

Also, there are not street mailboxes. I don't know where people mail things except to track down the main post office. So, with 25 Nigerians to see off, and 30 Americans to greet, orient, organize, feed, sleep, transport, and get on the way to

Mayflower school, he just didn't find a half hour to drive to the post office. Maybe you can forgive him.

Today he has gone north on the train to make more arrangements up at Zaria at Amadu Bello University for the kids to visit on their final leg of the trip. Last week he had to go to Port Harcourt again with them, and around the Oil Refinery, the Industrial Development Center, etc. He will also find out more about the American school in Jos, run by some Lutherans. It is a good school and we are finding that St. Theresa's isn't going uphill. With the new principal there are many more floggings, etc. I guess I explained the English being on a fourth grade level, not surprising since the Nigerians are only learning it as a second language -- and there are other points, too.

Even in the elementary school we have problems. Mainly the problem of an unscientific mind trying to teach. Also, teachers here usually only have to have schooling through the tenth grade to teach all of elementary school. I don't know how far Robbie's teacher has gone, but they had a disagreement about the sense of taste. The teacher said you taste with your mouth and Rob said with your tongue. But she said, "No, with your whole mouth." Rob knew about taste buds and she didn't. They mispronounce words like "hippopotamus", which I'll grant you isn't very important, but it's typical. And of course the kids are not learning anything about adding dollars and cents. Only pounds, shillings, and pence.

Enough of that. On campus way more than half of the people are gone, but there is a square dance social once a week, which we have been going to. Last week Charlie was away but I went along with the wife of the other traveling "chaperone", and we had fun. The Phys. Ed. director unlocked the gate to the swimming pool and we chose teams and played water polo in the moonlight. It was fun, and then we stopped by our house for something to nibble and drink. It was more fun being spontaneous that way, than planned, we decided. This was a group of MSU couples and the two "widows". A nice bunch of people about our age. There turned out to be about twelve of us.

Well, enough for now. This will go to Enugu July 23rd, and we shall see how long it takes. And I'm going to number my letters for awhile.

Incidentally, come July 25th, we will have been in Nsukka exactly one year. We'll be happy to come home and see you again!

Love,
June

Letter No. 50

Written July 23

Postdated July 25 at Enugu

Received August 1

Dear Mother and Grandma;

I am writing again. I just received your letter saying we had finally established contact again. I imagine the reason I put the last letter away for a week was only because from day to day I didn't have an hour to go over for stamps -- or didn't take an hour. It's too easy to put off errands like that. And I assumed the other one -- the one which Charlie didn't get mailed in Lagos -- had reached you by then, I suppose. I have explained that in this morning's letter, number 1.

If anything were wrong, Charlie would cable, or I would, or the University would, or if there were internal political trouble, the newspapers there would have it as fast as our own here. At least, we do have our passports and return entry visas all in order. I took three months for the visas to be processed and returned from Lagos.

Beth has decided to carry out her plans to come. No reason not to, really, except she was so depressed at having to earn money enough to buy all over again the radio, record player, sewing machine, (and whatever else it was that was stolen). She has resigned from her job, as she had planned anyway, and they were kind enough to tell her she would be welcome to come back if she wants to. She may decide to, after this last blow, because I suppose she will not have any capital. She had mentioned taking a few courses and catching up a little toward her college degree. I've always been glad you made me promise to finish college! Not that I've used the actual knowledge much. Heaven only knows I am getting rusty, but just "having it" is some satisfaction, and also a qualification I may need later. Also, I'm sure it helped me get the small job of teaching art in the elementary schools in Alma a few years ago. Anyway, I am sure I would feel a lot worse at not having it.

I wonder if you have had any days of 103 degrees like you had when we were there last summer! That was most uncomfortable. And I remember I wheeled you down "O" Street, mother, to look for shoes. In that heat! We must have been crazy! I'm so glad you have your air-conditioning. Have you done anything about an extension hearing aid on the TV for Grandma? I am disillusioned with you if you haven't done anything about it yet. I do believe you are procrastinating.

Your left leg sounded bad. I'm awfully glad you went to the doctor when you did, to see if he could relieve it any. Being black and blue that way sounds like it deserved more treatment than four little red pills. I suppose they were to un-coagulate the blood. Anyway, I'm glad they helped. Did I tell you one of the Minex girls has had a case of arthritis flare up here, after one or two years of

being dormant. She had it badly enough when she was quite young, and learned to cope with it as it got better, then hadn't had any for quite a while. She was well enough to go on the trip down to Port Harcourt with the group, and seems much better now. She had been on cortisone.

I don't see how you ever in the world can have people in for lunch, and desserts, etc.! It's just because you are so well organized, I guess. I don't think I'll ever even be able to plan 3 meals a day again. I leave so much of that up to Lazarus now. He has the recipes we like, and I introduce new ones from time to time -- we had Baked Alaska last week -- but basically I buy meat for a month and put it in the freezer, and he uses it up, day by day, with whatever vegetables are available. Really, that is part of the trouble. There isn't much available. We sometimes get sweet potatoes; I can usually pick up white potatoes; or we eat Nigerian yams, which take the place of potatoes pretty well. That wouldn't bother you, Mother, but you would be happy to know about it, Grandma, since you are the potato girl.

Lettuce is erratic, cucumbers and tomatoes pretty common, and cabbage and green string beans are common. Nearly everything else is what we get in cans. They call them "tins" here by the way. That is the English influence.

Did I tell you the Nigerians say "mum" for Mother, and "gran" for grandmother? Also English. And the spellings are always: colour, programme,

mould, centre, etc. In the alphabet too, they are taught to say Haitch for H, and Zed for Z. In fact the kids and teachers say Zedbra for Zebra, believe it or not. And no one says hippopotamus right! But we have to keep remembering the English background mixed in with the fact that it is the second language here. Rather as if we were all trying to get along with German in Germany, if we were transferred in about 2nd or 3rd grade.

We had a lot of rain this morning. It really drummed down for about three hours. But it got very dry and windy later, to dry the clothes on the line in the afternoon.

About Chuck -- he didn't stay home a week. Only a couple of days because of the cast. He thought the kids would hoot and holler at him, and claimed he would not go for a week.

Did you hear news of Mr. Abraham Adedire? He apparently did not survive the kidney transplant, so far as we heard. Charlie saw something in the paper that said he had died. After so much work and hope.

Love,
June

Letter No. 51

Written July 26

Postdated July 28 -- can't tell where

Received August 1

Dear Everyone;

This is a carbon letter to bring you all up to date on the news.

Did I tell you that Charlie was due back on the Sunday morning train? And that he wasn't on it? There are so many perfectly good reasons in Nigeria for missing trains that we weren't worried. The telephone system is so much more complicated than the Farmers' Phone system that it takes hours to get a call through, and then it usually turns out to be a wrong or bad connection. So we don't phone back and forth. There are only a few houses on the campus that have phones -- the the vice chancellor, for instance, and the highest people, plus a few of the offices-- not Charlie's. And cables are worse. They take days.

However, take heart. Last week one family in the US had to get urgent word out here, and they cabled through MSU's private cable system whatever it is, and it was received within hours. The password is Nigersity, for short, when calling. From west to east it isn't so bad, but within Nigeria itself it is horrible.

Well, this is Monday, and it's still grey and humid, but not raining, and still reasonably cool. And there aren't hundreds of mosquitoes hovering around, as you might picture. Very pleasant, really. And we were surprised to see Charlie and Carl Frost come riding in about 9:00 am. They had caught the Sunday train

back and got into Enugu early this morning, then got an AID car to this campus. I didn't think there was a Sunday train. Actually, what happened was that their train was an Express, but went only as far as Kafinchon, 80 miles from Jos. The roads were impassable, so they had to sit around and wait for the local to Jos. So by the time they reached Jos on the local, it was 11:30 Friday night, and the next train back south was Saturday morning. Well, obviously they couldn't get their business all done in that short a time, so they stayed over all day Saturday and started back Sunday.

They had a good trip and were delighted with Jos, which is well developed, has a dandy school, museum, zoo, and horses! The school seemed to have a good atmosphere, but not clinical, and they have a mixture of the new math and the regular, which we think is a good idea. There is a fine little General Science lab, and a tape recorder they use in a sort of Language Lab and each student had his own tape of his French. The principal, Mr. Weaver, made a real good impression on Charlie. The facilities are full right now, but the Lutheran church in America has bought and is taking over a Sports Club, with pool, to be converted into a dorm, and they think they'll have lots of room by January. (for Chuck & Dave.)

However, Mr. Weaver was well impressed with Charlie, too, and also said that the school is short on 9th and 7th graders, and also there is a shortage of boys, and he was willing to build a couple of bunk beds and let the boys move in in a couple of weeks. So we're happy! All that remains is to get an official OK from a Mr. Ottemoeller, who happened to be absent this weekend. The kids want to stay around until Beth comes, however, so I imagine they might go up around the 20th of August. I'm pretty sure Beth and I will go up too, to take them to school, leaving the "little" boys home, maybe. But I told Charlie they should come too, and call it a vacation. There are no half-prices for children, though, and it does take about 20 hours on the train. They have compartments and make up berths so that you can try to sleep through the night. They bring food around to the compartments, although Charlie says you wonder just how sanitary the

conditions were where the food was prepared. You never know that, except in your own home or friends' houses.

Anyway, it looks like a sure thing, and I'm going to begin getting the kids' things assembled. There is also a Bible course each day, which won't hurt them a bit, and they must go to chapel. But there is dancing, too, which is rather broad-minded of them, and Chuck should be interested in learning new steps, although he isn't admitting he is too interested in girls yet. There is a movie every Friday night, but admittance is upon receipt of a letter home. And I like that idea! There is a 2 shilling a week allowance to set up, but you don't even get that unless you keep your room straight and bed made. All these things help the discipline, I feel. And it's the kind of things I think Chuck and Dave need, and I've never been able to keep such rigid rules. At home, there isn't enough incentive to do it for Mother. At the school they would be doing it because all their friends would have to be doing it, too. Here, of course, they have Aaron, who does too much for them. He sweeps through the house every morning, and the kids get careless about little clutters. However, I find I don't pick and nag at them nearly as much here, because their carelessness doesn't mean extra work for me -- and Aaron is getting paid to sweep through the house every morning, anyway, whether or not there are scraps on the floor. Oh dear!

Well, enough for now. Charlie is home safe and sound, and it looks like the boys will be going up to Hillcrest in August. The USAID has a school allowance which will pay their way. I'm delighted. I think it will be good for them. But we'll miss them. Won't they be glad to come home at Christmas! We really should have a big snow for them.

Love,
June

Letter No. 52
Written July 31

Mailed from Enugu, date not clear
Received August 9

Dear Everyone;

Another carbon to you all, but I keep forgetting who got the last carbon, when I do this I hope no one minds. I've got an episode to record and I thought you might all want the same version.

Friday Charlie decided to drive to Enugu again -- had to see a man at the railway station about the summer school students' tickets to go north. Actually, he had some 205 pounds to pay them in exchange for the tickets. Well, we drove in, taking an hour, and arriving about 2:00. We let the kids off at the Sports Club to swim and play darts while we went on to business. The RR station is a block from the RR business offices, which are close to the Sports Club. We drove to the offices, got a receipt, then noticed there was no way for people to get through to the station, so we had to drive clear around town, 3 miles, to get to the station. When we got there the man in charge couldn't quite grasp the fact that we wanted to pay in advance, for all the students, but finally told us to come back at 4:00 pm because another man would be in about then.

OK, back to the car, and we noticed the right rear tire was going down. So we hurried to the closest Shell station and said, "Do you repair flat tires?" Most

places don't. He said "yes", then proceeded to take off the tire and put it in the car with us. We said, "No, we want it repaired". "No, we don't do that." Big misunderstanding. Sorry. We paid him a few shillings and went to the next station, the flat in the car and the spare on the wheel.

Next place we drove in -- Mobil -- we showed the man the flat and said, "There is a puncture in this -- can you repair it?" He proceeded to take it over to the air pump and fill it with "breeze" (they call it that). "No, no, the air will just come out again." Much explanation -- no, they don't repair tires, either.

Next, we found another place, and we laughed trying to think what in the world we were going to say to these guys when we took out a nice fat tire full of air, and said it was flat. We tried our best, and showed him the puncture, and explained that the last guy had filled it, but that the air wouldn't stay in -- and yes, they could take care of it. They actually did take the wheel off, and got down to the tube, and finished the job. By this time we were hysterical. It was 3:30 already. And it is so hard to get things across to people! And I had lost an hour's shopping time and the stores were going to close at 4:30, and at 4:00 we were supposed to see the train man again. And besides -- one reason we had gone to town was for the boys to go and see the Army drill at the stadium at 4:00.

Well, we shopped for a few minutes, went back for the boys -- that took at least 15 minutes -- and then, after a 15 minute trip through the crowded town, Charlie dropped us six at the stadium while he went to the station again. The review didn't start till past 4:30, which is normal for Nigeria, and Charlie got back, after much discussion, explanation, and persuasion on the tickets, in time to see part of the show. It was 6:15 when it was over, so we went back to the Club, had hamburgers and French fries (called chips), and while the kids saw the kiddie movie, Charlie and I had an evening swim. What a confusing day!

There are so many processes here that have to be reconsidered each time you go through them. We wonder why some of the officials cannot be efficient. Why they can't see in a glance the problem, and why they haven't encountered the situation before.

In the case of the tickets, the little man at the beginning told Charlie that it was fine for 30 Crossroaders to travel at reduced rates. The C. said, "But I wrote to you and told you these were "exchange students", and I told you three days ago that they were not Crossroaders, but that they were eligible for the reduced rates, as it says in your brochure." Well, the man scratched his head, and said it applied only to Crossroad students, so Charlie had to ask to see the pamphlet again, and pointed out to him that is said specifically, "Any group of students, scouts, etc. traveling in a body", etc. Well, the man wasn't sure. So after tearing his hair, Charlie finally got the man to understand his own job, and the terms, etc., and then had to wait for a written permission slip, in triplicate. Oh, RED TAPE, how I hate you! You can see how confusing it is to get through a visa office, and get re-entry visas, etc. The post offices are usually just as bad -- as to efficiency. And some of the trouble is the partiality show to relatives when a business position is open. Relatives often get in before a qualified person does. Well, enough of that. We certainly didn't get done the shopping we thought we would.

Chuck and Dave have been accepted at Hillcrest School at Jos. We just heard on Thursday, and I was wanting to get supplies for them. Got a shirt each, and socks. They are four weeks late now for the beginning of the term (July 8) and we all thought that it would be best to get them up there as soon as possible, so August 6th, Friday, the Frosts and their two boys, and June and Chuck and Dave

will all go by train, bags and baggage, to install the boys at Hillcrest! They hate not staying around another month to be with Beth, but this way we will all go north with Beth, to see the school, and Chuck and Dave.

Later

Just got your letter of July 22 today, July 31st, along with one from Houses written the 22nd. Both were mailed the 23rd. That's pretty good.

Yes, our first year is up. Did I tell you that on the 25th, the year to the day, C. wasn't back from Jos, and it rained all day? The kids played noisy or active games all day, besides walking in the rain, but in the evening the Deans took me to Enugu for a steak dinner and a movie.

I wish the kids could come see the Zoo. It sounds fine. We like the picture of the little engine, and the little boys have posted it in their room.

We're glad your leg is better now. That sounded so miserable. I guess the medicine did it's work. We are sorry about the contrariness of your new wheel chair. Take it easy. We'll worry about you.

Thanks for the baseball standings.

Love,

June

Letter No. 53

Written August 4

Mailed from Enugu -- date not clear

Received August 11

Hi;

Time for another bi-weekly epistle. I hope they are getting there evenly spaced. At least I'm making an effort to get them written oftener, and I hope you all appreciate it.

Well, the 25th of July was our first anniversary here, as we discussed before. I guess I said Charlie wasn't back yet from the trip to Jos while preparing the way

for the Minex kids. He had reached Jos at 8 pm and the next train back left the next morning at 9 am, hardly giving him time to do any business, so he waited another day and got back here the 26th. The Deans had taken me to Enugu, anyway, and we had dinner and saw most of the movie. It starts a little early for us, since we don't like to leave Nsukka until the kiddies have eaten an early supper and settled down somewhat. Anyway, the next Sunday, (no, Saturday) with Charlie here, we decided to try all over again, and came out at 11:00 pm and took a dip in the swimming pool. It was about 75 or 80 out, so it didn't bother us.

Since then the day of departure has come and gone. Tuesday, August 3rd, the Minex gang moved out. At the last minute Charlie said, "Why don't you come into Enugu with us and say goodbye at the train station?" So I tried to scurry around, but Jimmy was sick, and Robby was refusing to go to a birthday party because of another little boy who was going, and whom he can't stand. I had to get the gifts ready with a note explaining Jimmy's illness, Chuck was at afternoon examinations at St. Theresa's, and in the meantime our Dr. had written a note that he could not make an appointment for Thursday for their physical exams, but would 5 pm that very day be all right? I was just going to write an answer to him when suddenly the AID car rolled up in the driveway at 3:30 pm, and I had only heard them say they would go at 4:00 pm. So Charlie said, "I guess that decides it", and he was sure right. I was certainly needed at home. However, 15 minutes

later I drove our car down to the dormitory and watched the kids load into the bus, talked to Charlie again, and sure enough, at 4:00 pm the big bus pulled away. You should have seen how much junk (souvenirs) they had piled into the back of that bus -- stuff they hope to "carry on" to the plane. If it's too much, what with all the things they collect from the North, they hope to sell it at half price to Charlie at the airport!

Since then I've been arranging for clothes to be made fast for Chuck and Dave for their trip to Jos. Two tailors are busy doing shorts, shirts, and jeans. It costs only a few shillings to have something made -- quite the opposite from America.

Saturday night, when we were in Enugu having steak, Comfort figured it was time to go have her baby, and at midnight, before we got home, she had a little girl. She should be coming home in a couple of days, but not until the cord drops off, Lazarus says. Don't I remember this takes a couple of weeks? Anyway, they had not planned on any bed for the baby, and I've been scouring the carpenters' wayside shops -- and finally found a man that would make one by Friday, before I go. It will be a regular crib, but made to the space Lazarus showed me that is available, and it means he will have to park his bicycle somewhere else. No one around here leaves bikes out at night, locked or otherwise, because of thefts.

They are afraid of them, but I haven't come across any thefts yet. Anyway, the available space is about 44" x 24", so we planned, and that's what the crib is going to be. Made of mahogany, which is very common wood around here, and cheaper than plywood, it will cost about \$7.60. Lazarus will see to the mattress. There are lots of mattress and chair-cushion makers and stuffers around here, also in by-the-side-of-the-road shops. Well, as far as that goes, nearly everything is sold in these stalls, except for the dozen or so places that are housed in cement block buildings.

So, Friday AM I must get the kids' physicals, and a baby bed, then pack up some things for the little boys who are going "visiting" again with friends, be sure of the big kids' stuff and my own, although Chuck and Dave are packing all this week, and getting name tags on. They are really quite excited about it.

Thursday I have to clean house -- not the floors -- and take C and D to the Prison so their friends can say goodbye to them, and I think at supper time the Frosts and I will take the 4 boys into Enugu for a farewell supper. They don't know about that yet. The Frost boys are Dick, 14, and Bob (yes, Robert Frost), 13. They are going into the 9th and 8th grades. Dave will do 7th and Chuck 9th. We go on the 6:00 pm train.

Oh, yes. I heard later that Charlie's train on Tuesday didn't leave until 8:00 pm, so it is a good thing I didn't go in with them.

This morning I took Chuck and Dave to Enugu for clothes -- mainly shoes. We rode in AID transportation, leaving at 7:30 am, and got back by noon. We really ran fast those two hours in town, but it was worth it.

I'll write again after Jos, about the 11th. Beth and Charlie come Friday the 13th. I will need to do some room juggling and cleaning, but it will be fun.

Jimmy was delighted with his money, and birthday -- \$2.80, a pound.

No, we don't get baseball scores. Only some international news occasionally.

Love,

June

Letter No. 54

Mailed from Enugu August 13

Received August 19

Hello to all,

I'm terribly sorry that I've forgotten again who got the carbon last time. I hope none of you minds if you get it several times in a row, because the news is written and mailed at the same time. It just rubs off one easier than the other.

It's been a week since I wrote. I was very swamped the last few days before I left for Jos. You knew the kids were accepted at the last minute. Or rather, when we got the letter it said why not get them there by the beginning of the next week

so they wouldn't lose out on any more school than they had to. So we rushed to meet their request.

I had ordered some shorts and shirts and pants made, and at the last found a couple of nice hand-me-down Sunday coats in the neighborhood. One needed altering and they both needed Sunday pants to match, so there was a real scurry. Also, there were single sheets to buy -- they will become school property -- good shoes for which we took a trip into Enugu by AID transportation, and lo and behold, Saturday, the 31st, when the Deans and Houses went in to have a steak and a movie to celebrate a year gone by, Lazarus took Comfort to the hospital where she delivered a little baby girl around midnight. Then the morning of my last day in Nsukka, the train leaving at 6:00 pm, he asked me to go over to the hospital to see if we could get her released that very day. We had to make two trips, one bringing her and the baby home proudly. I had asked him earlier what he had planned for a bed. Nothing! So I had a crib made -- 24 x 44 was what he wanted -- and a carpenter did it for me in two days, and I had to pick that up in the last hours. Also, the Sunday clothes were to be picked up that day. I had a lot of people working for me, but I'm friends with most of them. I took along a bottle of beer to each worker, as a sign of appreciation for their helping me out in a pinch, and they liked that very much.

I got home in time to see the boys return from their medical checkups, also on the last day because the Doctor couldn't take them before. Then we rushed off to the train station, 40 miles away. Everything worked out OK, and we made it on time, but it was only then that I had a chance to breathe! The ride was long -- it took 7 hours to get to a town to which we drove in 3 hours! They stopped at every little town, but the scenery changed and got interesting. We went higher and higher, past big rocky mountains, and up onto the Jos Plateau. It was cool and crisp with a warm sun -- felt like a spring day at home. Not humid at all. Actually, it reminded me of Colorado.

We took the boys out to their hostel (dorm) and met the houseparents, and all had supper there, then settled our things and all spent the night there. Mary and Hector Ottemoeller are the names, and sure enough, the little children call them Aunt Mary and Uncle Hector. The hostel is like an I-floor, made of cement block with a big living room too spacious to be homey: a snooker table and ping-pong are off the living room, and there is a big dining space. The kids take turns helping to set and clear the table. Clear to the right is the south wing for girls and houseparents. Quite a few small girls are there. The left and north wing is for boys.

Picture a big highway going from south to north leading into Jos. Before you get to town, a couple of miles away, you pass this hostel, then turn right, and there is a driveway and a light green building with its front door facing west. Its length runs north and south. Out on the road again, you continue going north for about three fourths of a mile, and on the right you see a number of buildings grouped together. These are Hillcrest School classrooms, lounge, more dorms, etc. Good tennis courts, volleyball, etc, and an assembly building for many purposes, including church on Sunday. We found it all relatively new and nice.

We took the kids to church Sunday, then out to dinner. They looked so nice in their new Sunday suits, I've got to get a picture of them. Also, they went to the Zoo and Museum with us, and were happy to be their old selves again after being somewhat subdued the night before, by their new surroundings. We left them at

the hostel again for Sunday night supper and then they had to get to bed and think about school the next day. Grown-ups went to the hotel (catering rest house).

On Monday we shopped for extras we forgot at home, and rested some, then got the kids after school and shopped some more. We delivered them again around 5:00, and paid their fees for board and room. We had paid the school fees in the AM. Then we said goodbye, trying to keep it casual because there were a few hearts starting up into a few throats. Bless their hearts! Adults back to the Rest House.

Tuesday we left at 9:00 and took the long ride back, passing south out of town with a last view of Hillcrest, and going right in back of the hostel. We got back Wednesday morning at 8:00 and rested most of the day after reaching Nsukka.

LATER:

Much surprised to return home after an errand to find Beth and Charles here Thursday afternoon, a day early. Everything is fine, and Beth had a good trip. I nearly fainted seeing all the stuff she brought for me! Christmas. Charlie is tired. More later.

Love,
June

Letter No. 55

Written August 24

Postmarked Enugu August 26

Received August 31

Dear Mother and Grandma;

Hello again. I am trying the habit of writing Sundays, but it doesn't work. Sundays are too, too busy for me. I find there is so much cooking and planning that I don't sit down and linger over a typewriter. It sounds horrible, but when we don't have Lazarus and Aaron around, I certainly have three or four times as much work to do by myself. Yes, the boys help, but there are only three of them to help anymore. They try to get their beds made, and help with the dishes, and straighten up the house, etc., but the cooking is out of their range. Anyway, I've decided I can't depend on Sundays. Monday is better, especially when the boys are off to school.

Speaking of school I've written a couple of times to Jos, but the boys don't have time to answer. They are swamped with homework, and making up four weeks of lessons they missed. The Frosts have heard from the house parents and they agree that there is a lot of work for the boys. There are sports, too, for the free hours, and a study hall before dinner, and after dinner, and then they fall into

bed, so they don't have much time to get lonesome. Mrs. Ottemoeller, the house mother, said they are acting quite normally and much more relaxed than they did the first week. Everything was strange, of course.

This week we hope to start up to see them again. Probably Friday, the 27th. Then after visiting them a day or two, we may go on up north to Kano. Charlie says it is so different from the lower part of Nigeria that you think you are in a different country altogether, and he wants Beth to see the North before she has to leave.

The States gave her only a 28-day visa, so she must be going around September 6th, which is way too early to suit us. We're thinking of trying to get her an extension, but other people who have tried to say it is next to impossible unless you camp on the doorstep of the immigration office for two days in Lagos, and then it isn't usually successful. The only other way is to get southeast to the Cameroons, where it is easily done, because of business men traveling through so often. But the problem is how to get there. It is way too far to drive, there is no train, and flying is expensive. We don't even know if there is an airline going that way. We are checking up in the Enugu offices tomorrow. I hope it can be done. It is ridiculous for her to have to leave so soon when her personal affairs don't demand it.

I feel we have accomplished very little. We had visitors the first and second nights. Went to Enugu to swim the second day. The third day Charlie and Beth went down to Owerri to see a native celebration where the Mother of a University professor (and friend) was made Chief. That night we went out for a potluck supper. The fourth day, Sunday, we cooked, made candy, let two traders in to see their wares, went up on a big hill to hike around a path, etc., and taught Beth to play chess.

The fifth day we shopped and visited stores and the local market, and started tennis.

No ending for this ... may turn up later.

Saturday, August 28, 1965

Dear Folks,

Well, here I am, practically alone! Robby didn't feel well this week and we decided not to take him on the long trip to Jos and Kano. So Beth and Charles went, taking just Steve, because Charles didn't feel like taking Jimmy along, too. Felt that one was enough to keep track of.

Robby is better, but I am still glad I didn't take him off. Chuck and Dave were expecting the others to arrive in Jos on Friday evening, then at the last minute a man told C. that he had to "perform" on Friday morning. He knew about this conference of pastors, but only briefly.

The local chaplain asked if he would be able to speak around August 23rd. (This was back in May.) C. said yes, then on the 23rd I had to go over for a conference schedule (the man never contacted C. again). Lo, and behold! It said C. wasn't to speak until Friday!

Then on Wednesday, this man DID show up and say, by the way, there are actually 2 different "lectures" to give...one at 9:30 am and the other at 11:00 am! Bloody murder. He had to reorganize the whole thing.

And he suddenly found that the other speakers were laying eggs because the clergy over here is definitely way behind the ideas of the clergy in America (these speakers were mainly the AID men). Carl Frost spoke about psychology in pastoral counseling and they were lost in a fog!

Well, he got through it...I'll search for copies. And finally got off on the Friday evening train. They only go once a day. So they reach the kids today, Saturday the 28th, around supper time. We cabled and hoped they got that in time to not expect the "folks" on the Friday train!

Well, anyway, now I have Jim and Rob at home. And don't think we didn't rattle at lunch time, when Jim went to a friend's house for lunch! I started to the dining room, then told Aaron we just weren't going to eat alone at that big table and asked him to set up a card table in the other room. It's ridiculous!

Before "they" left, Friday morning I had another Coffee, including several Nigerian ladies. Unfortunately, at the last minute one of them got a cable that said her father had died, and another one went to be with her, so 2 never showed up. A third one didn't come. So the Balance was upset, and I was disappointed, in the long run, that Beth didn't meet more Nigerian friends.

We've been trying to keep her busy enough so she doesn't think her time here is wasted. My friends have included her in several things, and I planned things too. I know it isn't too interesting to Beth, but my friends are the only ones I can

introduce her to. There just aren't any people her age around! Except two rather inelligible bachelors.

I figure the only thing we can do is show her the way we live and show her as much of Nigeria as we can, and hope it's enough. She's learning about our unorthodox ways of shopping (bargaining, included), Nigerian human nature, some of our problems and a cross section of the married couples' idea of an entertaining evening. (And I'm afraid a lot of that is Talk about situations and people she doesn't know a lot about.)

At home, she's had a chance to sew, normal time to wash hair, undies, read, etc. Rests, now and then. And she's been a good help in reading to the boys when I didn't have time, etc. I just wish she had more time here.

We've been racking our brains and bothering all the officials we can find to see if she can't extend her visa, or get another one. It seemed so ironic, that across the street one daughter with a 2-year residence permit (to stay with her folks) has decided to go to MSU to school, leaving today. While Beth could stay a year, and only is allowed 28 days. I was wishing there were some magical way to trade visas; but of course, they are stamped in each passport book, and not transferable.

Then again, Beth may be anxious to move on to greener pastures, and more interesting activities and new friends. She doesn't express herself much, so I don't really know.

We had a meeting recently to settle the School Uniform business, and the Nigerians were not really too yielding of their ideas. They simply would not move away from Navy, and it's so unflattering to their brown skin. No contrast. But their reasoning was that green was too much like their country's flag. WE (Americans) thought they would LIKE to have green and look patriotic. But we should worry. Navy looks good on us, generally speaking.

Also, styles were rather corny. But in Nigeria there just isn't the sense of style that has enveloped America with all her designers, and abundance of dress manufacturing firms. For instance, the shift here is just not widely accepted for little girls' styles here. Too foreign and new. They want to see a waistline! They

would have been perfect. Also they don't know what an A-line is. We're still using it . . . we got that much concession . . . and they call it a 4-piece skirt. Over-blouses. No. It's going to be a basic jumper style (called pinafore here).

Anyway, our boys will be wearing navy shorts, and navy-and-white checkered shirts. (Nigerians say "gingham" . . . I guess that's proper.) Also, navy for gym, and navy for special occasions. They going to get sick of navy. Sorry.

It's good to hear about Janie. We'll be thinking of her, and you out there, in another week or so. Remember the Miles's, the Peace Corps girl for whom I sewed maternity things? Their baby was a boy, born in August. We just heard.

I just remembered I forgot to send sports equipment up to Jos. However, the men's softball group seems to be using it. Four of our gloves are there, 2 bats, and a softball. I should have gone over and claimed them.

We really drooled when we looked at the ads you sent showing the Mars Candy Bars, and the Hawaiian Punch! 29c, the idea! And needless to say we only get it here on a birthday! We're paying the duty and for the shipping clear from America, of course. (On many foods we've learned to switch brands. For instance, Vim is precisely like Ajax, and made in Nigeria.)

Well, I must close. And get this ready for the mail.

Love,

June

Letter No. 56

Mailed from Enugu September 2

Written September 1

Received September 8

Dear Grandmother & Mother;

We got Grandma's nice letter recently and were so glad to hear from you. We wanted to send something to both of you but couldn't really get anything in the mail that would reach you this summer, so I wrote Danielson's to send out some flowers to you, and I hope they have done it by now. We hope you will enjoy them.

Beth has been here about two and a half weeks and has gone up north to Jos with Charlie and Steve for a visit to the other boys. That leaves me home with just two boys, Jim and Robby. It seems very, very quiet. The reason I didn't go up was because Robby wasn't feeling very good -- had a temperature, etc., but is OK now.

We had a meeting of the people on the Uniform committee this week, and have pretty well settled the matter. The only thing is that the Nigerians are basically

behind us in styles and weren't happy at all with the "shifts" for little girls, nor with an over blouse of any kind, so we had to settle for jumpers and blouses, which has been "uniform" in Nigeria for fifty years and in England for hundreds. Also, they wanted navy blue, which isn't nearly as flattering to nice rich brown skin. Oh well, we did our best. "We" means two of us Americans on the committee.

I went to Enugu Monday to see what kind of red tape we would have to wade through in order to get another visa for Beth. After going to two offices, I wound up at an Immigration office tucked away back in the Police Headquarters' grounds, that no one on the Nsukka campus seems to know about. Lo and behold, the Policeman in charge said, "There's no problem, I'll just issue a three month extension." Just like that. So Monday we'll see if it holds.

Ruth Veltrop and I are going in again soon to see about Girl Scout details--called Girl Guides here and in England. I'm helping out with the program after school starts and we need to know the proper uniforms, etc.

We've heard from Chuck and Dave. They had a lot of catching up to do -- had missed four weeks. The year started July 8th. Dave was homesick at first but is adjusting and enjoying himself now, I hear. They have good houseparents, and all the teachers seemed alert and dedicated.

Believe me, Nigeria is much safer than Los Angeles.

We hear the Eastern part of the United States is very short on water.
Nuff for now. Take care of yourselves.

Much love,
June

Letter No. 57

Written September 7

Received September 16

Dear Mother and Grandmother;

Well, I guess the big news of the day is health, at this end.

We were somewhat concerned over Robbie one morning when he woke up with painful elbows. He cried and didn't want to straighten out his arms. He said his neck ached, too, and we wondered what it was. Polio, meningitis?

We took him over to the Doctor and he noticed a high pulse rate, but not much temperature. He diagnosed it as something like Rheumatic fever, and we were to watch him. He seemed rather limp for a few days, not eating much, then getting nauseated, too. When he turned yellow, I took him again -- after four days of watching him after the original diagnosis, although we were waiting for the blood analysis, too. It turned out that the nausea and jaundice were symptoms of infectious hepatitis, and the second blood test confirmed it. We've got an easy case, though. Don't worry. We merely have to see that he gets lots of rest and the right diet. No fats. The liver is not doing the right thing with its bile, as I understand it. It should be going into the stomach for digestive purposes, but is held back and is going into the blood. He is up and around, but isn't supposed to go out and play, or get rough. He is quiet and good most of the time.

The yellow and second diagnosis came when Charles and Beth and Steve were at Jos. When they came back they weren't too surprised, because Charles said just before he left, "He's looking yellow, take him in again".

Neighbors went up to Jos on business that same day C. came back, and Mrs. Frost went too, and looked in on the boys. While she was there the school bus came back with the kids and they were all showing Chuck off, saying he had turned yellow at school. Sure enough!! They popped him into the hospital, Sudan Interior Mission Hospital, very nice and well staffed. The same day David turned yellow at the hostel, so he went in, too. They don't feel bad at all. In fact, they wrote cheery letters from their private room, private bath, crank-up beds, etc., saying how nice the nurses were, and Dave said, "Gee I wish I could stay here a week." He will. They say three weeks is about par for the course. The main thing is rest. No medication.

The others in the hostel had Gamma Globulin shots, as did all our family here, plus people and playmates who had been close to Robby in the last month. The germs incubate, or lie dormant, for about a month, so it is hard to trace back.

So we've been busy visiting doctors, doing some doctoring, getting shots, writing the other "sick ones", and making up care packages of fudge for them.

Before I forget: Their address, normally: Chuck and Dave House, Elm House, Box 145, Jos, Nigeria. In the hospital: Chuck and Dave House, S.I.M. Hospital, Jos, Nigeria. They'll love to hear.

One thing I regret is Beth getting so near to all this. But she wasn't here during the infectious period when our three caught it. We'll just hope Robby didn't give it to her, or any of us. It is harder on adults. But she does have gamma globulin in her.

We are debating whether to go up again, but their main problem now is only boredom. Friends are coming in with homework, as long as they don't sit on the contaminated beds.

We did get a visa extended for Beth, easily, in Enugu, at the little known Immigration Office. She can stay until October 5. But it is getting cold in Europe, and she brought only summer clothes.

Love,

June

Letter No. 58

Written September 11

Received September 17

Dear Ones;

Where in the world did I leave off?

Beth has stayed beyond her first visa, and is expecting to move on to Germany. (Tunis first), London, etc., on September 27th. And today is Saturday and we are going to visit some villages to see pots made, and cloth woven, and other crafts like that. We'll hope to get to Enugu Sunday to relax, and to Onitsha to the big cloth market, Monday.

We went yesterday to a coffee given by an Indian friend of mine. She had about 3 Indians, 2 Nigerians, 5 Americans, and 1 German. No English that time.

There were many little tid-bits, mostly pastry bases. We hope to get the German girl over here to the house to talk with Beth about Munich, etc.

We haven't heard anything more from the kids at Jos, except a letter each, telling how delightful the hospital was, how friendly the nurses were, and that the food was good, that they get extra treats of juice, etc., and that the beds fold up and down. Their friends were to bring in homework, so they are busy with that. So long as they know what is wrong, and are under care and supervision, I have no worries at all. I didn't think there is any need of us going up, but I did write and ask Mrs. Ottemoeller to assess the situation for us and to let us know if it seemed advisable to come and keep them company.

Robby is lots better. Most of the yellow cast is gone, and he is getting peppy again. That's good to see! We'll have another exam on Tuesday, September 21, and another blood test. Then we'll see what the Bili Rubin test shows. This hepatitis seems to pass quite quickly compared to adults, and it isn't nearly as severe in children. In fact, the advice on the campus, from the doctors there, is that only older children should have the gamma globulin, because it is better for the young squirts to go ahead and have the disease and build up this natural immunity. They say you don't get it again once you have had it.

We were thinking back to Steven and his sores, which are OK now. Just about that same time he seemed terribly run down, rather gray, no appetite, and had a slight pain in his right side, under his ribs. We had taken him in to the Doctor, and he made a blood test, and the Enugu hospital did, but they apparently didn't make the Bili Rubin test. We now feel sure that he had hepatitis and we didn't know it. That's how it got into the house. And there is an incubation period of one to three months, which makes it very tricky to trace back. Some months before Steven was down, one of his friends had had hepatitis, knowingly, and we hadn't been warned or informed or advised to get gamma globulin. It is funny now, with this last run on the House household, all the AID directives are put out to all families, and everyone has been running off for shots. The interesting part

is that here on the campus some of the nurses are definitely confused by the 0.02 cc.s per pound -- or per kilogram of weight, and some neighbors have received double the dose I got at the Peace Corps headquarters! But we feel ours were right, because the nurse was very sure of herself and acquainted with the problem, having given doses to the PCW before.

Now there are some definite questions you have asked, which I'll answer.

1. The roads to Jos can be impassable during the Rainy Season. There are actual gates across the roads at boundary lines which are closed at times, and trucks and lorries are forbidden to travel past because they tear up the roads so much. Smaller vehicles can travel at their own risk, and are low enough to go under the gates. Dirt roads.
2. Jos is about 350 miles away, but you can average only 40 miles or so an hour, or whatever it takes to travel that far in 10 hours. It's rather hard on the driver.
3. Lazarus received a letter from his home village with their choice of name for the new baby: Uchechi -- OOO-cheh-chee. It means "Will of God". The crib was nice and only about \$11.00 There are removable poles at the four corners to hold up a mosquito netting.
4. The item of \$1500.00 is most generous, but I'm not sure it is quite fair to you. At any rate, I'll go through my things (I was just trying to save myself some

work!), and we'll get started on a regular basis of sending checks to you. We've found this first year didn't add up to the big profit we thought it would. Food is terribly expensive, and we had to invest in a new car here, and gave Beth some money to come, etc., but we still have a good nest egg, and enough to start sending, especially now this second year. We are so grateful for the start you gave us last summer.

5. Swimming scholarships are indeed a common practice at the larger universities. I didn't realize it either until Charlie mentioned it.
6. The land at Alma is being paid on at about \$80.00 a month. I had to think at what interest. Anyway, there is a chance we will go back there. President Swanson still has very definite ideas about Charlie. Has asked him back already, but knows he must wait until C. gets his Dr.s' degree from MSU, assuming that will work out. The road is leading to Dean of the College, or some day, President. Who knows?

Love,

June

Letter No. 59

Mailed September 23, Enugu

Received September 28

Dear Ones,

Well, another week is gone, and I am hoping we will get everything in that Beth wants to do. I wrote you about the things we did the first few weeks, then after their trip to Jos, and the boys getting sick with hepatitis. You did get my letter about that, didn't you? Rob got it here; Chuck and Dave developed it at Jos and both were hospitalized, but by now they are both released. All the campus is having gamma globulin shots, and all at Hillcrest School at Jos. After several haggles about the school uniforms, and shopping sprees to find the right cloth, etc., we found out that we hadn't done much in the way of sightseeing. I did get

the uniform work completed, stencils to the school, and displays drawn and sewed.

We did get over to Onitsha, as a family (no, Steve and Jim stayed home in order to go to choir), and we did go to a village and see a group of women dancers who had gathered together especially for Charles to tape record, and another man to film, and we went to another movie at the lovely Presidential Hotel, swam there, and stayed after the show was out at 11:20, for a steak dinner. Most delicious.

Now this week I have to get a bolt of royal blue cloth to the tailor and get him started on a dozen Girl Guide uniforms. I feel late with that, but had too much to do during the summer, with the comings and goings of Minex and other things I have mentioned. The thing is that I didn't remember one of my basic theories: "I'll get it done during vacation", never works! In summer the kiddies are home, and it is much more difficult to take a concentrated hour or two, or several days, and devote them to any scheme. Also, this summer I had to get Chuck and Dave ready for and deposited into Hillcrest. We certainly haven't done any entertaining, or paying back of dinners, etc. It seemed like we marked time socially, but maybe we needed the rest. Now this week we want to have some of C's department over, including two swell Nigerian couples. Deans have asked us over for one evening dinner, and we want to have a farewell party. So we will be

busy from now on. Beth meets her plane in Enugu on Monday, the 27th, and it seems too soon.

WEDNESDAY Since that last paragraph we've had another coffee, asking ladies and girls who have been traveling lately. One in particular, a Peace Corps girl who went to Tunis for a week and stayed two because she liked it so well. This had possibilities because Beth has to stay 3 nights and 2 1/2 days there, and hadn't been at all happy with the idea. It's a French-speaking city with beaches and lovely wide, clean streets with trees; there's a Casbah, called the Medina; and not far away is Carthage. Many lovely things to contemplate buying. She'll enjoy it. Her Airline (Dutch KLM) doesn't leave for three days, that's why the delay.

We've had a letter from Jos, and David has been released. Has some bounce back, they say. Chuck was a more severe case, and his Bili Rubin was up to 5 or so while Dave was at 3-something. Chuck was more yellow, too. Now he is alone, but working on homework, and delighted with the food, and the Ibo nurses. There's a record player, a toy room, and a library, too. Strawberry shortcake! We never see strawberries here. Only bananas, pineapple, paw-paw, oranges and limes (and lemons). We're getting tired of them.

We have planned to go up next Thursday, September 30, driving, and should make it in 10 hours. (The train takes 24.) Roads should be fair, and it will be so nice to have a car for transportation when we are there. The whole family is going, although Beth will be gone by then, and we are taking Mrs. Frost and her 9-year old daughter. The boys at Jos have a 4-day vacation, and also, the principal wants to talk with us about Chuck's and Dave's school work. They have missed seven weeks out of eleven, I guess, and they may have to drop some things. Especially French, since Chuck has not been able to do the laboratory work on a tape recorder, and General Science which has been doing a lot in class that is not in the book. We'll get it straightened out and let you know. They boys have been doing homework every day in the hospital -- the nurses set aside study times.

I guess I told you our water has been off the better part of a week. It dribbled back on a few times so we could flush toilets every couple of days. It was rather a

bad situation. The pumps broke down. We had to send a bucket down the street to a bore hole for drinking and cooking supply. It's then boiled, filtered and cooled as usual.

Today is the big registration day on the campus. Beth helped this morning while I went to Enugu for meat. Helped in C's department, that is.

They boys have begun school, except for Robby. They are doing all right so far. I'll try to write again soon.

Love,
June

Letter No. 60

Written October 4th

Received October 12

Dear Everyone;

I think I am late with this again, on account of going to Jos to see Chuck and Dave. We left on Thursday. Charles didn't have classes, and we took the boys out of school. Friday was Independence Day and a national holiday, anyway, and we traveled back on Sunday. This is Monday, October 4th. Back to normal.

The kids at Jos are OK. David was in the hospital only 13 days. It seemed like a month at this end. Chuck was in longer -- had only been out a week when we got there. He is thin, but not too weak or pale. They both seem to be back to normal except they are not supposed to over-exercise yet. They don't swim, or play soccer, etc. While we were there Dave led the gang out to some big rock outcropping which they climbed. Chuck wasn't interested, so I stayed with him. Charlie and the other boys had a good two hours of it.

We visited the principal and it turned out that they boys are both doing exceptionally well at keeping up, considering the time they were out of school. Chuck is behind with a few themes and a couple of French sessions with the tape recorder at the school, but basically, I don't think he will have to drop anything. Dave feels behind, and doesn't seem to be grasping French, but Chuck is helping him and he may turn out OK. Otherwise they will just call it off. The next five weeks, beginning today, will tell.

They have their complaints, too. Mrs. Ottemoeller isn't the kind of a gal they can joke with or feel free to be friendly with. Charlie and I talked this over, and felt, too, that she is perhaps too serious. She has a big job with about 20 kids under her care, but she seems rather two-dimensional. They spent 15 years in the bush as missionaries and they may know Nigerians, but I sort of think she isn't "with it" so far as teen-agers are concerned. One thing Chuck and Dick wanted was just to get away on their own, while we were there, so Charlie let them get a taxi and go to the next little town to the movie Sunday afternoon when we stayed at the hotel (catering rest house). They loved it. Also, maybe they don't feel familiar enough yet to simply ask "Aunt Mary" for leave to go to town to shop, etc. They aren't familiar enough to register their complaints, I guess. But I think it will all work out with time.

While we were there we took them out of their house a lot to simply help them get rid of their "cabin fever". They had Monday off, too. We were sorry to not be able to stay longer. A good trip of ten hours.

We got your long, continued letter before we left for Jos, Mother, and were happy to have it. I've got to find it again and answer specific questions.

I certainly don't do this typewriter justice. I just hurry to get my thoughts down and don't take care as I should. Sorry!

We are quite delighted to hear that Nebraska is No. 1 team in the nation. Sounds like they really pack a wallop. We'll be glad to hear more news of them.

Yes, Chuck and Dave would be happy to get a note from you. They always like to get mail. See if you can get a friend to pick up some picture postcards for you, and stamps. Then you won't have to think up so much to say. But check the overseas airmail rates. Because of lack of postage we are still getting some Minex mail! It seems like many people put on the normal eight cent airmail postage for mail to Nigeria, and then it goes by boat and takes two or three months. We've received so many statements or bills, or what have you, from big companies whom you would assume would know better, and it has caused quite some confusion. They keep writing. Standard Oil, for instance, is still writing and telling us we have a credit of \$1.82 and would we like the difference. I wrote in July and said "yes". Mine were airmail. but theirs, written in April, May, June and July went by sea and are just arriving in July, August, September and October. Some day we'll get it cleared up.

About my PEO report -- I finally got a letter from a woman who had been away all summer saying they had figured it was too long to read at the meeting they planned, because they had to share the time with some long things and reports that were a must in that meeting, so they simply postponed the report until Fall.

Steve is doing a lot more exercising here, with it being summer all year long. Swimming, etc. But lately the pool has been out of order so we'll have to watch his weight. He was down to 88 last year, which looked good on him, and he had been over a hundred when we came here.

Must close. It's 7:15 am, and time for breakfast.

Love from all,

June

Letter No. 61

Written October 14

Mailed October 15, Enugu

Received October 21

Dear Everyone;



I think I am late again, and I'll have to explain that I've been very busy for a few days. I've been getting the Girl Guides (English equivalent to Girl Scouts) organized and started. There was registration at school one day, and lots of pre-planning involved before the first

meeting which was October 12, 1965. An important date--it will be the future



Birthday for our own troop. The trouble is that we're just having fun with this, and are not officially registered. There doesn't seem any Commissioner except in Lagos who can come to check on details and get all the formalities taken care of. I just feel we'll have to go on with the books and materials we've collected and hope they find out about us some day. Of course there aren't many organizations for young people, although Scouting is growing. Most

of the girls in this troop have had some Brownie experience at home, and a few have had Girl Scouts. Anyway, we had an even dozen on Tuesday, and they were a joy to work with. They are eager to mind, and they listen when you talk. We had a couple of games, a new song to try, some business to take care of, and a closing ceremony. It all went beautifully. Uniforms were part of the pre-planning I was concerned with. We organized berets from Lagos, badges from Enugu, cloth from Onitsha, and tailors in Nsukka, and got everything but belts ready to pass out Tuesday. Many of the booklets I had to review first to get the organization in mind. So far so good.

We voted on Patrol leaders -- in charge of 4 or 5 girls -- and they are to come to the house Sunday for extra instruction. It's going to be fun, because we can plan outings, and these patrol leaders are supposed to be representatives of their own patrols and bring ideas, etc., instead of hashing everything out at the troop meetings. So much for that. You'll be hearing more.

The kids are all OK. Chuck and Dave don't write much, but after seeing them my mind was relieved to know they are back to normal, and Dave did write once



and say his grades are up now, which surprised me after he was out of school eleven days. I got a package of socks, a book, model paint and glue, etc., off to them today. We sent fudge before and it took 2 weeks! 325 miles by train. We had also sent 4 telegrams, one every other day the first week they were in the hospital. Chuck reported that three arrived on the same day. Efficiency! Often the receiving station will write out the telegram and then post it on the wall so the person will see it if and when he comes in!

The three here are wearing their school uniforms and look just fine. I'll have to get a snapshot of them and send. The little girls look good in theirs, too. Maybe I can borrow a girl somewhere. Steve is 100 pounds now, and eager for the

pool to open. It has been closed for two months now for repairs.

Jim is quick and energetic as usual, and resentful of the homework he sometimes has to bring home. Rob is still trying to keep up with the others, but has some of his own friends to play with, too. His hair isn't crew cut anymore, but longish and very blond. Not much wave.

We heard from Beth yesterday. She went to Tunis, but didn't mention it. Was in Munich when she mailed the letter. Had seen Frankfurt, and was checking prices of winter clothes for us. She's OK, but there aren't prospects for many jobs in Munich. She had thought she might stay a long time, if so. Janie finally had her baby late, a boy, so they now have a girl and an boy, but Beth won't be at any mailing place long enough for me to tell her. She's dying of curiosity.

Speaking of winter clothes, I don't think I've mentioned before but the US government seems to realize that a person is on the grill all the time in a job and a place like this, and always in the public and international spotlight if things go wrong. They have a new policy, made since we got here, issuing an official Rest and Relaxation benefit (vacation) to any family who has been here 18 months. They fly your family to the equivalent of Rome and back, free! The rest is up to you. We are so bored with continual summer, summer, summer, we've decided to go just a little further by train and find some good snow and ski! This will be during Christmas vacation, luckily, when all the boys are home, and Charlie is free. We will have Christmas in Germany or Austria. It will be wonderful to see a real Christmas tree and snow again.



Our problem is leaving 90 degree weather and stepping off the plane into maybe 10 degrees

weather. We think we can gather enough warm things through people visiting the campus from MSU, then we can buy ski stuff in Munich. These were the prices Beth was checking on.

I guess I better get some Christmas cards ready early this year.

Thanks for ball scores, etc. Hurray for Nebraska and Devaney! How about the World Series?

More later.

Love,
June & all

Letter #62

Written October 18

Mailed October 19, Enugu

received October 25

Dear Everyone;

I'm sitting up on the sun porch with the fan going. It's 11 am and already 85 degrees. I am where I can look north over the campus which is below us on the down slope of the hill, and I can look south and see the upper part of the hill where the apartments are. In the back yard, also south, hangs a big wash -- six sheets and clothes for all the family, including Roger's.

Did I tell you about Roger? He is the 19 year old son of some friends in Enugu who are also with AID, but the father is in radio and television work. Roger got registered for the freshman class here and found there was no place to live, so we offered him Chuck's and Dave's room until they come back. There will be a conflict which we'll have to work out. The kids come home the 18th and Roger's vacation doesn't start until around December 12th. He's good with the little boys, and plays with them quite often. He's kind of a joker, and is a big, tan, healthy kid who likes to wrestle around with Steve once in a while, etc., which endears him to Steve, and he picks up Rob and Jim occasionally and horses around with them. He also baby sits for me now and then.

We went into Enugu to swim (our pool here is still undergoing some repairs), and took him along, then we came back and all went over to the Continuing Education center for a curry dinner. Then there was a foreign film on the campus. So it was a busy and pleasant day.

Girl Guides are underway. Had a good group of 12 the first day. The uniforms will be ready to wear for the second meeting. Mine too, if I get busy and sew on it today and tomorrow. I got some stencils finished and hope they get mimeographed to pass out, telling the Laws, etc., that the girls are supposed to learn.

The official date that Hillcrest is out is November 17th at 11 am, so the 18th should be the day they start back, on the train, getting to Enugu Friday morning, the 19th. We'll go in and meet them. It will be good to get them home again! Also we learned that AID will pay for their transportation to and from school three times a year. So we'll get reimbursed for that last trip and this will be paid for too.

Charlie and I have been going over to play tennis lately. We're getting some good practice. This is a custom the English brought with them and it is a collegiate sport, too. There's a varsity team, etc., and lots of the faculty change to whites and play after 4:30. For 3 cents you can hire a little boy to go chase your balls for you, which makes it more fun. I always get red in the face, but I'm improving. The pool won't be open until November, I hear. That will take away some of the tennis players. Right now the courts are quite crowded by 5:00 pm.

It's just impossible to think that it could be time to be thinking about Christmas cards! But I guess I better get started. Ours will take a couple of weeks to get there, I suppose, and we'll be in the midst of planning our R. and R. vacation, so I don't want to wait until too late.

Did I tell you that my big report on Nigerian women was postponed until October? It's still in the hands of the PEO chapter, but they didn't think they had time to get it read at the May meeting. If I had only known in May or June, I could have sent some further material, and pictures, especially. Oh, well! They should be sending it on to one of you this month, if they remember.

Our dry season is about to begin. It is a gradual transition anyway, but there hasn't been much rain for a week or two, and that's the way it begins. The days are hotter, too. Fewer clouds cover the sun.

Charlie and I have been brushing up on our tennis lately. The courts are cement and there are about a dozen of them, with small boys who will go chase your balls for you for 3 cents.

The boys are fine. Jimmy is wanting a bicycle for Christmas. Of course we left their old bikes in the States, planning to sell them later, but we did say that they could all have new bikes in Nigeria. So we are just getting around to his. I guess he'll get it, all right.

Love,
June

Letter no. 63

Written October 25

Mailed October 25, Enugu

Received October 30

Dear Everyone,

Well, a rainy day has appeared. We don't get many now that it's about time for the Dry Season to set in seriously. In a month or so all the big green banana trees and palms by the side of the road will be covered with red dust, and the trip to Enugu will be very dusty. Right now some things are still very fresh and green.

Some of us wives have been eagerly attacking tennis lately, hoping to get good enough to play in the evening, which here means 4:30 to 6:00 pm. That's when the staff gets out and swings the rackets. Many good players go out, mainly Nigerians, and the Varsity team plays them, etc. It is hard to find an empty court after 5:00 pm. Some of the husbands feel they are too good to play with their wives, although Charlie is very good to me and isn't ashamed to play with me in the evening. He says I'm improving a lot, and it's also doing a lot to slim down a

few minor pudgy places. So he's encouraging me. But this morning we were certainly rained out. It is going to clear up, and the wash is getting hung out now, at 10:00 am, and the sun will shine later. However, it is too hot to play when the sun is high. It's a strong sun, and a sultry, radiating heat that one just doesn't exercise in. That's why we go out at 8:00 am to practice. (Isn't it wonderful that we can leave the house and let someone else do the breakfast dishes!!!)

We've had some little excitement on the campus lately. There was a student who came down with chicken pox, and at first they thought it might be smallpox. So they isolated him and issued free vaccinations to the campus community. All day Saturday people calmly streamed in with their children and families, from Senior staff, Junior staff, and students, to servants and their children and servants. Yes, Lazarus even has a young 10-year-old boy living in his quarters, who does work for him, and is not treated like one of the family except for food. This is his "boy", he calls him! Anyway, they needed extra help in taking down the names of all these people, and in swabbing the arms with alcohol, and in applying little band-aids at the last. So many wives were down helping in three different centers, myself included; Americans and Nigerians. I'm to go again today for a couple of hours. The word has certainly spread far and wide, too. People are not panicked, but know what smallpox can do, and want extra protection. Our vaccinations were still good, but we did them over again.

Chuck and Dave are doing fine. Swamped with work, but healthwise OK. They are back to normal and having some fun, too, although Dave is going through a depressed spell, which is not surprising. He is defeated more quickly than Chuck, and in one letter he felt everyone was teasing him, etc. However, the mood probably passed as soon as the letter got mailed. I believe Chuck had to drop French. David is still taking it. The house-mother quit helping Dave because she was doing it the wrong way. He was supposed to be doing modern math and she knew only the old-fashioned way, and it confused him, so she urged some of the older kids to help him.

Robby is now old enough to visit the Cub Scouts. He's thrilled. When he is eight in February, he can join. Steve and Jim are very busy with school and play, and have kept up with the boys-and-men's choir. They sing at 10:00 am service at church. They have lately discovered how to make spools travel with rubber bands, matchsticks, etc. Much fun. Jimmy is bringing more homework these days, and is trying to learn how to settle down and do it, but he still fiddles an awful lot.

Charlie has had a chest cold and aching shoulders, back, neck, chest, etc. But it is nearly over. He feels tired from it, but is taking it easy, and will be on the tennis courts tonight. I'm swell.

Love,
June

Oct. 28-29-30 1965

Dear Folks;

It is Monday, again, and it is an easy time to get some letter-writing out of the way. Saturday is hard because the boys are home from school, and Sunday is my day in the kitchen.

I also have Girl Guides Saturday morning, so I am finalizing plans for that on Friday. This usually involves meeting with my Lieutenant, an American wife who was a Girl Scout leader in the US, and meeting with mothers, asking favors, etc. This last time I had to get a requirement out of the way. The girls were supposed to use the telephone properly, but here there aren't any -- except business phones, and a few in the Important houses -- so they have to learn to deliver a message properly.

We decided to make false messages, then warn several mothers that the girls were coming at 11:30 AM Saturday. One message turned out to be from an imaginary carpenter who had nearly completed a cabinet for the mother that the message went to. The wood was warping because of the Rainy Season, and one panel was off 3/8". Should be plane it down or wait for the Dry Season and hope it would shrink back into shape? (The girl had to "memorize" this.)

Also, another message was about a truckload of frozen foods that drove up from Port Harcourt, and was waiting now at the store. We sent the girl to the owner's house. The driver said the truck's refrigeration is broken and the freezer at the store is off. Should he take the dripping cargo to Mr. Ekwulu's (a rival grocer!) and borrow his freezer space, or should he try to find someone on the campus with a big freezer to put the stuff in?

Well, the girls had fun with it, and other problems were along the same order: things that could easily arise here. But again, it takes pre-planning.

This year we have 6 “old” girls (several went back to their home countries, and others went off to secondary school), and 6 “new” girls. So, we had 2 leaders splint the work in teaching requirements and it works very nicely. Except that my helper is going to foal in January, and then where will I be?!

I guess I mentioned that the swimming pool is open now, and I have taken on Life-Guard duty again for about 5 hours a week, Sunday, Monday and Thursday afternoons.

Another time-consumer is the afternoon Siesta. When the sun starts toward the west, and after C. has come from work for lunch, we simply lie down and read or go to sleep. We feel so dragged out if we don't get that nap. It's the climate and sun, I guess. As in Southern USA, things move slower. You almost NEVER see anyone running or loping along here for any reason. Everybody saunters. And with the temperature at 90 degrees everyday from 10:00 to 3:00 you can see why. Although it doesn't get quite that high yet. Rainy Season isn't quite over, but rains are scarcer and farther between.

We had a gully-washer last Friday, the 28th. The Deanses, in fact, had asked us to go with them to build a camp fire up on a big hill...they brought the food and we were the guests. It was a gorgeous evening with a next-to-full moon, mild and calm. But after supper some big clouds climbed up the eastern sky and it started to sprinkle when they picked us up, and by the time we got into the cabin, it was really pouring down. But we had a grand view of the campus and lightning, and later got a fire started near the shack, and went ahead and had a fine supper.

The next evening there was a big get-together of all AID people at Axinn's (he is Chief of Party who is here on a brief business trip from E. Lansing. It was a cloudy dark afternoon with huge black clouds coming up from the east again...so threatening we didn't swim at 5:00 pm as we often do. But magically, it cleared off, and we walked up 5 houses to Axinn's in bright, full moonlight, to the waiting

scene of outdoor chairs and tables, candles and lawn lights, big buffet supper on banana leaves (in dishes) (it was Potluck), and not a drop of rain. Wonderful.

And last night we were

Letter No. 64

Started Nov. 1

Postmarked Nov. 11 - Enugu

Rec'd Nov. 18

Dear Mother and Grandma,

This is another sunny day of about 85 degrees; it was very sultry until an hour ago and now the humidity is rising rapidly. It looks like our line full of clothes will dry well today. The men washed today, as they always do Mon., Wed., and Fri., and I can see about 6 lines full! Am I ever glad I don't have to iron all that!

We got a letter from you today, dated Thursday, Oct. 21, 1965. This is Nov. 1. That certainly took over a week. Cancellation was the 22nd. Of course, one problem here is that if a lot of mail bags come in on one day, the men will sort it but feel under no strain to finish what comes in one day. They just close shop and continue sorting the next day. So mail might be held up several days right here on the campus. This "mail room" by the way, is the main lounge in the Administration building, with m

Again I am late with letters...let me review the last 2 weeks for you:

First Sunday the 24th, President Hannah of Michigan State University came flying over for a visit, to see the MSU contingent here and the progress of the group. We were all asked to come to a short meeting and coffee period at the Continuing Education Center. He told of the activities on the MSU campus too, and I guess it's a rare treat to even speak to him, at least in Michigan, since there are some 30,000 students on that huge campus. Once a couple of girls there wrote a cute letter to the campus newspaper saying they had heard of a "Hannah" but they didn't really think there was one...only a rumor, etc. Because they had never seen him or heard him speak. It was humorous and the President read it and actually answered the girls' letter and invited them to have lunch with him. It was good publicity, I'm sure, but fun too.

I think I wrote to you the next day. Then on Tuesday I took the AID Shuttle in to Enugu. That is on a regular schedule now, by the way. There are 2 Rambler station wagons and 3 big green, Chevrolet vans, something like land-rovers...not

as nice as a Greenbrier. These leave the campus at regular times 3 or 4 a day, and also the system is worked in reverse from the Enugu campus. So you can get into town free, and catch a "bus" back in the early afternoon. It's really a life-saver if your husband can't take time off from work to go in. The thing is that only AID people are allowed to travel, naturally; but sometimes there are people that get very jealous because we have that privilege. It's so silly. Well, the University runs a service like that too, but can't accommodate everyone at once. That's our problem too. If some lecturers and important people need the space and there are too many for one car, the housewives have to wait till a later bus. So far it hasn't happened to me.

So, Tuesday I took the shuttle in and was gone most of the day shopping. Came home and played some tennis. I've been practicing a lot lately, and improving a lot.

Wednesday is a blank, except I was expecting company for dinner, tentatively, then they didn't show up. It is Enugu people who come up for Choir practice. It's an hour's drive so they just come to supper sometimes. But I got my signals crossed. (I'll have them this week, for sure.) Choir too, is well underway. A concert is coming up December 8th. The Messiah.

A friend's birthday was celebrated on Thursday evening. 4 couples got together. The Deans, Finks, Kramers and Houses. The Finks are direct hire from

MSU, and not with AID. The Kramers are with AID and used to be at MSU, but have lived 4 years in New Zealand since then. He used to be on the swimming team at MSU. They're youngish, too, and we are all trying to work up our tennis. Finks are very good.

We stewed several days and thought, and poured over books to find out how to plan our vacation. It takes some definite decisions in order to get the plane reservations, of course, and we found it hard to decide just where we wanted to end up, not knowing the country, etc. AID will pay the plane fare for the whole family to Rome, so that's what we're going to do. (We have to pay the first \$100.) Then we'll take a train up to the Alps, and from then on, I don't know exactly. But at least we've got our reservations and dates straightened out. But not hotels, etc.

We will leave Nsukka and go to the Enugu airport on December 20th. Then fly to Lagos for an overnight. The Lagos plane goes to Tunis, for an overnight. We'll have time to visit Carthage. Then on to Rome. I've already forgotten how to pack for trips like that. Trips of any kind, I mean.

Then we'll get home about January 7th. We are required to stay OUT of Nigeria for 14 days.

I had Girl Guides this week too, and that took planning, etc. I've also begun making a uniform for myself. (Got to finish that today.)

We were asked to a party Saturday, the 29th, which turned out to be a dud. Too many people were listening to the MSU game on Armed Forces Radio. MSU won. Then we also got Nebraska, they won. Incidentally, instead of their Rest and Recuperation vacation some of the men are taking off to the Rose Bowl game, as I believe MSU will be playing there. Their families will go somewhere else. It costs a lot more, but it's worth it to them.

Sunday C. preached out at a village. Had an Ibo interpreter. It was a Harvest worship, and he mentioned the Pilgrim's Thanksgiving, etc. And people brought things up to the front of the place. Yams, chickens, goats (alive), vegetables, bananas, a few pennies, etc. Singing hymns as they came. But as it progressed C. said they gradually switched over to their own thanksgiving songs in Ibo, which

have lots of rhythm, and they began practically dancing, which is a very happy way for them to give thanks. He said the “learned” hymns were well done, but it looked more like P\ledge Sunday at home, and only got joyful when it was more natural. This kind of dancing is only rhythmical walking, but it’s the kind of thing they do at all celebrations...when they are delighted at the news of a new baby, at a wedding, at a “2nd” funeral, which is a happy occasion celebrating the fact that the person’s spirit is alive and still with the people, and many other little events. A very spontaneous expression. The children all have a rhythm our own don’t have, too, we’ve noticed. There are clapping games even, where you match your footwork to the rhythms that are clapped. It’s a facet that changes the monotonous, hard work of year in and year out, to something bearable. After all, there’s no other form of recreation for these country people, except story-telling. And it’s tradition.

The whole service and amenities afterwards took 4 hours.

Monday I started looking for the right material to sell to the Choir people who don’t have Uniforms. Had a hair trim. Reported a burned-out coil on our stove. And in the evening went to Enugu with C. (at 5:00) so he could get to a lecture at the Enugu campus. Kids and I swam. He joined us later.

Tuesday, the 2nd, I cancelled Girl Guides because of a visiting German puppet show. It was cute. One performance for children, mainly nonsense; and another for adults in German, on Faust.

Choir came up again, sewing, tennis; remembered to send a birthday card to a Girl Guide. Washed my hair. Groceries.

Thursday had to visit the prison and my friend Lance Corporal Anere whom I hadn't seen in 4 weeks. He figured I had disappeared! (Not really, but he wonders if I am sick if I don't come for a long time.) Took a clock in to be repaired. Stayed on hand to receive 15 live chickens out of 1000 that the Agriculture Department was selling. They came. And Friday I had to get some shorts to the tailor for repairs on broken zippers. (They're certainly inferior here...called "zips".) These tailors are simply men who sew, and sit in little stalls by the road with a sewing machine and samples of cloth. You can go to anyone and bargain for the price of his work...I get the kid's shorts done for 3 shillings...36 cents. But I buy the cloth. It saves so much of my time!

Went to Kramer's Friday and she showed Deans and us all the wool things they brought from New Zealand which we were welcome to borrow for the R and R. We're doing pretty well, and we can get a few things after we arrive.

Saturday the 6th an Enugu family, the Guptills, invited us to their house for supper. Roger is their son...the boy staying with us while going to the University. They are also the ones who come up here for Choir. We stayed overnight (after a movie), too, since Charles had to do the service on the Enugu campus Sunday morning. Then we swam the rest of the time, and came home plenty tired enough. Boys to bed early, then we visited with Deans in the evening. Hadn't seen them for so long, we are beginning to call them our "former friends, the Deans".

All this doesn't include much of the comings and goings of the boys, or the husband; and there was plenty of time devoted to keeping the peace, and getting the kids off to Cubs, or Children's choir, or husband to evening Seminar, etc. And all my housewife's errands take twice the time as in America, it seems, because

you have to see people, instead of phoning. No phone. Then if they're not home you leave a note, and get in touch again later. Etc. And so the wheels of time move slowly; besides the fact that it is, in effect, still July here, and I don't notice the changing of the months! The calendar is a mere formality.

Another problem is when any servant or his family wants to go over to the health center, you have to write a permission slip by which he gains entry, dig up 2 shillings and six pence for him, etc. And last week I had to go along and make sure new cards were issued to them all. Now they have to have photographs attached, and master cards filled out.

And Aaron has had an offer for an interview for a cook's position with the University. But he doesn't cook, so I don't see any real opportunity there. That will be tomorrow. He will need a recommendation!

The kids will get home the 17th. They're already getting excited. So am I. And their Housemother is here on the campus at a Lutheran Missionary Conference. I just saw her this morning and had a good chat. She thinks the boys are loosening up at the hostel, now that they're getting acquainted more. They were late in the beginning, of course, then after only 2 weeks got sick and were again away from the group. But now they're warming up, and after 7 or 8 weeks vacation will probably be delighted to go back and all see each other again.

Well, I must get this in the mail. Even though I've forgotten some of your questions. I'll look up the letters this week and try to answer everything.

Love,

June and all

PS Wednesday morning.

Tuesday I decided to take the 7:00 am shuttle in so I could get a definite answer on how to tie the Girl Guide neckerchief. I had promised them an answer. Also, stopped to see if our reservations are coming along, but the man wasn't in the office, so I left a note.

Also went to a hardware store on the other side of town and got 20 yard-lengths of nylon cord for my Guides to practice knots with. Works beautifully. Bought it with dues, too.

Did some shopping at the main store, Kingsway. They have a grocery department, gift section, books, records, some cooking utensils, women's wear, men's wear, appliances, candy, camera section and now some toys for Christmas. This is all on one floor. Offices & snack room are upstairs, and some bedding and simple furniture and rugs, which cost triple what they are at home. And also there is one of the only public restrooms in town with proper plumbing.

At noon I went to an Indian friend's lunch (14 women there). And had Guides at 5:00 pm. So it was a full day.

Letter No. 65

Dated November 23

Mailed in New York November 26

Received November 29

Dear Everyone,

Please excuse this hurried note but I just found out that a lady who has been visiting is leaving for the airport in Enugu in about fifteen minutes and will take letters to mail in the United States.

I haven't written lately, and I didn't want you to worry; we've been busy getting the kids settled in. They are fine -- arrived Wednesday night, the 16th, and we've been to Enugu to swim once, and they have had a Curry Dinner at the Continuing Education Center, and are having a good time just being out of school.

It's fun to have them around again; they've matured and seem better off for their experience, except Dave claims he doesn't want to go back. But loves saying it.

I've been working on ten posters again, and have to get two dozen photo-copied yet this morning. These are for our Choral Concert which is December 6th at Nsukka, and December 8th at Enugu. I also have to type about two dozen private invitations to VIP's. So we are rushing that, and Girl Guides is continuing, and Charlie is trying to get work finished up so he can get off on vacation with a clear conscience. It's a busy, busy time.

We hope you are all doing OK. Don't freeze! It's 85 here today, nice sun but dusty air as the Harmattan has come, bringing fine dust from the Sahara desert.

Much love from all,

June

Letter No. 66

Written November 27

Can't read postmark

Received December 9

Dear Everyone,

If you could only come for a visit today! What a difference you would see in the countryside! The Harmattan wind has finally come, bringing a billion nearly-invisible particles of dust down from the Sahara, and it leaves dust all over the floors (cement painted dark red), the tables, bookcases, etc. And we have to keep the record player covered with plastic...the typewriter covered, and the windows closed. But it still sifts through the screens and louvered windows.

I look out the window and can see only halfway across the campus. The hills that surround Nsukka are invisible, and it seems as if everything were shrouded in pink fog. Even the sun is very dim. It reminds me of the dust storms we used to have in Burwell. It is so thick we can even see a haze between us and the house across the street, then it seems to get thicker as you look farther past. It seems that there is only 1 square mile left in the world and that's fuzzy at the edges. Or half mile, should I say.

This dust has been hovering for 2 days now, and isn't letting up yet. No telling how long it will go on. It has brought cooler air too, so I'm not uncomfortable in jeans and sweatshirt today. People are going about their business...but I feel like there should be a holiday from school, and that people should be stopping work to look at it and remark about it. But it's accepted and normal. It makes you think there's a blizzard outdoors.

It's a good thing there isn't any rain or we'd have MUD. It also fills the air you're breathing and makes you choke, just like when you shake out a dusty old blanket in the attic! This is Harmattan. (HAR' mah - tan). (It came last year, too, but not so thick and not so early. I remember a neighbor bragged that it goes on all dry season, which it didn't by a long shot. Sometimes it makes your eyes smart, too.)

Well the other big news is that the swimming pool on campus finally opened yesterday, Sunday Nov. 28. Nice clear, well-filtered water. We had a good swim and will go back many more times in the coming months. It will be 90 degrees every day now until April or May. March is even hotter. Almost too hot for tennis. And dry, though.

Wednesday night:

I'll add a few lines before Choir. When I got home from a 4 - 6 pm Women's Association meeting there was a letter from you which one of the boys had picked up from the mail room on the way home from swimming.

So, I'll answer a few things you mention. First, about the Pity Board, we find actually that the kids objectify their hurts (and we only write the complaints out on small scraps of paper that can be thrown away in a minute) and then they don't seem to come whining to me so much. They get it out into the open and then forget it. We make it rather business like. So in this case it works pretty well.

We've been reading a lot about all the terrible tornadoes and floods, and are so relieved that you're not having trouble.

Yes, we had a hectic time on the 12th, but you can't always expect things to run at an even keel. As for regular duties, I'm staying out of many things on purpose. But some of these sudden emergencies I can help out on, I guess. Yes, I must get back to some art work, although now I'm working on pencil sketches to go with my PEO report, I guess I said so before.

Lazarus took about a week and several injections to recover, then worked part days for awhile. He's OK now. Thanks to working for us in this campus situation, he has access to the Health Centre.

You mentioned the Variety Show and the drop-outs. Actually, the ones who were more closely connected with the show than we were did NOT drop out, but worked their heads off. And the burden we carried was certainly minor to the poor wife who was organizing the thing. Also, there were legitimate cancellations because of illness or injuries. And one Indian lady came from a sick-bed, anyway, to do her beautiful dances. So, we were all pulling for the cause, and got mixed up in two acts apiece.

Don't worry about the anniversary. It's very hard to remember other people's dates, and we aren't that set on Grand Remembrances. It's interesting to recall dates, but we aren't really ruined if we don't celebrate or if we don't get fan mail, etc. And think of the dates I've forgotten for other people. I guess we're only human, anyway.

I'm glad you're both prettied up again. I'd hate to think of you sitting there looking ugly with wild hair flying away! Now I can draw a deep sigh of relief again to know you're beautiful and coiffed!

I'm glad you saw Lena Stewart and sorry you didn't feel up to going to the dessert.

P.T.O.

And in the late afternoon, after spending the day in Enugu, swimming, etc., we went to Veltrops (he is a Dutch engineer who went to America some years ago, and she is American. They have 3 kiddies; a boy David's age, a girl Steve's age, and a boy Jim's age. Had plenty of chicken and ham...turkey is about 80 cents an undressed pound, so we didn't have that.

I wonder if my notes reached you fast; the ones I sent back with someone who was flying home for Thanksgiving after a short visit here. I suppose they did.

C. and I have been involved in planning another Choral concert. I've mentioned this before, I'm sure, but we're getting down the home-stretch and have only one week more before the concert now, and the details seem slow in resolving. People weren't too willing to give their time and help, but we resolved not to have everything dumped on US. A 'wire' or two got crossed also, not because of us, though. And the tickets just aren't printed yet or the programs. But they're in the process. That wasn't our job, thank goodness. But they seem to depend on the old-timers to do the work. Same old story everywhere. And it always looks like I have days and days of spare time, being a housewife with "nothing to do" all day. I've finally got a chance to breathe today, so I am writing. (Oh yes, I do have time to play tennis a couple of hours many mornings, but that's the kind of thing I'm not going to give up for a month of concert planning, Bazaar sewing and poster making...well, I did 10, but no more. I've squeezed in 2 hours a week of a drawing class, but my practice in painting just isn't.

And of course, I've explained before how long it takes to drive around to do all your errands and to talk to people. Also, I have to use time to plan Girl Guides, then to have it, then to meet with the Patrol leaders about once a week. That all takes around 6 hours a week. Maybe after Christmas there will be more time to devote to meaningful things rather than trivia. This also means having

people in to dinner every other week. We owe lots of newcomers, but sometimes I think this is one of the trivialities.

This last weekend we had the Nigerian Minex kids over for an open house, and that took time. Gathered 28 folding chairs from different houses, got a lot of soft drinks and beer from the grocery, (surprisingly only 6 bottles of beer were used.) Had to collect food to nibble on, etc. A big expenditure of time and energy, actually. We took chairs back on Sunday, then just rested, and swam, on campus.

Much time is used up when people come and stop by to see us on business or pleas or announcements, etc. They don't have phone privileges, either, so the whole campus is out running around like an anthill! And Joy and Bob Deans went out of town early this morning finally, and I'm supposed to check on their kids quite often for 2 days now, and buy their season swimming tickets for them, etc.

Enough of that. C. is busily getting work out of the way so he will be able to go to Austria without a guilty conscience. Some days he accomplishes a lot, some days people come in and he hardly gets started.

Thursday morning.

I'll just finish over here.

this is a beautiful sunny day...8:30 am about 74 degrees, and Vincent is watering the garden, Aaron is sweeping out the house, we've finished breakfast, and I'll get this in the mail soon.

I was going to finish answering your letter. The National Geographics came in a bunch because I wrote to the company to ask them to check, and they apparently found they were lacking, and at any rate, sent all six wrapped together right from their mailing house. They got me caught up with all the ones we'd missed. That's a relief. Also, since then, Better Homes and Gardens has been coming. 2 copies, separately. We also get the overseas editions of Time and of Life.

Yes, we have used ice for burns, although usually we run for cold water. Ice is excellent, indeed, and I'm glad you've discovered it. And that it helps!

The business of the kidney transplant for Abraham Adedire seems to have been a success. Someplace I saved the newspaper which shows him and his family at the airport in topcoats, ready to return to Africa. So it was apparently a success. So far.

Enough for now. I have to get on to some errands. A lady who is going back to America is selling me her table lamp. I didn't bring any and they're nice to have. Also, there's my report to finish. So, I'll close.

With much love,

June and all.

PS Minex students (that's MIchigan-Nigerian-EXchange students) will be traveling about June 19th, so Charlie is having a lot of last stretch meetings getting things lined up. The company from here is getting assembled (the ones in Michigan have been having a terrible time getting the quota filled...because the allotment on that side does not pay for the students' transportation. Therefore they have to find some interested kids who can also pay around \$800 to come!) You'll be hearing more about this as weeks go by.

12/2/65

Chuck's letter to:

Mr. and Mrs. House

Rte. 2,

Rio, Illinois

United States of America

Dear Grandma and Grandpa,

Hi! I am in study hall tonight in the big hostel dining room, where we do our homework on school nights. Our six-weeks examinations have begun, and finals are only a week away. I hope I can bring my grades up some more.

My stamp collection is coming along well. I just bought a lot of stamps from a school friend of mine. Naturally, I specialize in Nigerian stamps.

I sure am excited about coming back home. I am also anxious to go through Europe. I suppose you have heard our plans through the official sources (Mom and Dad).

I will be happy to get back, but in a way I am glad that I am not leaving Nigeria for good. I'm still not tired of the British point of view you get over here. I don't suppose I ever will be.

It's sure going to be a shock to get back to America and see the highways and the huge cars! You don't realize how well off Americans are until you can look at the country from an unattached, unprejudiced view. Then you really see something different than the average American sees.

It will really be strange to see everyone again. I'll bet that Sarah, Krissy, Daren, Eric & Co. have really grown. They'll all look different, of course, like I will to them. But that's part of being away for so long. The entire changing process that takes 2 years is presented to you in 2 seconds.

But never mind. I'll really be glad to see everyone again, especially you and Grandpa.

Well, I'd better return to studying. I have a history test tomorrow. Wish me good luck. I'll need it!

See you soon,

Love,

Chuck

Written December 14, 1965
Mailed December 15, Enugu
Received December 20

Hi to everyone;

What a crazy, crazy schedule we've been running lately! Too many errands and jobs to do.

We've had a real push with the concerts of the Messiah, getting people to sell tickets, people to usher, sell tickets at the door, arrange risers, print programs, arrange for a bus, etc. etc. This had to be done for here and for Enugu, and there just weren't many people who would or could. Also the University Women's Association put on a Bazaar last week, and I just couldn't get little things ready to sell because of all this other business.

The Girl Guides were asked to run a fish pond and Musical Chairs, etc, which we had to plan and do, and that took time. Went very well, but our part of it didn't make much money. It was good experience for the girls, anyway.

There was also a mix-up last week with the principal of the school (Sunny Akpaidiok, in British white shorts and white knee-socks), who, it seemed, had cancelled all Scout and Guide meetings so they could have extra rehearsals for a Christmas pageant. I had to go over and talk with him, and see why he felt he

could cancel my Guide group without even telling me. We had a very diplomatic talk, and it turned out that it was a teacher's fault, one whom we have found is very disenchanted with Americans anyway, but who is also on the Scout Council, and should have known better. The worst of it was that she didn't stop to think that a third of our group isn't even in that school, and didn't hear any announcement. So I had decided to tell the girls it was OK to go ahead with the practices and we'd have Guides after Christmas, and had to go around campus and inform the other third at their homes.

I've been taking Senior Life-saving lately. Three times a week plus reading chapters in the Red Cross official book which is in the Library. I don't really have time to review that.

I've been trying to put some winter PJ's together, and plan all the packing for our trip. It is going to be 90 and humid in Lagos, where we'll be 3/4 of a day, and 50 in Tunis for a day, and heaven only knows what in Rome, and freezing or below in Innsbruck. Then on the return trip we'll slowly shed wool clothes and get back into cottons, if they are still clean! I've been out borrowing sweaters, etc.

Charles has been finishing the writing on the new term's syllabus, which will be printed while we are away. Also, all his teachers and seminar leaders are just done with helping make up a final exam. It's done now and mimeographed and is being given today. Also, there are some Minex scraps to get wound up.

I have more concert bills to pay, etc. We went out and sang in Onitsha Sunday, December 12, which made four performances in once week.

Chuck's birthday is in two days and lately he has had a 48-hour cycle of fever. Had to go over for a blood test, and he has a trace of malaria. He had no headaches or chills or aches with it, so he's lucky. He needs to take more Aralen. He said he didn't take much up at Jos because he didn't see any mosquitoes! Kids!! He's fine now and just needs to build up a little more pep and energy. Has good color and feels great.

The other boys are OK, and I hope they stay that way, with only six days to go before we leave. We took them to see The Moonspinners (Hayley Mills movie)

last night, in Enugu, so they are tired today. We go to George's wedding Sunday (C's secretary). I am to fix the bride's bouquet.

So that's where we stand. Terribly busy trying to get things ready at home and at the office. It gets hectic sometimes, but we are still smiling. Seventy-five today. Nice: and it may even feel like Christmas this year. It sure didn't last year, at ninety, and outdoor swimming.

We would like to have gifts for you to open, but it's so impossible to send things or count on them getting there on time. I'll just send a card, and I'm sure this will reach you in time. So, Merry Christmas. Do buy some turkey and cranberry sauce and light some candles. Maybe some eggnog would taste good.

On New Year's Day we'll be done skiing and in Innsbruck again (our ski place is called Langenfeld), and will hope to listen to the Rose Bowl game and MSU on the Armed Forces radio. Maybe you will be seeing it. We'll think of you. I hope you have plenty of callers.

We'll take plenty of pictures and will write from Austria.

Much love, and have a happy New Year.

ALL OF US

Letter No. 68

Written December 19

Received December 24

Dear Mother and Grandma,

Just a note from Enugu -- day after Chuck's birthday. We had a birthday supper yesterday, cake and all, and did give him an envelope with money in it from you two. He got a camera he wanted, and is aiming to buy film for his trip with the money. He was delighted. Thank you!

We are in town today, finished Christmas letters at the printers, getting traveler's checks, and paying for the Choral Society supper which took place just before the Enugu concert.

Jimmy's tooth hurts, but the dentist is off duty today so we have to wait until Monday, or Austria. He's a Baptist missionary dentist, with 10,000 people to serve!

The boys are out of school today. They are happy. We are all at a swimming pool now. There are two here in town and one at the University. It's full again, and clear.

We will pick up our tickets Monday. We go to Lagos for over night, then to Tunis and over night. We plan to visit Carthage, then to Rome for a day or two, then on to Innsbruck for Christmas Eve. On Christmas Day we go to a ski lodge at Langenfeld where we have reservations for a week. Then on the 1st, we'll be back at Innsbruck trying to find a place to hear the Rose Bowl game. Then back to Rome, and on "home".

This is a wonderful bonus the AID provides. It counts off leave-time, but they pay all transportation costs as far as Rome and back, except the first \$100.00. It's a good thing because the men here have a lot of strain, with international tempers flaring at them sometimes.

I haven't advised on a record player because I don't know the good makes in America anymore. Charlie feels FM radio is excellent for music. Stereo phonographs are no better for ordinary use than Mono.

Save the Hawaiian skirt, if possible. I do want it. Charlie says thanks so much for the football scores all through the season. Especially Nebraska-Oklahoma. Our reception was poor and we lost out after the half time and never knew the final score until your letter came!

Love,

ALL OF US

Our Christmas letter

University of Nigeria, Nsukka 1966

Dear Friends, all,

Merry Christmas! Sleigh bells and snow, pine trees, tinsel and Ho ho ho! We wish the best of the season to you!

It's a bit difficult to summon up the spirit of Christmas surrounded as we are by perpetual summer; 85 degrees, sunny skies, green banana and palm trees, and lovely red poinsettia bushes. December has brought the dry, dusty Harmattan wind from the Sahara desert, and up above us they are burning the hills, so that next year's thatching grass will be fresh and free of old straw. It is not that Christmas isn't Christmas in Africa; it's just that here it has a whole different set of associations. It's good for us to know a Christmas which is reduced to essentials and separated out from the accidents of climate and culture.

We have had a productive year and a half in Nigeria and are in the best of health and spirits. Charlie is visiting professor and Head of the Department of Humanities at the University of Nigeria. In addition to the unchanging duties of wife, mother, and "household organizer" June is busy as leader of the local troop of Girl Guides ... as a refuge from a house full of men ... and as Secretary, Business Manager, and Poster Artist for the University Choral Society ("The Messiah", December 6th, tickets at 7 shillings and 5 shillings.)

Chuck (14) and Dave (12) are just home from boarding school in Jos, 350 miles north of Nsukka. They are the better for having the apron-strings stretched a bit, but it is good to have them home again, until January.

Steve (10), Jim (9) and Rob (7 1/2) all attend the University Primary School and are enthusiastic members of the Wolf Cub pack and the Boys' Choir. The University has one of the four swimming pools in all of Eastern Nigeria, so we all are getting a lot of sun and outdoor exercise.

As you may have gathered, the University is really a self-contained city with 2,500 students and about 200 faculty. It is located 40 miles north of Enugu, which is our shopping center. Nsukka, itself, is little more than a village, although it is growing economically as a result of the University's being situated here. The campus is surrounded by high grassy hills with patches of forest and bush and village compounds. Some people say it looks like California. On moonlit nights we can enjoy the sound of drumming and singing from the villages, and occasionally we hear the volleys of gunshots which accompany funerals and other festive occasions...for here funerals are festive. Sometimes Charlie's work takes him into more outlying villages, and this provides another contact with the relatively unchanged indigenous culture.

And so, you see, we have a front-row seat from which to observe Modern Africa: an up-to-date, technologically-oriented university set in surroundings which, until

very recently, have changed very little. The change is happening, though, and sometimes with dramatic speed. And that's what is exciting about being here.

This is all that can fit on an air-letter form. We think of you, all, and send our warmest greetings. We are expecting a home-leave next summer and hope we have a chance to see you.

The Houses

Day after Christmas, 1965

Dear Folks,

Well, we made it! We are actually at Langenfeld (Lengen-felt) and our reserved rooms were waiting. Three on the third floor of an old Inn that's been in use for 400 years, and it's been in the same family all that time. So, we're settling down after 4 or 5 days of traveling and changing countries.

It's really odd to be suddenly dropped down in Tunis, which is practically all French-speaking (or Arabic). It's funny, but all the people look Tunisian, too.

We arrived late afternoon Tues. and it took time to get to the hotel. And dusk comes at 4:30 so it was dark by the time we got into taxis and went out 3 miles to see Carthage. The car lights shone on the ruins and we picked up a couple of rocks, but we were rather dissatisfied.

It was about 50 degrees in Tunis (a big city -- it reminded me a lot of New York) and we wore sweaters and coats. It was drizzly and chilly and we could see our breath! We went down the street after dinner, looking for bakeries, cinemas, and window-shopping. One big showroom contained only sponges -- hundreds of kinds -- a very ritzy shop.

The hotel had COLD cement floors; and big eiderdown comforters on all the beds. The dining room was very proper, almost austere, but we made out all right.

"We" did fairly well with French, too. Chuck & Dave helped (had it in school) but Charles was the one who pulled us through with what he'd learned in French speaking African countries a couple of summers ago.

Wed. we got to Rome and were amazed to see the Coliseum glide past our windows, coming in from the airport.

About 45 degrees there, and we could see our breath again. Had a hotel downtown which was handy for some late afternoon shopping – got ski pants in a big department store by using a few Spanish words and lots of sign language. Very frustrating. We want to communicate and no “Italian” comes! We feel so dumb – like the mouth is stuffed with cotton.

Came across many old ruins right beside new buildings; lots of old city walls are preserved. Saw one big beautiful fountain in the middle of the street, still running.

Bought cheese, bread, fruit and mineral water to eat on the train trip Thursday the 23rd. This is the custom. (12 hour trip.)

Oh yes! Nigeria’s traffic follows the British way of driving on the left side, so you can imagine how startling it was in Tunis and Rome to see the traffic go on the “wrong” side (right side again.)

Thursday we got to Innsbruck at night, got rooms (by phone) and took a taxi out to the boarding house. The kids rolled in the snow before they came indoors. And it started snowing at bedtime.

Friday morning when we woke up we looked out and saw that Innsbruck is surrounded by high, beautiful mountain peaks covered with snow. Walked

through the city, over a bridge, etc. and were comfortable although it was 20 degrees. C said, "that sure was a short autumn!"

Innsbruck is old and quaint. Many buildings go back to the 1300's and 1400's.

Beautiful, gorgeous sweaters, capes, jackets, suede coats with fur, boots, vests, wool socks; and ski boots in nearly every window! Paradise for a millionaire who skis!

Our college German is serving us very well. So much comes back that we thought we'd forgotten. And the Austrians talk just like my German teacher. Amazing!

Letter No. 70

Written December 29, 1965

Received January 3

Dear Mother & Grandma;

Well, we made it! We are actually at Langenfeld and our reservation rooms (Pension Christina) were waiting. Three rooms on the third floor of an old Inn that has been in use for 400 years, and it's been in the same family all that time. So, we've settled down after several days of travelling and changing countries and currencies.

It was really odd to be dropped down in Tunis, which is practically all French-speaking (or Arabic). It's funny, but they look Tunisian, too. We arrived late Tuesday afternoon, and it took time to get to the hotel. Dusk comes at 4:30, so it was dark before we could possibly get out three miles to Carthage. We did take two taxis out, though, and the car lights shone on the ruins, and we picked up a couple of rocks, but were pretty dissatisfied.

It was about fifty degrees in Tunis -- a big city that reminded me a lot of downtown New York, only there were ornate balconies, and everything was painted white. We wore sweaters and coats. It was drizzly and chilly and we could see our breath! We went down the street after dinner, looking for bakeries, cinemas, and window shopping. One big showroom contained only sponges -- hundreds of kinds. A very ritzy shop. C. bought a bernoise from a street vendor.

We did all right with French. Chuck and Dave had it in school and Charlie had picked up a lot in Africa, 192 and 1963, by being in French colonies -- Dahomey and Togo, etc.

Wednesday we got to Rome -- an hour in the plane over the Mediterranean Sea. We came across many old ruins in Rome, and were amazed to see the Coliseum glide past our bus windows on the way in from the airport. About forty-five there.

We had a hotel downtown, which was handy for some late afternoon shopping. Got ski pants in a big department store by using a few Spanish words and lots of sign language. Italian just isn't familiar to us. Very frustrating when you want to communicate. We felt so dumb, like our mouths were stuffed with cotton.

There are lots of old city walls preserved right by new buildings. Saw one big, beautiful fountain in the middle of the street, still running. Bought cheese, bread, fruit, mineral water to take on the train to Innsbruck, a twelve-hour ride.

Nigerian traffic follows the British way of driving on the left side, so you can imagine how startling it was in Tunis and Rome to see the traffic go on the “wrong side”, right side again.

Thursday we got to Innsbruck at night, got rooms by phone, and took a taxi out. The kids rolled in the snow before they came indoors. It started snowing at bedtime. Friday morning when we woke up and looked out we saw that Innsbruck is surrounded by high, beautiful mountain peaks covered with snow. (Steve was already outside, barefoot, making snowballs!!)

There are beautiful, gorgeous sweaters, capes, jackets, suede coats with fur, boots, vests, wool socks, and ski boots in practically every window. A paradise for a millionaire who skis!

Our college German is serving us very well. So much comes back that we thought we had forgotten. And the Austrians talk just like my German teacher. Amazing!

In the cold air of Austria we've been finding out or rediscovering a few eternal truths such as 1. If you don't wear wool socks, your feet get cold in the winter. 2. The winter wind at night sounds much colder than any summer wind. 3. You have to have mittens. 4. You don't go barefoot on cement floors. 5. Some toilet seats get very cold in winter.

We found out that stores close early (1:30 pm) on the day before Christmas. It cut our shopping time short.

There were no public celebrations, either, or Choirs. A few big lighted outdoor Christmas trees, but almost no indoor ones. All restaurants close except a few hotels, and we ended up eating at the railroad station restaurant. Back at our house we lit some candles and ate some Austrian cake (in a log design) and the boys hung up their stockings. We marked one thing from you. Church bells rang every half hour--big deep-toned ones.

On Christmas Day Charlie and the three oldest boys tramped around the city again, taking pictures, while we others stayed home and packed, and I washed my hair. At noon we were at the bus station taking a bus to Langenfeld. Went

through the length of a valley, between some Alps, then turned south into the mountains and went way up some hills, past loads of pine trees and an icy stream, and ended in flat meadow land where Langenfeld is. We found our inn (Hirschen), got our rooms, unpacked, and had a delicious chicken dinner for Christmas night, with a creamy egg-nog for dessert. The inn assigned us to a particular table in a niche and we found we were to use the same linen napkins, saved, each day.

Wednesday.

Since then we have found a few near skiing places up in the hills, and today we took a bus up to Hohensolden, a real resort town, with high, beautiful fields of snow. We wished we were better skiers, but we just visited. We find we are rusty. Even the “natives” say it takes a while each winter to get back in practice. We rode the chair lifts, though, and went up about two miles to a ski-town. What a ride!! Each boy had a chair to himself, of course, and rode through space very well -- like professionals. I was the only one who was nervous.

We returned to our Inn for supper. We've been having delicious big dinners, and they don't cost anything. Or rather, when we wrote for reservations we went on a “half-pension” plan which means breakfast and dinner are included in the room rent. Breakfasts are skimpy but filling-- hot chocolate and Austrian rolls with butter and jam. Lunch is usually picked up -- sandwiches and candy bars --

and taken up to a ski place where we can order a hot drink. Really, it's a farmer's place -- his high meadow that he has converted to a ski hill. His wife serves the hot drinks in a converted knotty-pine-paneled room. There's no rope tow.

Back to our room and board. We paid 700 Deutchmarks -- had the bank wire it ahead -- and that is only \$175.00 for 7 people for 7 days, including 2 meals a day. That is the most remarkable figure we've heard in a long time. Some of our friends have toured Europe and one family spent \$1000.00 (they said) just eating and sleeping and riding their way back. Anyway, we figure it is \$175.00 well invested, and this is a good change and rest for Charlie, which is important. And the boys are getting exercise and I'm turning into a mountain goat!

We're thinking of you, and wishing it were possible for you to see all these mountains. It's even better than Pike's Peak.

I'll write again from Nigeria. Much love from all of us.

June

Postal card from Osterreich

Dear Mother and Grandma;

This skiing place is 1000 feet above the town where we are staying. Beautiful, wonderful scenery. We hope our pictures turn out well.

Charlie is relaxing and enjoying the change. We are delighted that we came to a cold place and are sorry for the people who went to Egypt and the Canary Islands.

Love,

June and Charles

A card from Rome with lovely print of Ferruzzi Madonna

Dear Mother and Grandma;

This is from Rome -- printed on silk -- one of your favorite pictures. I remember it on the bedroom wall at Valentine, Burwell, and Lincoln, in different houses we lived in.

It's so nice, isn't it? We thought of you when we saw it in a music store near our hotel.

We are back now in the warm climate of Africa, and it is hard to believe that there is snow anywhere.

I'm glad you got the record player. I still don't know what makes are good, but I hope it serves you well. I'll try to remember some music you might enjoy. Mahalia Jackson is a fine spiritual and hymn singer. You might try a small record first -- a 45 rpm, before getting a 33 rpm "album" which is a big record that plays for about thirty minutes on one side.

About coming home this summer -- we have not heard anything more about staying another year! Two more men have hoped Charlie will stay, but there has been no official offer or contract. We are coming home for sure in June or July,

and it's "leave" from here anyway you look at it. Everyone here uses that expression to mean the trip. Mrs. House doesn't know any more about it than we do, or you do. It is just a term, and may or may not be applicable in the end. The vacation was wonderful.

Love from all of us,
June

From the Desk of Charles B. House
Sunday, Jan. 16, 1966

Dear Folks,

A couple of visiting mothers, Mrs. Fritz and Mrs. Fink, are going to try to leave here tomorrow and hopefully they can mail this in the US.

We are afraid that you will be worried about the news which is coming out of Nigeria. Like everyone else, we are anxious to let you know that we are all all right and that life is going on as usual. In fact, we are hoping that the events of this weekend will mark a turning point in what has been a worsening situation over the past several months.

You probably know about as much about what is happening in the country as we do. In fact, most of our information is coming from Voice of America and the BBC! Their editorializing is a bit over-simple. They aren't quite sure who are the Martins and who are the McCoys!

Again, don't worry about us or about the Jos boys.

Miss Miner finally got here last week. She had been waiting six months for her visa. The problem was that the Immigration Dept. didn't quite know how to

treat Miss Donnelly. The only categories they have for people who are coming for long stays are employed people, their spouses and children, and Miss D. didn't fit. She finally had to come as a "dependent". They seem like fine people and Miss Miner delivered the photo mailers. Thanks ever so much and we'll try to use them very soon.

Love to everybody,
Us.

Letter No. 71

Written January 23, 1966

Mailed in Trenton, NJ January 23

Received January 26

From Charlie's Desk

Dear Mother Hornby and Grandma Lavery;

A couple of visiting mothers, Mrs. Fritz and Mrs. Fink, are going to try to leave here tomorrow, and hopefully they can mail this in the US.

We are afraid that you'll be worried about us in the light of the news which is coming out of Nigeria. Like everyone else, we are anxious to let our relatives know that we are all right, and that life is going on pretty much as usual. In fact, we are hoping that the events of this week-end will mark a turning point in what has been a steadily worsening situation over the past several months.

You probably know more about what is going on in Nigeria than we do. Most of our information is coming from The Voice of America and the BBC. I am sure that their information is reliable, but I wish they didn't try to editorialize on what they do not entirely understand.

Again, try not to worry about the boys up at Jos, or us.

Thank you for your reports on the football games all season. Often your letters were the only way I could find out the scores. We heard the first half of the Nebraska-Oklahoma game over Armed Forces Radio Service, but it was on short-wave, and it faded out at half-time. We were disappointed in the Bowl Games, too.

Did June ever tell you that I met the Orrin Websters in Zaria last summer? They are in a little hotter spot than we are.

Love to you both,
US

Letter No. 72

Written January

Mailed at Enugu January 25

Received January 31

Dear Mother and Grandmother;

Well, what news are you getting about Nigeria? I hope it is good, because this upheaval is one of the best things that could have happened to the country. All the Nigerians I have seen feel happy and free from corrupt tyranny now, and are hopeful for a democratic future.

We are getting no excitement here or at Enugu, except that a lot of men in politics have left their fine homes and gone to their country villages to avoid being caught. Eboh, who was killed, had three and a half million pounds stored away in a Swiss bank -- AID and people's money. So we hope this is a new beginning.

I hope you enjoy the record player. I have written to Dietz Music House and made some suggestions on records you might like. We have them some money as a Christmas gift to you. Chuck and Dave went to Jos the 12th, by car, and are well launched in their studies by now, I assume. Jos has a large American population and no Nigerians at the school, which is sort of too bad. It is largely missionary children. Their parents represent Evangelical Lutheran (C's and D's house), Dutch Reform, Mennonite, Baptist, Missouri Synod, etc. The kids get plenty of religion, too. A Bible class, supper bible study, Sunday School, Church, and evening vespers. They are up to their ears.

I finally got a Christmas card from my PEO's saying "thank you" officially for the report, which they read in October.

Otherwise there is not much news. It is about 98 degrees every day, 70 at night, and very dry.

More about our vacation later.

Love,
June

PS.

We had a telegram from Houses on the 18th saying that Mrs. House, Sr., 93 years, had finally passed away after several months of failing in a home. She hadn't recognized Mr. House for a long time, and was incontinent, etc. Just plain worn out. We sent a cable back. Things are being taken care of.

We couldn't see the date real well, but the message took from 2 to 4 days. They sent a straight cable but it would have been faster by phoning direct to the University of Nigeria program at Michigan State University. Charles Doane would speed it up. I'll send that phone number next time.

Love,
June

Letter No. 73

Written January 28

Mailed January 31, at Enugu

Received February 9

Dear Everyone,

I finally have a morning at home, and will get another letter off to you. The last I sent was one that was supposed to travel with a "visiting mother" who

returned to the States about a week and a half ago. You should have received this letter about the 19th. I hope she mailed them once she got there. She had a lot of messages from a lot of people, so I think she did. On the other hand, we haven't heard a thing from you since before the 15th. This is the 28th, so we are beginning to worry about you. Of course there was a great snarl in mail during the Army coup, and things were delayed. Maybe lost. We'll hope to hear soon.

We've been watching the International Time reports on Nigeria, and find they are not always right. If you are reading them, don't always accept everything they say. They're written by Lagos people who seem to know only city politics, and white people who usually see only white people and the like. Anyway, they are often about right, and they imply that the situation here is better now than it was before, which is right.

The new government is revising the constitution and aiming to rout out political corruption, nepotism, etc. etc.

Did I tell you that we've subscribed to the campus newspaper and are having them send you a copy each week, air mail? I didn't realize before that it could be done. It may help keep you in contact a little with what is going on, at least on the campus.

The boys are thriving at present. Robby is about to join the Cub Scouts, and loves it. Our Cub leader (Inga Fritz) is leaving in June, however. I think another

woman will take it over. Jim is as energetic and active as ever and has just made a collection of coins for credit in Cubs. These kiddies learned a lot about foreign coinage just during this Christmas holiday. And we picked up a lot of change from each place we visited. Steve is getting so athletic looking, and is trying to use his strength for “good”, instead of picking on Robby, whom he sometimes just can’t stand. He’s in Cubs, too.

Their teachers are all Nigerians, many of whom just don’t quite comprehend the possibilities in education, so we have some problems. And the Americans are quickest to see it, but of course we came knowing things wouldn’t be the same. They do aim at regimentation, and enjoy proving their authority -- same as the English did here for years. At the morning assembly the kids must all parrot in a singsong voice (just sickening) “Good Morn-ing, Teachers. Good Morn-ing Miss Ibeze”, etc. And the teachers mainly want to be called “Teacher”, not their names, which our teachers at home hate!

The only man teacher must wear his white shorts and shirt, and white knee socks, to look as much like a British authority as possible! The principal is a crackerjack, too. So many “words” come out with the sound of good creativity, then things turn inside out. He wants to give the kids an extra Sports Time from 4:00 to 5:00, a place to channel energy. Then he makes it compulsory two days a week. Then when we complain, he says it isn’t compulsory, but doesn’t allow the kids to go to his new Swimming class unless they have been to Sports the day before. Calls it Internal Problems when the mothers ask, “Why was John not allowed to go swimming?” Real weird. He’s the one I have been working with to see if he would work out a calendar so he would know when Girl Guides and Brownies meet, etc. He twice cancelled Girl Guides without even letting me know. Said he didn’t realize. So I finally have Tuesdays extracted from him, and now he has put his Dramatics class on Thursdays (the Cub Scouts meet then). I told him I felt the school and these organizations had something to offer the kids, and that we should work together on a schedule so the kids aren’t torn by loyalties and pressures. Etc. Some fun.

The boys in Jos are fine. Chuck has a good grasp of the political situation up there (Dave didn't write), and he was surprised that we didn't know more at first. We just didn't get any news except over BBC London. The Lagos radio was broadcasting only Social news and trivia.

I would like to go up and visit them the end of February.

Enough for now. I hope we hear soon.

Love,

June and all.

Letter No. 74

Written February 14

Mailed Enugu February 16

received February 23

Dear Everyone,

It is another hot night here, while I understand the Midwest is in the deep freeze! Such a severe winter now, they say. I wonder if you are having much snow.

Charlie has an evening committee meeting, so I'll catch up on my writing. I have a feeling it was too long ago that I last wrote.

This week has been plenty busy, what with an AID conference here on the campus which we were supposed to attend -- three days of meetings, speeches, and panels. We went to most, and a couple of dinners. The last evening was a special Nigerian banquet at which 23 Nigerian dishes were served. I enjoyed most of them. A few were a little far out. Afterwards there was a group of boy dancers -- what Energy!! And a style show by several Nigerian wives. Very, very nice.

I have been trying to round up our pictures from vacation. The Art department has a photography department that was supposed to do them, but they are taking forever. I have been back about eight times and get promises, and dribbles of pictures -- and excuses. Once the chemicals weren't poured. Next they had to be sure of a big batch of pictures before beginning. I gave them five films of 20 exposures. Next they said they had only done two because there were too many others to get my other three in. Today they said the dark room was flooded. What next?

Robby's birthday went off well. He had five boys in who ate hamburgers, Fr. fried potatoes, and Fr. fried onion rings, sodas, and cake, then played games, shouted Happy Birthday, and went out to toast marshmallows. Very loud, but

happy. And short! I drove them home at last when I had had it! He's a Cub Scout now.

Steve was more subdued. He had a few friends to play together with new balls at the pool, then came home for the same kind of supper. Then Monopoly, then off to the comedy movie on the campus. A slapstick English thing. At least, they were all satisfied. He is changing to Boy Scout now.

Chuck and Dave write now and then. Chuck seems to hate Algebra. Can't seem to get it. I will always regret taking them away from Modern Math just when we did. Also Chuck away from cornet and band. But he is getting such a lot of good experience, and his horizons are broadening and he is maturing like crazy. We're proud of the change. Maybe he can catch up with the Math some way. Dave is doing better. He just couldn't get with it last term partly because of missing some time. We found that the kids were afraid to ask questions, too, and wouldn't say when they didn't understand something. This is the way the Nigerians teach school -- English way. One University Professor got very mad at his class when someone asked a question. He said, point blank, "I am here to lecture, not to answer questions." And he is the kind that simply reads pages out of his own book.

You get a lot of stupid snobbery that way. Some insist on shirts and ties, in the English manner, and call the students insurrectionists if they don't. Ridiculous! Some professors are very self-important.

Jimmy is fine -- very energetic and quick with his hands, as always. He is very interested right now in making toy parachutes. Steve is the swimmer. He's good, and fast, and strong, but hates to use his legs. He says they get tired. He would really be a whiz if he developed his flutter kick.

I've taken the other letter out here. Just got your letter today, of the 3rd. That took 11 days -- no, 10 -- it was mailed the 4th. That one morning sounded hectic when the groceries and Mrs. Berkemeier, and the TV program all came at once! Plus lunch to get and the nurse coming. It's too much!

We were so sorry to hear about the wicked accident to your left leg. It isn't fair. As if you didn't have troubles enough already. Let us know how you get along.

Not all your reports on Nigeria were correct, we found out through Time. Charlie even wrote them a letter. But really, the whole place was rotten with private-enterprising, dishonest politicians. It was "falling to pieces" before. Lots of swindling. Millions of pounds were going into private "mansions", called "The People's Palace", etc. Statues, etc. One man had three million pounds in a Swiss bank. People were getting so riled up by the farce called the Election, held in 1965, they were ready to retaliate. Then Major General Ironski took over and did the whole country a favor. We are much more stable now than before.

Glad you like the Ernie Ford album. Sorry about Dr. Smith. A lot of people must miss him. Interesting about the Retirement Home in Burwell. More later about the trip.

I understand some U.S.A. letters go the the Union of South Africa.

I am down to 140 pounds, for the first time in years. I stop eating when I feel the edge of hunger is gone -- like when I was little. You remember how I used to just stop, and that was that!

Love, June and All

Letter No. 75

Mailed Enugu, February 23, 1966

Received March 2

Dear Mother and Grandma;

I should typewrite, but I'm being sociable in the living room instead. We have an American student (for dinner) (tasted good, too!). He and Steve are playing chess and just relaxing. I didn't want to make him talk all evening.

Be sure to tell Aunt Helen "thank you, yes." I would like the lace tablecloth and bracelet. I would love to keep anything she has.

An Indian friend just returned here after being on home leave in India and brought me two saris. One is cotton, pink and white check with a pretty pink edge [gave to Ellen Van de Mark] and the other is a beautiful blue-green silk with a 12-inch gold woven edge. Really top quality. It had been used a few times by models at the New York World's Fair so the price was about half its original. I'll bring it in my luggage for you to see instead of sending it by sea freight.

I'm glad you are getting some records you both enjoy.

I'm so sorry about that leg you injured. How is it doing?

Is there anything special you want me to bring you as a souvenir in my suitcase this summer?

We finally gave Jimmy the bike we promised him, to replace the one we sold before coming here. He's delighted! Rides all afternoon.

We hope to stop in Greece, Sweden, and England on the way home, and are beginning to make plans. Don't know whether to start clearing out the house yet or not. Depends on developments.

Yes, we do feel the kids are getting a terrific experience and education (of a kind) through being here and traveling. All the American kids here have been in Europe and others around the world, etc.

We may reach Denmark. I wonder if there is any favorite Aunt Helen has there, although it has been some years, I guess, since she was there.

AID pays our way back home: but any stops we pay for. So, many thanks to all the American tax payers. It seems awfully selfish, but also, we did give up a lot of conveniences for two years, and our kids got hepatitis, etc., and we haven't seen our families for two years. It's almost fair.

I never wrote about Rome. We stayed in a hotel and took a taxi to St. Peter's Basilica. And I saw a famous Michelangelo statue [the Pieta] I've always loved -- the one that went to the World's Fair -- and his paintings on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Saw the big museum, and loads of ruins, and the Coliseum. Walked a lot! Cool air. Needed coats. Ate lots of spaghetti. We don't like the Italian language.

Love,
June.

March 11, 1966 (From Dad to his folks)

Dear Folks,

I am half a man this weekend. Life has been pressing in on all fronts for the last few weeks and June is off for four days. I am trying to run both household and office, which isn't easy. It would be impossible, of course, were it not for the small army we have about the house.

This is really a cluttered-up weekend. I was to have gone to Lagos on Thursday to return Sunday, for which I had to cancel a preaching engagement. Then on Wednesday, the Embassy official that I was going to see sent word that he would be coming out here to see me. It has to do with the MINEX program again, in which I am up to my neck.

June has had to go to Aba, 120 miles south of here, for a Girl Guide leaders training camp. One of her assistants went with her. After getting the girls through all their tests and getting the program set up, and after trying to get some sort of ruling out of the various national and regional GG offices, she went ahead on her own and "invested" the troop. Then she found out that she couldn't do it, as she did, on the warrant of the local committee. She had to be qualified first. So, to make herself legitimate she packed her bed-roll and went off to Aba. It hurt because, at the same time, she had a chance to go to Jos with the Frosts.

Meanwhile back at the ranch the new university council appointed by the Military Governor has just had its first meeting and we have been trying to let

them know, department by department, just what we're doing. I wrote the enclosed to present to them. It is a replay of the syllabus introduction, but a little fuller and, I think, a little better.

The General Studies program is under fire right now, and I am preparing to defend myself on all fronts. The specialized departments are sharpening their claws because they think the G.S. courses take too much time in the curriculum. They have to go easy, though, because the courses themselves have proved their worth. Right now, they're killing us with kindness, but trying to cut down our time allotment. I am getting ready to launch my own offensive, putting my viewpoint in front of the other department heads in writing and giving them a picture of just what it is we're doing.

MINEX is taking a lot of time. I'm trying to work out a curriculum here, plus trying to settle policy for the Nigerian students going to America. The MSU group got a very complimentary letter from USAID Washington on its last six-month report and two of the four paragraphs were about MINEX. Well, the Embassy, whose money is footing the bill, is trying to get the program extended to all the other Nigerian universities, which would cut our own representation in half while leaving a vastly increased administrative burden on us. I would have to coordinate the program for five universities. I made a counter-proposal that we invite participation by one other university.

Well, this is what I'm going to try and hammer out this evening and tomorrow.

Finally, a couple of months ago I inherited another assignment. We have a program for "participant training". USAID sends 20-25 members of our counterpart staff at the university to the USA per year to study for two years on Masters and Doctoral programs. That is a big award. I am now on the committee which selects the trainees from the university faculty and graduating students, orients them and maintains contact during their programs. I am to be its chairman next year. We have been making our selections to be presented to the university council for approval and so we have met for about 20 hours in the last two weeks.

I really did want to go to Lagos this week just to get away.

We are beginning to plan our trip home. We are fairly well settled on Greece for a week to start, then England, then home, then back either to Sweden or to Spain before returning to Nigeria.

Oh, tell Bets that Chief Nwoga, whom she met, is now in jail on charges of corruption rising from his former position as Minister of Town Planning in the former government. It seems he was involved in some fast land deals. It was expected, since someone in his position could hardly have escaped getting involved in the general corruption of the administration. It was tremendous the amount of money that was coming right off the top of the economy and going into private pockets. We have really seen an effort to clean things up, generally and restore some measure of integrity to public life.

We went in on Monday evening to hear the De Paur Chorus, who are touring West Africa. I talked to some of them afterward and to Dr. De Paur himself. The oldtimers remember O.C. Green fondly. They still see his family when they are in Illinois. One of the brothers is the Chaplain at Fisk University. They were aware of his alcohol problem and I gathered that it was part of the reason he left the chorus.

Well, enough for now. I have to get some things together before this afternoon.

Always glad to get your letters. Go ahead, QUIT. We can always find some way, Mom, to buy fertilizer. Which reminds me:

A farmer had collected a load of manure to put on his strawberry patch and was hauling it past the mental hospital. For some reason, he had to stop opposite the fence around the institution and he was engaged in conversation by a patient as follows:

“What do you have in the wagon?”

“Manure.”

“What are you going to do with it?”

“Put it on my strawberries.”

“That’s funny. We put cream on ours.”

Love, C.

PS About that letter in the Record from Dr. Oyolu: It is an interesting story. Actually it was the work of more than one person, all of whom had things of their own to fear from an investigation. In fact, one possible thought he may have had in mind was that by throwing up a smoke-screen, he could holler “foul” when he got the boot -- on the grounds that it was retributive. He is still with us, but the man behind the whole affair is not. His office was declared redundant by the Military Governor.

Actually, any number of Nigerians faculty and students, found opportunity to tell me that it was not the way they felt.

Letter #76

Written March 16

Received March 23

Dear Everyone,

Well, no one has been around lately to act as the corresponding secretary around here! An I think I probably forgot to write and tell you what it was all about.

A friend [Ginny Drury] and I had a chance to go south, almost to Port Harcourt, to attend a Guide Training Center 3-day conference. We left Thursday [driving her Morris]. We got there about 4:30, expecting to find a nice place with board and room all figured out ahead of time, and were hopefully thinking there might be a swimming pool. Also, however, we knew there had been a government non-catering rest house reserved for the occasion, and based on C's experiences, there was not much real hope for a pool. After all, there are only three in all Eastern Nigeria, as far as I know, one here and two in Enugu.

We were also wondering about the food arrangements, if there would be American and African food, etc. Well, we drove into a driveway, and found off the side of the highway, a thick cement building tucked back in the trees. No plumbing, no electricity, no running water -- except from a tap by the road a few hundred yards away -- and no Europeans except us two. So our visions of air-conditioning quickly melted away. No window glass.

There were four main Nigerian women commissioners who were running the camp, and it was really camping. The only difference was that we had a roof over our heads instead of canvas tents. Also, we got folding cots and mosquito-netting. The young girls slept on palm mats on the floor.

There were thirty all together, including 24 young women who were mostly college age, and all of whom had their own Guide groups at their home towns. We had brought cots and mosquito nets, but most of them had palm mats and slept on the floor. We carried water in buckets each day, and all of the cooking was done in the back yard with fires on the ground. And the food was all Nigerian. However, lots of the girls don't like it too spicy, so it was never too "hot" for me. There was only one fermented corn much that I didn't care about for breakfast. We got used to the luke-warm water in a hurry, too.

There was a good outhouse in back, and for baths, some palm leaf cubicles were erected where we took our buckets and had open air showers.

We learned some new things, including lots of songs and games, and a few drills and procedures, proper uniforms, etc. We came back Sunday, very happy to get back to iced drinks, etc. However, at home they had had a power failure and hadn't much water or electricity either! Sunday was OK, but in a big storm two transformers were knocked out with four strikes of lightning, and we were without electricity again for 24 hours, and no running water for 56. But I was prepared by that time, to cook out in the back yard, dig a latrine, and run a camp! We never had to do any of this, actually, but I remember when it happened before, wondering how long the food supply would last, etc. This time I knew perfectly well we would get along with all Nigerian food bought at the marketplace and cooked in a big family pot outdoors. In fact, I was sort of looking forward to going ahead on that plan, then things go back in order again. Too bad!

Letter No. 77

Written March 31

Received April 15

Dear Mother;

Just got your letter today and will answer right away, during Rest Hour. We always (?) have a time during the hottest part of the day when offices close down and the little businesses in town close for a couple of hours. If you don't rest, and decide to do errands, you keep interrupting other people's siestas when you knock. Only the Americans go abroad during this time, it seems. The Indians you will find resting yet at 4:30 or 5:00. The school children are released at 2:30 and come home to play indoors out of the sun, usually. Then at 3:30 the pool is open, so they go down there. It is at the far end of the campus, a mile away and down hill from us. So they don't rest much.

Chuck and Dave will be here to visit on Thursday, the 5th, for the long 4-day Easter holiday. I'll be happy to see them again. Chuck is nearly as tall as I am, but not scrawny. Dave is pretty short yet. I hope he'll give a spurt one of these days.

I've been cleaning house, trying to find a place for all the souvenirs and things which come into the house. Charlie has been down with a virus for a few days, but is OK now. Only weak. Not much other news.

Now, concerning the third year in Africa, don't worry. I didn't figure you would be overjoyed, but facts are facts:

1. There are some unaccomplished things that must be finished in order to turn the Department of Humanities over to a Nigerian teacher. Charlie is head of the Department, as you know, and there has never been a Nigerian in this area before. The University appointed this man last fall and it is a two year turnover job.
2. Charlie must be here to get all of the syllabus outlines ready for the printer. It will become the first textbook on Humanities from an African point of view, starting with the culture here and working out.
3. We are earning a good chunk of money with more "profit" than we've ever earned before, and more than we'll probably ever earn again, and one more year will put us ahead just that much more. By the way -- what gives the most interest in stocks and bonds, savings, etc? We've been thinking we may have something to invest in other than the MSU credit union account, when we are finished here.
4. Also, we will get two more trips to Europe! This summer we will have saved up 60 days we can take, so we'll take two weeks in Rome, Greece, and London, then cross to America for thirty days, the return to Europe with two more weeks to spend in Paris and Spain. The next summer we will have thirty days to spend before coming home for good.

I'm just glad there is a "home leave" program provided at all. Well, if there weren't it probably would have affected our planning and organizing a great deal. The Dutch people get a leave each year.

March 31st, 1966

Dear Folks,

I'll answer right away -- just got a letter from you today and it was good to hear. Heard from my mother too, and she scolded me for not writing once a week! I sent her snapshots like yours, and she also said, "It is too bad Jim sort of spoiled it by acting smarty"!! Honestly! It wasn't a very subtle letter. Says it is "goofy" of Chuck: "I don't care for his haircut." She and the missionary people would get along fine. Actually, everyone has a right to like long hair or not but she is certainly candid about it!

Besides, we are living closer to normal teenagers than she ever did, and are interested in self-expression of kids, and would rather have long hair than a cigarette smoker or drug addict! 'Nuff of that!

Yesterday was "beautiful". Cloudy and rainy all day and clear down to 77 degrees. Felt just like home and lovely! We have had clear, sunny, hot weather practically every day since October...Dry Season. And was it dry! And dusty!

Well, the change was welcome. Slacks and a long-sleeved pullover actually felt very comfortable!

Today we're back to 92 degrees and partly cloudy.

Went over for meat today. A truck now comes up regularly once a week from Enugu with big slabs of meat in the enclosed back end. You can buy and also order for the next week. It's a great luxury. Meat used to be the main problem, and reason for going to Enugu.

We planned to go for odds & ends the 1st, but find it a big Muslim holiday, so everything will be closed. We also wanted to replace a tie rod on the car -- anything mechanical takes all day and yo have to be there at 8:00 am, meaning leaving here at 7:00 am.

We bent a tie rod when the front left tire disappeared into a narrow eroded ditch for a second, one Charlie didn't see, in a busy village. It's been hammered out and one new bushing put in. But there is still quite a shimmy at 57-60 mph.

Your weekend with Kris and Patty really sounded like a whirlwind! I don't think I would have been up to the strain.

Gee, I hope the boys haven't changed too much! They look exactly the same, in my opinion. Except little Robby was only 6 when he left, and Chuck was only 12. Now 8 and 14. More interesting, though.

By the way Chuck was playing with Robby's name one day and came up with Ruddy, which stuck. So don't be surprised if you hear "Rud" (rhymes with Bud). Even his teacher calls him Ruddy. (Steve sometimes says Cruddy but I call on that.)

We're sorry about Aunt Eunice. And delighted over Aunt Taty!

Love to all,
June

Letter No 78.

Written April 13

Received April 23

Dear Everyone;

So another letter arrives. This time I'll be able to say "Hurrah, Chuck and Dave made it home." We met their plane at Enugu. It was a little Comanche 4-seater flown by one of the professional pilots from America who are employed by the Sudan Interior Mission, which is a big thing up at Jos, for doing business and making connections between all the outlying missions in Nigeria.

Actually, the two Frost boys and two House boys rode along in one seat really built for two adults, and the pilot and one other boy were in the front two seats. But they got here, and we had such a good time visiting with them. They did a lot of loafing around, but I figured that was actually what they came home for.

There was a good movie on here at the Faculty Club Saturday night, which we all went to, and on Easter -- we were thinking of all of you -- we got up early and went a couple of miles out to St. Cyprian's Teacher Training School where Charlie had preached before, and where he was asked to come on Easter. A small chapel, typically barren, with wooden benches, no curtains, but a nice big drapery back of the lectern. Those men can sure sing.

Afterwards, the principal of the school, whom we had met before, asked us to his house so the boys could see a Nigerian sitting room and have kola nut. Some

of us had been through this before. The custom is to offer your guests seats, then the wife brings out a dish with a round pink-purple seed pod in it, called kola. Yes, the coca cola extract is made from this. The head of the household takes it and usually passes it to the oldest (sometimes youngest) member to touch, out of respect to same, then the head breaks it open into it's four natural sections, and cuts it smaller, depending on how many people are present. Sometimes it takes two or three kola nuts. Then the guests and host simply chew it up and swallow it. And it is as bitter as gall. (This whole pod is a little bigger than a golf ball).

In normal procedures there are always invocations or blessings said by the host and the guests, wishing for no ill or evil to fall on anyone present, or his family, etc. But we dispensed with that. This time, also, (and this varies from place to place) there was a sauce to dip the kola into. It is a peanut butter with red hot pepper mixed into it. Sort of kills the bitterness of the kola nut, but brings tears to one's eyes. The boys did very well. Most had tasted kola before. At any rate, when you have any guest come to your house, you offer him "kola" -- anything you have on hand, really, as long as it represents hospitality.

Back to Chuck and Dave -- we all had lunch out at the Continuing Education Center, which has a nice dining room, American style, here on the campus. And in the afternoon Dave decided to make taffy, and was busily going at it on his own. On Monday we went into Enugu to the Sports Club (a good rest stop when all the stores close from 12:30 to 2:00 business days. It costs only \$2.83 a month -- that's one pound. There was a swimming meet for children that

Letter No. 79

Pictures, Notes, Belated Birthday Card

Received April 29

Dear Mother and Grandma;

A brief note:

1. Pictures enclosed. Hope you enjoy them.
2. Did you get my recent letter asking if you received my \$250.00 check? I am going to stop payment if I don't hear soon.
3. Did you get another letter asking you to contact Paul Kern for me, asking if he will be in Lincoln in July to do some work on our teeth? Have you called him?

4. I will write Aunt Helen.

I've sent another letter. We are very busy with pre-arrangements right now -- mimeographing, selling tickets, inviting VIP's, putting up posters, etc. We sing on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday -- last week in April.

Much love,
June

On back of one of the pictures:

My life saving class, February 1966 Nsukka

The other standing girl is the Instructor. American and MSU and USAID --
Inge Fritz/ Her family has been her four years.

The sitting girl is quite new.

Marlin, the boy by my right shoulder, dislocated his shoulder while practicing a rescue on me, near the end of the course.

These guys are very lean, and heavy in the water! Nice fellows.

The white boy is in Jr. Year Abroad.

On Birthday Card:

Chuck and Dave are here now, and it's so good to see them! They are looking fine and are growing up mentally and emotionally. Dave is learning to study better, and Chuck is developing a love of literature and creative writing. It is much fun to see the advancements.

Only six weeks of school left. We should be seeing you around June 25 or 26.

Love,
June

Letter No. 80

Written April 19

Postmarked Enugu April 22

Received April 29

Dear Mother;

Very busy here -- concert coming up. I have been stenciling tickets and distributing posters and handbills.

The electricity went off one day, and our water is off every day about half the time. Faulty pumps, growing community, decreasing water supply. Life's little

problems! We always store the bathtub full, and there is usually plenty to do the washing Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Rob had a boil on his arm yesterday. Spent an hour and a half at the Medical Center getting ordinary treatment. The lines are too long. The bank takes a half hour. Also had to get groceries -- another 45 minutes. And this last week the altos of the Chorus have been practicing two and a half hours each morning.

Hope your birthday was memorable. The books I had for you, they wouldn't send except for \$5.00 or some such amount! So I still have them. I'm sorry.

Love,

June

Letter No. 81

Written April 28

Postmarked Enugu April 29

Received May 5

Dear Mother and Grandma;

I have been wondering if you got a letter of mine. I asked if you would phone Paul Kern and ask if he will be on duty in July. We want to take a couple of mornings and catch up on our dental work while in Lincoln. You can't necessarily make any definite appointments, but I would like to find out what his plans are.

Also, I sent a \$250.00 check in a letter and didn't hear about it, and wrote another asking if you had received it.

I wrote a week ago telling about our concerts coming up in three towns, and all the extra practicing we are doing. This is a chorus which Charlie and I are in and have been since Christmas 1964. I know I've mentioned it, but now it is time again to perform. We've given 2 concerts now, and are doing the last one Saturday, April 30. It is fun, and we are pretty good. About 35 of us. But we have to drive 70 miles, also.

Enough of that. We are trying to make plans for our trip but need to write ahead for reservations, etc. It looks like we will get to Florence, Italy, a great art center I studied about in College, and we'll get a car in Genoa (we're going to drive a friend's car to a seaport.) Then London, then home. That will seem so good, but there won't be much time to shop!!

I'm tickled to hear that my high school class of 1946 is having a 20th year reunion on June 25th. I would love to be there by then, but it depends on our friend's car. I think we can do it, though.

Also, we hope to see Alma friends in France or England. Boy what an opportunity. We have seen how our boys respond to this kind of traveling, too, and can see that they're ready for more. They were very uncomplaining and well-

behaved about minor inconveniences and seemed to absorb lots of interesting impressions.

I've written to Aunt Helen, just before this. I better get off a note to the Houses, too. They said Janie and Dan were going to go to the farm and meet us with our Chevy, and turn it over to us for the time we are there.

Oh yes, for the concert we got together a small orchestra -- 2 flutes, 5 strings, and piano. And that is the first time it has ever been done here. It as something of an accomplishment!

Love,
June and all.

Letter No. 82

Written April 29

Received May 10

Dear Mother and Grandma;

This is a very rainy afternoon. We were threatened with black clouds all morning, and now they have cut loose. A driving rain for 25 minutes, and it is still 80 degrees. It's usually 92 to 94 this time of year. In fact, it is funny how chilly we sometimes are at the outdoor movies. Then we go home and see the thermometer says only 72 or 74. It never gets cooler than 70. Still, in Austria we felt very comfortable, too. But it wasn't below zero. Mostly 20 degrees.

Well I got another letter from you, and I'm awfully sorry about the mail situation. I know there must be some letters you are not getting, because I've asked questions you have never answered. I also wrote about sending you books, and wrote again saying after I had been to the post office I was disgusted because they would not admit any book rate. I had send a child's book of one pound for about 36 cents, and for a 4 pound book they said the cheapest rate was about seven or eight dollars. So I wrote and said I would have to bring it.

Also, I've asked you about your receiving my \$250.00 check, and no answer. And I've asked you to phone Paul Kern and ask if he can check our family's teeth in July, and no answer. So I really think it isn't all my fault, because I know you are very good about answering.

For a long time I had been putting USA on my letters, and that may be taken for Union of South Africa. There are millions of letters going back and forth between Nigeria and there.

And too, how can you say I haven't written in three weeks because you can tell by the postmarks on the letters, and my dates. If I write and two letters don't get there, that means there are two dates they are not even allowing you to see. Anyway, it is a shame, and I will try to write oftener, too. But we do have an unadvanced mail system here. It and other systems are about like the United States at the turn of the century. Slow, inefficient, and faulty. A telegram may

wait in the office a day before a man goes to deliver it by hand. (By bicycle.) All the modern machinery and ways, if here, have been imported and are still incomprehensible to much of the population.

Well, as to our dates -- we want to be in Lincoln the 25th of June for my high school class reunion, which will mean driving out on Charlie's birthday and having a birthday supper with you instead of with his folks, which might disappoint them, but it would be nice for you and us. We would fly from London to Chicago and Moline the night of the 22nd, and meet his folks the 23rd and stay over one night there, then drive out.

Considering the stuff you want me to sort when I come, we plan to haul everything over to some storage place. We cannot take it back to Illinois with us. We'll just send for it some day, or get a U-Haul the next summer.

Also, about sleeping arrangements, don't worry because I think it would be less unsettling for you with such a gang parked at a motel nearby. Or there may be a cheap family rate at a hotel. Please phone Mrs. Craven today and find out what Lincoln has to offer.

We are anxious to see you again, but know what a burden seven of us can be. Whatever is best for you is what we want.

Love,
June

Friday, April 29, 1966

Dear Folks,

Just a note to let you know we're still kicking.

We've had a lot of rehearsals and 2 concerts with one still to do on Sat. the 30th and are real busy.

Glad to hear, tho', and we hope Janie don't have a difficult time with her teeth (I didn't with mine. I had a sitter come in -- but mine had erupted which makes it easier.) It's a shock to your system anyway, and she'll appreciate the extra rest.

We've been planning schedules -- trying to work it in with friends, and delivering a new car of theirs to a seaport, meeting 2 Alma friends in Paris, plus a class reunion of mine (20 years) in Lincoln on June 25th.

It would mean meeting you June 23rd at Moline. Then driving to Lincoln the 24th, unfortunately, and getting the Lincoln visit over with at the very first. We'll see. It may not work. I wish they had scheduled the reunion a week later. We can't start any earlier from here.

We're getting excited about getting home! We also will be happy to do a little shopping, but there won't be much time at all.

Do you think you and Dad could find time to pick up some Elmer's glue and epoxy when you're shopping -- after you're off your job? That would help.

However, I have an Indian friend who brought back 2 saris for me in February and I owe her some shopping. And I will have to take something back to my Girl Guides!

Enough of that practical aspect. We're dying to see you again and talk & talk. We're so glad that you, Mom, will be home more and that you, Dad, won't be toting back and forth, either.

See you in 6 - 7 weeks!

Love, June

Letter No. 83

Written May 1

Received May 10

Dear Mother and Grandma;

This is Sunday. The concerts are finally over and our schedules can get back to normal.

Did I tell you the second performance was rained out? Practically. It rained two hours before the thing, and there was some lightning. The lights went out -- except the funny thing is that the power plant for that area doesn't have any overload switches to protect the transformers, so it always throws the switch off until the storm has passed, putting Enugu in darkness on purpose. Well, it lasted past our beginning time. We hung up kerosene lamps and began anyway. Lights came on much later, but only half the crowd came.

Also, problems at Onitsha. This is the Alice in Wonderland kind of thing that often happens in Nigeria and drives people to distraction. Like Charlie in charge of summer exchange students. You make reservations for thirty kids at two or three hotels -- there isn't any one place with that many rooms except expensive hotels -- and you never know when you get there if they will have your rooms ready, or if maybe a chief, or member of Parliament and his party happened in and needed that space. Anyway, we drove two hours to get to Onitsha -- knowing that one Nigerian man was making contacts and a British woman was reserving

supper at one place, etc. Got there, hot trip, and auditorium doors were locked with no one around. After thirty minutes the conductor crawled through a broken pane and opened the building. Folding seats were awry, dust, no risers on the stage, and no piano. We all set to work to do the best we could, but we didn't get any rehearsal. Finally found the principal of the Catholic school -- on vacation -- in the same courtyard. He said no one had said "boo" to him about it, but he let the men into his chapel and they carried down a big harmonium from the balcony, and to the auditorium. It seemed to work pretty well. Then we went to have supper.

Came back -- all ready. At concert time ten people had shown up. We held off thirty minutes and another fifty came. We had expected three hundred. Last concert had more, and the socialites (Nigerian) had promised a full house if we'd only come again. we had been begged to come on a week's notice last time. They want our "cultured" music in their town so badly.

Anyway, we began, although the lightning was wretched. And come to find out, faults were developing in the harmonium! I guess there were holes in the pipes, because a note would keep wheezing all the time even when it wasn't played. Like a child thumping away at one key while someone is trying to play a piece. So we had to cut out the organ. Orchestra alone was fair, but we needed

the full accompaniment. So he played only the higher notes and it worked out all right.

Seventy people came, mostly Roman Catholics. Our contact man was R.C. I still don't know the whole story, but I'd like to choke somebody. We were all disappointed, of course, and just barely made back what we had to pay for gas to get there and back. That was Onitsha, on the Niger River. We got home at 1:00 AM, and this morning Charlie has the sermon at our protestant assembly (trying to raise money for a chapel).

Letter No. 84

Written May 2, 1966

Received May 10

Dear Mother and Grandma;

Another hot day -- 94 degrees. I am out getting some sun, on our balcony porch. I still like to get a good tan like I used to during school days. It actually covers up so many little skin blemishes that seem to stand out like a sore thumb if your skin is very white. There are some of the whitest skinned people on the campus I've ever seen. And it isn't just a matter of contrast. Compared to some of them, I'm as dark as an East Indian. But don't worry -- I'll never again be as tan as I got at San Luis. Here it is difficult because there is not so much ultra violet that comes through. Mostly red rays. For instance, our thermometer in the shade shows 94, but in the direct sun (and not laid upon cement or any other trick) it will show 114. A lot of radiation. Lots of Nigerian women carry umbrellas. Not so dumb. In two years I haven't heard of anyone suffering from a sun stroke or heat stroke.

My last letter told you about our concerts, that are finished. Now it is time to get travel plans started, clothes sorted for traveling, and on May 25th the boys will

get out of school at Jos. We had to spend quite a few evenings away from Steve, Jim, and Rob, and they were beginning to feel a little woebegone.

Sunday, when I do the cooking myself, and our household help is out from underfoot, we bought a bundle of firewood (1/6, one shilling and six pence, which is about 18 cents) and we arranged a campfire in the back yard and cooked our supper out doors. Just stew and biscuits, and we brought cake out. It was fun, and better than stew indoors.

As I sit here, I can look way up in the sky and see buzzards gliding, gliding around. There are lots of buzzards in Africa, and it is a good thing because in an underdeveloped country, people aren't always informed enough to gather and bury garbage. We are lucky on the campus to have a Health Officer and regular garbage removal.

Charlie is helping plan summer students' programs again this year, but he isn't head of the committee, tank goodness. But some nut at MSU went on printing the schedule and making plans according to last year's UNN schedule, and didn't think to check up with this year's University calendar. He has students from Nigeria due there for the summer registration before they are even through exams here.

A man came out from MSU to straighten it out. He said the Department of Humanities there is most eager to get Charlie back there in their Department,

and are very pleased with reports of his work here. In fact, they are wanting to use some of this work, and credits from Seminary, to qualify him for his Doctorate. After this man goes back and talks to Charlie's Doctoral Committee, we'll know more, but there is a big chance he may only have to write his Dissertation while here the third year, plus two language requirements when he gets back! This is a big break. He's qualified himself right out of his BA and BD. One year at MSU should get him his Doctor's degree.

Love,
June

Letter No. 85

Written May 5, 1966

Received May 17

Dear Mother and Grandma,

A grey, rainy, blustery day today, but about eighty degrees. Otherwise it is much like a May day in America. Except that rain is dripping off palm branches and huge banana leaves instead of elms and maples. The umbrellas are up, and the raincoats are on.

At breakfast there was a loud crack in the kitchen and our electric stove (provided by AID) burned out. Lightning, I suppose.

Later: Had a campus electrician come up and it was a fuse that had blown. So he fixed it.

It rained again Sunday. We were glad to get water in buckets, from the roof, because there is a pump that is broken in the small "water station" and we haven't had running water for four days. Our bathtub had a good supply stored in it.

And our cook can go across the street where there is a tap that goes. He brings back buckets of water, enough for cooking and washing dishes, but our laundry is piling up. We use some water for sponge baths, and some for flushing down the toilets. Most inconvenient!! This certainly isn't the first time.

Charlie and his department are making up exams this week. Has 50 students taking Humanities. That means a lot of papers to grade. He is also in on the Minex curriculum planning, and Participant's Training program for choosing 27 students who are to go to America for Masters or Doctor's degrees. They have two years in America on AID money. The University here keeps the family. Charlie is not only in on these committees, but is co-chairman of both! There are more jobs around here than available men. Takes much time.

LATER:

We have just come into Enugu for the day, without the boys, who are in school. We had some shopping to do, and Girl Guide stuff to pick up -- and get plane reservations lined up for our trip home.

We will leave London on June 23rd, arriving in Chicago the same day. Will think a little longer to decide if we'll drive out the 24th or not.

Love, June

Letter No. 86

Written May 6, 1966

Postmarked May 9 -- place not clear

Received May 16

Dear Mother and Grandma;

You'll never guess where I am -- at the local market by the slaughter house so our gardener can load up two big garbage cans with manure for our garden. We are a mile from home -- it is too far for Vincent to keep making trips by bicycle. So he will shovel while I write to you, and then we'll drive it home. Incidentally, previous to this we had to go to the mission to collect "manu". The slip permits us to get 100 head-pans full at each. It's going to take a few more trips!

This is not Market Day. Every other day is. People from the country (bush) walk in and settle in bamboo stalls with thatch roofs, and sit all day. Three hundred people at least. So it is very quiet today.

We come over now and then and get palm mats for the floor instead of rugs. One shilling and six pence each. Sometimes we get a village pot for a shilling -- use them for flower pots. I even found a pair of beige jeans for David in one of the many used-clothing-from-America stalls, fresh and clean, starched and ironed. Only 6 shillings and 9 pence-- less than a dollar.

I heard there is a rise in duty on imported used clothes. A lot of people were put out of business. It is too bad to think of all the churches donating used clothes, then people here paying the duty and then selling then in the market. I have never heard or seen of any clothes given away here, and many of the "bush" people go in rags.

I wrote to Alma about a new skirt this month. It would cost \$8.00 and \$6.00 air mail postage; then at this side of the ocean, the duty would be on the value of the contents, PLUS the value of all the stamps on it! About \$15.00 in all. Ridiculous! I cancelled those plans quickly, needless to say.

After this I have to go to a place where the meat truck comes to from Enugu. They have a "Cold Store" there, but have no refrigerated truck. So it comes up warm, once a week. But it saves us a 40 mile trip. And we did bring a new freezer

over with us, so I can get big amounts. It's not too expensive. I hope there isn't a long line. It usually takes about 45 minutes.

Today I also went to the Post Office again, to mail a picture to you. Twenty-three people ahead of me. You can see where I spend some of my time. The Bank takes only twenty minutes.

It would be nice if we had a telephone, but it always takes over an hour to phone forty miles.

Love,
June

Letter No. 87

Written May 14, 1966

Postmarked May 16

Received May 20

Dear Mother and Grandma;

This has been a busy day again.

I am finally winding up my idea to send back some songs by Nigerian elementary school children to the school where our boys went in Alma. It took a long time to get around to it in the first place. Last spring I sent two songs that I had copied down, to Alma to the music teacher that I knew. She got them ready by fall, taught the children (and other patriotic songs of America), tape recorded it all and sent it to us for a Christmas surprise. Actually, it got here after our vacation.

I told the Headmaster about it and said there was a greeting to his children from the American children's principal. Asked if he couldn't record his kids singing. He seemed lukewarm. I had to remind him a month later. Then he wrote a note to say the school tape recorder was on the blink and he didn't want to bother about getting one. It sounded like he wasn't interested. A month later I bugged him again. Recorder still wasn't fixed. So I was going to borrow a neighbor's. About then our concert rehearsals increased and I was awfully busy as business manager. Finally in May I wrote for an appointment to play the tape in assembly. OK. He gave me a time. I went over. Big storm. No electricity. Went the next day. They couldn't find the music for the piano accompaniment for Nigerian recording. But they heard the tape anyway! I went back three days later -- pianist came. The children hadn't practiced, so I sat from 9:00 to 11:30 while grades filed in and out, practiced, recorded, etc. Finally went home. Yesterday I prepared a small assortment of stamps and money to send along.

Today I wrote a letter to the Alma music teacher and wrapped everything up, and took it to a man who is flying back to Michigan tomorrow. Things like this often take a lot of time and trips in the car, since there is no telephone to arrange things. And we usually have several projects going at once! I'll be glad to get home and relax from all this for awhile!

We're getting anxious to see you! Date later. We are arriving in the States January 23 for sure.

Love,
June

May 15, 1966

Dear Folks,

We're in Enugu again with the boys at the swimming pool. It's Sunday, and Charles was supposed to preach here today. In fact, we got up at 6 am, boys and all, and drove in, only to find that another minister was already there ahead of us!

So we went to find the mimeographed "schedule" and even though it is correct, it is weird to figure out and hard to read. Sure enough, we weren't due in Enugu until next Sunday! (We had even left a farewell party early last night to get enough sleep for today.) That's life! So now we're relaxing a while before starting back.

Next weekend we may come down on Saturday afternoon, eat supper, see a movie and stay all night, rather than get up so early!

Well, this is a very significant day! We're wondering if you are actually at work this Sunday, Mom? I assume so, from what you said. And I do hope our card made it in time and the message from the Hotel Custer. If not, I'll be terribly disappointed. Now, what will it feel like to sleep late several mornings in a row? A week? 2 weeks? Heavenly!

And we will be so happy to have you both "at home" when we come. Wonderful! And it won't be long now! We're getting anxious. (It's funny how a strange lethargy settles over you here. You can't quite visualize getting out of the hot, humid weather and the bad roads, inconveniences, poor food supplies, standing in line, no telephones, etc. until you're actually packed and have your ticket in your hand! It's like a slow hot August when you can't MOVE, and you know a fall frost is bound to show up sometime. It's hard to believe it's going to ever be a reality.)

HOWEVER, there is an excitement beginning to develop as we realize there are only 3 weeks to go until we leave here! We'll fly from London on June 23rd - arriving Moline around suppertime, I believe.

Not too long now!

Love,
June

Letter No. 88

Written May 21, 1966

Postmarked May 23

Received May 27

Dear Mother and Grandma,

I've been working out our travel plans the best I can, and this is what I've come up with:

June 23: Fly from London to Chicago and Moline

June 25: If Houses and Bengtsons will take the boys, Charlie and I will take a train to Lincoln in time to go to the Class Reunion Dinner Dance. Then will be with you a couple of days.

June 27: Charlie should see Paul Kern, in case there is some long-term work which needs to be started. We will make a second trip to Lincoln with the boys and the car later on.

June 28: Train back to Illinois. We'll stay at the farm awhile. We also have to go to Alma and Lansing for a week to get some business done. Charlie has to talk with the department he'll join a year hence, and I should hunt houses that we can rent later. It is working out that people here who are returning this summer will rent for one year, and we might take it the second, if there is a two-year lease.

July 14: We plan to drive to Lincoln and stay about a week. Depends.

July 20: Drive to Illinois

July 23: Fly -- starting return trip back.

This should help you with your planning.

Charlie and I will be happy to use your basement "apartment" but later we can easily get a motel or hotel room so the traffic isn't so heavy in your house.

Wouldn't that be easier on nerves all the way around?

As to sorting -- I want some movers to come and take everything you don't want and put it in storage for a year.

Dentist appointments: June 27, 10:00 - 12:00. I think July 15, 18, 19, 9:00 - 12:00. This should finish everyone off. Please tell him Charlie may need some gold

fillings and I know I need a porcelain filling. Steve may need some orthodontia adjustments.

It won't be too long now. We are getting anxious.

Love,

June

...and this is the last letter I have. *From the original Grandma Hornby letters.*

There are a bunch of miscellaneous pages that don't seem to belong to a specific letter, so I'm putting them in here.

Wonder whatever happened to the letters after this? Or letters from Europe?

Misc. I

...and very blonde. Not much wave.

We heard from Beth yesterday. She went to Tunis, but didn't mention it. Was in Munich when she mailed the letter. Had seen Frankfurt, and was checking prices of winter clothes for us. She's OK, but there aren't prospects for many jobs in Munich. She had thought she might stay a long time, if so. Janie finally had her baby late, a boy, so they now have a girl and a boy, but Beth won't be at any mailing place long enough for me to tell her. She's dying of curiosity.

Speaking of winter clothes, I don't think I've mentioned before but the US government seems to realize that a person is on the grill all the time in a job and

place like this, and always in the public and international spotlight if things go wrong. They have a new policy, made since we got here, issuing an official Rest and Relaxation benefit (vacation) to any family who has been here 18 months. They fly your family to the equivalent of Rome and back, free! The rest is up to you. We are so bored with continual summer, summer, summer, we've decided to go just a little further by train and find some good snow and ski! This will be during Christmas vacation, luckily, when all the boys are home, and Charlie is free. We will have Christmas in Germany or Austria. It will be wonderful to see a real Christmas tree and snow again.

Our problem is leaving 90 degree weather and stepping off the plane into maybe ten degree weather. We think we can gather enough warm things through people visiting the campus from MSU, then we can buy ski stuff in Munich. These were the prices Beth was checking on.

I guess I better get some Christmas cards ready early this year.

Thanks for the ball scores, etc. Hurray for Nebraska and Devaney! How about the World Series?

More later.

Love, June & all

Misc. II

The Nigerian girls at the camp were most gracious. They included us very well, except there was a little separation because of the mere fact that I was older and married, and the mother of five children. They are very respectful of their elders, although I tried to do as much work as any of them (organized into patrols). One evening at the first five of us went to a nearby school to get benches to use (between semesters for the schools), and we came back carrying them, naturally on our heads. Also, the same for a bucket of water. You should have seen me. Most people can carry one without using any hands holding on, but I had to use one arm, as many of the girls did, too. Oh, for a picture

Anyway, they were all nice, and the leaders were impressed that we had come at all. We got back and found that the Conference for Brownie Leaders a few days before in Port Harcourt did have air conditioning.

Well, so much for now, except I am sending some greeting cards today. The salesman in Enugu told me the 20th was Mother's Day, so I got these all ready, and now realize it was May 20th he meant. Oh, well.

Love,

June

Misc. III

...the sixth day we had a Coffee here for all the AID wives to meet Beth. More tennis, and went to Enugu in the afternoon. Swimming, and shopped some. The seventh day Beth went with the Frosts and their 18 year old daughter to the Onitsha Market where they have a coliseum full of cloth. Some is like Kresge's, however.

The eighth day more tennis, and Steve had to go to the doctor with some boil-like infections on his legs. The sores are nearly all healed. They never could decide what kind of sores they were, but all the kids have had them similarly, at some time. Good treatment and cleanliness do wonders. We also got groceries. That night we had ten people in all for a Curry dinner.

The ninth day we went to Enugu, starting at 8:00 am, for an all-day checkup on the car. We did some shopping, and went to the big Enugu Market and looked at the raffia work, and ju-ju section, baskets, pots, etc. And at night (swam first) we went to some friends' house for dinner, then all went to the movie at the hotel. (One of the two in town.)

The tenth day was a total loss, but at 8:00 pm we went to Enugu again with friends, to see "Quo Vadis". Then there were nine of us who stayed for a late steak dinner and music in the hotel. We were sort of celebrating three couples who had been married fifteen years. The movie was very late and we left the later dinner around 1:30 am. Everything was lovely until our friends' generator gave out, and we couldn't go any further. So we were stuck on the highway, waiting for dawn so we could travel without any lights. We had just enough spark to get downhill back into Enugu for help. No one passed us but two lorries headed off to Onitsha, loaded with market people. No gas stations. We had help from Enugu campus people who took us home. Aaron was with the boys, and Ferns' steward was there, too. We were awfully sleepy from trying to snooze in the car. It was raining and no one could walk for help. We were very sleepy that Sunday -- the eleventh day -- and did a maximum of napping and a minimum of cooking. Charlie began to write a speech. We made lollipops.

The twelfth day we went to the market and bought aqua linen for Beth, and started her sewing. Charlie found that poor arrangements had been made and that his speech wasn't due Monday, but the next Friday. No one told him. Such red tape. Company came in the evening to talk over a trip to Kano, all going together. I think we'll meet them up there.

So now we are up to date to Tuesday afternoon, the 24th. Time is going too fast.

Love,
June

Misc. IV

...Mentioned in another letter that we had an orchestra of 8 people. One was a nurse from Port Harcourt (200 miles) and she had to go back on duty for a sick nurse, near the last. She was one of two cellists.

Love,
June

Misc. V

SIX

What was it like there? Poinsettias were growing wild; and bougainvillea all over the houses; frangipani (as in Hawaii), and even one fine Gardenia bush. Outside the campus were many, many villages and a big market, all within walking distance of each other. We sometimes took the path to market, and always met many natives going about their business. But they were never too

busy to look into your eyes and greet you. Children were taught to greet us too. Adults said “N’na” or “Kedu?” But children often said, “Onocha!”

Lorries, or trucks, were always on the roads...transporting people, goats, chickens, mail, boxes, everything. They often had a catch phrase painted above the windshield...”Chukwu Di” (God Lives)...”Rapwu Okwu” (Don’t make trouble). But where were our boxes from America?

Makeshift was our way of life. Our air freight, due in weeks, did not arrive for weeks. Sea freight, due in weeks, came later. And the small car we had planned for the narrow roads, never was delivered until months later.

Thursday, July 10, 1966

Mailed from Michigan

Dear Mother and Grandma,

We got back to Rio all right and didn’t get drenched at Lincoln. We heard later on the radio the report saying it was pretty severe. The raincoat helped, though. I’ll bring it back. And the suitcase, too.

We just drove to Lansing yesterday, Wednesday -- to do business, etc., and are going to Alma Thursday evening (today).

We’ve gone to the office in Lansing that has charge of the Nigerian organization (and other-country projects) and talked to the 2 men in charge. Dr.

Wyeth is one that Charlie has worked with before -- on Minex -- and Miler is in charge of freight shipments, insurances, special problems, etc.

We found out where to write for a Correspondence course for David, we know more about our weight allowance for shipping things to the USA next summer, and a benefit concerning our storage bill; also the Program Dept. is expecting us all to get physical examinations this summer at the Department's expense (and we'll have to set this up in Lincoln, too, I guess when we come out, along with Dentist. Therefore, we will probably come out a little earlier next week than we thought. Did I say Wednesday before? It will probably be Wednesday.

We saw George Fritz -- you remember, we used his car driving through France. They returned by boat and visited their parents in Chicago and just got to Lansing yesterday. We will go to their cottage on Sunday (they still do not have a house bought).

It was good to see Alma again! We are staying with our previous backyard neighbors the Van de Marks. They are like the Keefe's, I'm sure. 7 children. big bedroom dormitory upstairs and 3 other bedrooms, so there's plenty of room.

We've corresponded quite a bit. And she is the one who helped plan the tape recording of the school children singing.

At Lansing we also found out they (Humanities Dept.) is planning on Charlie teaching there the Fall of 1967, are already making out his class schedule, and are appointing him as Asst. Professor, which is nearly unheard of for a man without a PhD! This means better salary, of course.

We took some goods up to the storeroom and they will be picked up and sent to Nsukka later in July. I still have time to get a Sears order in and back.

You remember I said we were going to visit the people who are renting 1011 Iowa -- they are out of town until Sunday -- we will see them then.

As for Illinois -- we spent a very hot few days there! Got up to 95 degrees several days. We didn't notice the heat around 90 degrees but after that it was uncomfortable. Still, much like Nigeria.

We visited Sally and Jan's cottage, 20 miles from the farm, several times to swim and for 4th of July, so the kids saw fireworks after all.

We got our laundry done, some purchasing for Nigeria, and even new clothes for the boys for school. There are so many no-iron things on the market now! You drip them dry, from sopping wet -- new houses should be built with a DRIP CLOSET with drain and ventilation and even heating unit in summer. I even saw one in a magazine this month.

Well, enough for now. C. needs to visit Lansing again and we are going to spend a day with the Fritzes on Sunday.

More later.

Love, June.

Mailed from Rome, Hotel Eton

Saturday, July 23, 1966

8:30 pm, Aloft

Dear Mother and Grandma;

I wanted to thank you for your telephone call Friday night -- it was good to hear you once more before we had to go.

I packed most of Saturday (although I had started Friday) and got boxes ready to send to MSU.

Charlie and I did one more shopping trip in to Galesburg Friday am and C. bought a black suit he had needed -- and I picked up a few more articles for friends who had just "written", Thursday. And there are still things I'm lacking but that's life. I can still look in Greece.

The Dr. had prescribed vitamin tablets for Jimmy -- and C. had forgotten to get them. So we picked those up at the airport.

Otherwise, we are put together pretty well. I still can't find my black sweater and a dark blue pleated skirt. I can't remember which place I left them, or when.

We are pretty satisfied with all the visiting we did, except we didn't have enough time, anyplace.

But we had warm welcomes, at least -- thank you for yours. I'm always amazed that you can absorb so many people and so much noise and activity when you're used to just 2 people around. (And don't worry about that last evening -- it only proves you're human -- I've forgotten it already!)

I'll keep this till Rome -- then mail it on. I'll stop for now.

Monday, July 25

Our flight was good. But because of the air strike we drove to Chicago instead of Moline (because there wasn't any plane from Moline to Chicago apparently),

We got our flight at 5:30 and were in London about midnight or 12:30 am. We missed a lot of sleep because in England it was 6:30 am and the day was just beginning.

We caught another plane on to Rome around 9:30 am, and had dinner and went to bed early.

Today we checked on a ferry boat we want to catch -- and it is booked full until the 27th. We hadn't had any address to write to ahead of time. We were lucky to get on when we did. But now we will do some sight-seeing in Rome again.

This afternoon I must go get some stamps so I can mail this. More later.

Thanks again for all you did for us -- cooking especially!

Much love,

June

Enclosure: strip of toilet paper from Pensione Lella, Rome

Aug. 5, Friday

Dear Folks,

We are in a hotel in Rome, same one I wrote from yesterday. We are going to stay over an extra day because in the papers there is unsettling news from Nigeria (enclosed). Charles went over to the American Embassy this morning to find out what they know. They said to wait over -- non-essential (unofficial) travel is discouraged -- at least, long enough to get an answer to our questioning cable to E. Lansing.

Airlines within Nigeria are not running, so we'd be stuck in Lagos. It's much better to be stuck in Rome! (I just wish we could have been stuck in Corfu!!!) (BOAC and Alitalia and Nigeria Airways are going to and from Lagos.)

Things are stabilizing politically in Nigeria since Gowon took over Wednesday -- but we will stay here till we hear from Lansing. We cabled for instructions Thursday. Wouldn't it be rough if they asked us to lay over here in Rome for a week and paid us "per diem" -- an allowance -- until things calmed down??

Well, enough of that for now. Here we sit, as of August 5th and 6th. The boys are learning their way around and have gone off alone in small groups of 2 or 3, to do some little shopping.

Oh, I meant to tell you -- Chuck has carried his stamp album all the way and has even used it in his spare time. Even on the long train trip from Rome to the ferry-boat, he opened it up, and there was an Italian priest who sat beside him and was most interested. He also collects stamps -- just ones from Italy -- and gave Chuck 4 or 5 nice ones.

Jimmy has found a bunch of tiny toy soldiers -- Greek evzones [sketch] in Corfu -- and even a guard-house. And is thinking of ones to get for that display case he put under the bed there at the farm.

We have found that the Italians really gorge on food, too. We had lunch at 2:00 and had to get spaghetti as an appetizer, then an omelette (most people there were taking chicken or veal), then fruit for dessert. Anyway, we were stuffed and did a very poor job of working up any appetites for supper at 7:00, which was ravioli, veal, salad, and more fruit. I'm going to have to stay home once a day at mealtime or I'm going to add pounds fast!

We've been staying close to the hotel and shopping district and embassy. Tomorrow we may plan to go to a beach for awhile -- or something different. City living is hard on the boys.

We have another problem. Chuck's school begins about now or Monday seriously, and I wonder if we can get him to Jos. It is also in unsettled territory between North and South, which seems to be a bone of contention in Nigeria. We

will investigate tomorrow the possibility of putting Chuck into an English-speaking school in or near Rome! Other AID kids, as you know, do this during high school years. In fact, we learned that the Cabiness family (from University of Nigeria) is also marking time in and near Rome, after having just taken their 15-16 year old daughter to a school in Switzerland. C. can ask at the Embassy what schools there are available, tomorrow. Chuck likes Italy and I don't think he would mind -- especially with a Christmas vacation coming with us. We'll see.

I'll close for now. We are already missing fresh milk, soft bread and pastries (it's always fruit for dessert here). But we've found a great ice cream cone place 2 blocks away. (I wish I knew how to make cones in Nigeria. Send me the recipe if you fine one!

Did you have time to get those horrible boxes off to E. Lansing? I asked them to wait for them before packing Air Freight, so don't worry. They won't get left behind! Try writing here -- if we go they'll forward it. (If things are really bad in Nigeria they'll ship us home to USA.)

Love,
June.

After return from "home leave"

Summer 1966

Saturday

Please excuse carbon.

Chuck got the stamps. Thanks! and belt for tape recorder. Do you think you could find another stamp like the doggy on this envelope?

Dear Folks;

Here's a surprise letter, a quick one, written on Saturday. I hope it reaches you Monday. It's going from Lagos to America with the Participants Training Group. C. is accompanying them from Enugu to Lagos today, Saturday, and will wave them goodbye on Sunday, and they will carry mail to Michigan for him. It will be mailed Sun. or Monday from the States.

Thanks to my stamp-collecting son I have a 5 cent American stamp to put on the letter!

Things here are very calm...dull, in fact. The Ibos see a pessimistic long-term view of things with Ibos all returning to their home territory, and the Northerners are leaving our section and going back up North, etc. This has been going on for weeks, though, and we aren't actually seeing anybody hiking along the road. And there are so many students of one region attending a University of another region it would be impossible to repatriate them all and find places enough for the ones coming in, at least as far as Ibos are concerned; So they may or may not return, and if they do there won't be space enough here at the University of Nigeria.

Politically, there are talks going on; the fighting has died down to arguing, at least. But still the American Consul says it isn't a good idea to get Chuck off home base, in case the East (here) withdraws and secedes or some such. At the

border between East and North (which we have to cross to take Chuck to Jos) cars are being stopped and checked nowadays and some are turned back. The train to Jos is stopped too, at Makurdi, each day and put through a 4-hour search for anything that smells of sabotage...arms, of course, etc. So Chuck remains with us still. I am sending a letter to Ibadan to see if they can make room for Chuck there in September. Fate is so funny. This is the school we first applied to, then changed our minds. And we WERE glad chuck wasn't there during the military coup in January. There was big congestion in Ibadan and Lagos.

There is a "mini-bus" taking a group of 6 or 7 teen-agers from Nsukka to the school, en masse, in September and there is no "border", as such, to cross, although you do go to the Western Region. But there are no restrictions. The Northerners are the ones who are getting huffy. At Jos, Chuck would be the only one to look for transportation to and from this area.

I'm enclosing a brochure on the International School, to my mother. Please wait a bit. I've asked her to send it on.

C. has been at his desk all week. He is in charge of the Participants Training group that will go next year. He will be one of the main people to interview hundreds of people who apply, arrange Social Hours, etc. It's a big "spare time"

job! And looking at all the stuff on his desk he says, "I never should have left". But doesn't really believe it.

I've been cleaning house, while I'm inspired. We sorted a lot of "STUFF" out that Chuck had collected and didn't want anymore, and a closet is now "half neat" whereas it was chaos before, and we got Chuck's and Dave's possessions out of Jim, Rob and Steve's room into their own and J., R., and S.'s possessions into the drawers vacated by C. and D., etc. etc. etc. Now if I could just keep my motor going until the whole place is neat (my own room included), I'd be in good shape for packing and getting things ready to go next spring. That's what I'm aiming for already.

Chuck has been associating this last week with the teen-agers (waiting for Ibadan School to open), several are new here. Others are friends already. They've been comparing stamps, and he's been going to their houses, and vice versa, rather often, whereas he is usually too much of a stick-at-home.

Dave has been having a ball being noisy, after the last stretch of enforced quiet in the hotel in Rome. (Also, within the walls of our "motel" in Greece, they had to toe the mark.)

They've all been using the piano off and on and enjoying that, as do C. and I. And otherwise, for 6 days the younger 4 have been playing practically all the time with toy blocks and soldiers and cars in the house. The swimming pool is closed. Just this weekend they are beginning to get their bikes out and around. Steve, Dave and Jim went on a "sack-lunch" ride yesterday and visited the cattle lot up on Agriculture Hill 2 or 3 miles away. Those cows stand in the shade of palm trees.

Embarrassing moment: Lazarus yesterday asked me if we had brought them anything from America...their friends wanted to know. We had pinched pennies so much we never spent \$5.00 on each of them for a gift, but figured we could give them a bit of money, extra, on our return. So I told him, "no, we figured he would like money better." I KNEW we should have brought something, and kept nagging C. about it. Oh, well.

Here's C.
Love,
June

Monday, Sept. 5, 1966
(to Houses)

Dear Everyone;

We have been having a lot of rains lately, and today the sun has emerged finally. It's wash day also, so that's good, but our water heater is on the blink. It's a big affair hung over the bathtub, British style (a "geyser", I think they call it) and it's the only thing in the house that heats water, except our electric stove. In other words, there is no hot water in our plumbing.

However, there are men here from the Engineer's Dept. who have the unit off the wall and are trying to install a new element, so we may get the washing done

eventually. WE? They, I mean. It's so elegant to know they'll wash and hang it up, then Aaron brings it in around 1:00 or later if it's a wet day, and irons it all up within two days. Then it's another wash day. Do you think I'll ever be able to keep up with the ironing when I get back? The washing wasn't a problem with my automatic washer, but the ironing was the bottle neck. I think my life-saver will be these Perma-Press clothes. They are wonderful, and we've had such good luck with them coming back on our trip. (Two seams pulled out on shirts, but otherwise they're perfect.) The new houses that are designed should definitely have a drip-dry closet designed into them to keep up with the times. I saw one in a magazine that had a floor drain, and warm electric light and vent or exhaust. Ideal.

Today the boys began pairing off right after breakfast. Jimmy has a new friend across the street...one Steve had his eyes on. Peter Vincent. He is in 6th grade, as is Steve, and I had hopes for the two of them, but he turned out to be small like Jimmy, and loves stamps like Jimmy; so who has paired off today? Peter and Jimmy! 5th and 6th grade.

Chuck and Jeff Vincent bring out the best in each other, are the same size, both have huge albums of stamps beginning to form, and their maturing is the same. So that's a pair. And they're together this morning.

Dave is pessimistic about boys on the campus; Dave Cargill is one; they're not close, but are the same size and age and are off together this AM to call on a new boy Dave Doyle, who just came, and is the same age. All will be taking Calvert (7th) and I think all three will be staying here. (I meant all are 7th grade...there is some idea that Dave Cargill will go to Ibadan.) So he's set for the day, although Dave tends to form bad first impressions that hamper his friendliness. I think he'll get over that.

So Steve is out in the cold today. And knows it. If there were only some BIG 6th grader around. I've told him not to ignore 7th graders but he naturally does want someone with his own interests, etc.

Robby is out in the cold too. But is happy today, because Chuck gave him some stamps to keep and sort out. I guess he's going to want a beginner's album too. I'm going to look in Enugu next time we go.

We've had two good letters lately from you. One explaining that you'd heard from us on the trip and one saying we'd reached "home". So I guess word is getting back and forth.

We've chuckled over the Stamp Man who is so interested in the soybeans that he answered with a 4 page letter. Next thing you know he'll be out to visit you.

(Oh, back to Steve. Yesterday he asked me to help him with long division, because he wants to know it when school starts. And we found a weakness in the multiplication table so we have "sums" printed and posted all over the house, and on the steps as you come upstairs, etc. C. swears Steve is concentrating because he wants to go into the Navy, and knows now that you have to get good grades. Wonderful.)

Tuesday: Back to your letter:

You have quite a correspondence going with the Soybean man. By the way, what is his name?

The Fair and Horse Show sounded fun, except for the accident: and we laughed at the incident of the car lost in the parking lot. This has happened to us, practically, just in the Detroit shopping center. But yours was real dramatic! Glad

Beth got down...her job sounds great! Is her address still 517 Oakdale, Apt. 407? She's had to move quite a lot lately.

Concerning Ironsi...no one knows whether he's alive or dead, but his wife gave a great big celebration a couple of weeks ago...maybe just for show. Some people claimed he turned into a big white bird and flew down to Onitsha for safety. Who knows? Anyway, Gowon is claiming to be omnipotent, the North is still very suspicious of the East, and Ojukwu still has control of the East, as he was appointed to do under Ironsi. He and Gowon don't love each other. East may still secede someday.

(Handwritten PS) Things calm here. Police check cars on the way to Enugu, afraid of arms being transported.

Love,
June

Thursday, Sept. 22, 1966

Dear Folks,

Mom's good letter came today, and I'm going to take a little break to answer it. I have plenty to do, but I'm about at the saturation point. I wrote a letter about the political situation a few days ago, but never mailed it, because I wasn't sure quite the safest way to send what might be a sensitive thing. Nobody knows who reads what mail anymore. I shall enclose it, realizing that it is a bit of a risk.

The refugee problem is serious. It was already serious even before we came home. Trains were coming into Enugu from the North, crammed with people wailing and carrying on -- with good reason. Now, the economy in the North is hurting because the managerial talent has fled.

Here at the university, we are facing a serious situation. The refugee students from the other universities are flooding in. We don't have any way to take care of

them. I wouldn't doubt if I had 900 students in Humanities, vis-a-vis 500 last year. I just don't have enough staff. Nobody does. As it is, I'm going to be teaching Advanced Greek in the Department of Religion. And then, the Vice Chancellor called me in an hour or so ago and informed me that the only man in the Department of Philosophy had quit, and asking me if I couldn't "do something" to salvage the department. They only have about 10 philosophy majors, but they need a whole program of courses and it takes just as much time to teach one student as to teach 20. AND I'M NOT A PHILOSOPHER.

The darndest thing is that this is the year that I had everything set up in advance. I'm in the very best shape of any of the General Studies and it looked like a good year to let the routine carry itself and work on that syllabus-anthology. Now, everything seems to be going to hell in a handbasket. Close to the root of the problem is the fact tht the governmental situation has upset the budget sources, which were part regional, part federal.

Don't worry. We'll be all right, but it's going to be rough. It will be going back to makeshift and temporizing of one kind and another. The trouble is that so many of my colleagues are rigid and unable to react to an emergency. I'm afraid that some of them will simply give up. What I'm even more afraid of is that there will be trouble among the students if there are large numbers of them here under adverse academic and economic circumstances, plus political unrest.

That, at the moment is how things stand, and it isn't too good. Actually, it's likely to be a bit fun, meeting the challenges and getting the job done, coming up with the solutions that work. What would be bad would be if people give up and the situation falls apart. If we can keep peoples' tempers sweet and their outlook philosophical.

Chuck is off to Ibadan. We made the decision on several grounds. I allowed the possibility that he could make achievements studying alone that he could never make in school. At the same time, it is a risk, and we're now risking high school AND college, because what he does from here on is on the books. Ibadan is a risk, but less of a risk. Also, Chuck is developing socially. He is a loner, but shows good poise in a group. I think he needs a heterosexual peer group. We had a fine young teen group here and they all went off, mostly to Ibadan.

The process itself was fun. I am terribly envious that I couldn't take part, but I'm glad Junie got to. We chartered two 6-passenger airplanes and they made two trips with parents and children. The first group went over and returned and the second group went over and stayed overnight and saw to the registering and settling. I mean, the first group of parents went with their kids and then came back on the return flight. June went with the second flight and stayed over. Wen on Sunday and came back Tuesday. She was with three fathers and they had a ball. They had to go to Lagos and then back to Enugu. It was obvious that she was the queen bee. She can be a lot of fun on a trip like that without abandoning her grace. Charlie Titkemeyer is a vigorous 50 and when he got back he told me that I'd done a pretty tremendous job of picking a wife. She kind of took charge of getting the Nsukka kids "settled in". June told me that, "when it comes to leaving the kids at school, the fathers are much worse than mothers about fussing and worrying."

It was good for June to get off with a gang like that without having to be in the "wife" role. I think that now and then every wife ought to have a chance, not to be irresponsible, but to have a "change of role".

The plane trip was a good solution to the big problem in getting the kids off. There are ten or twelve road-blocks between Enugu and Ibadan and cars are searched at each one under the muzzles of machine-guns. It isn't pleasant. We have one between Nsukka and Enugu and the go through everything.

Don't worry about us. Life isn't exactly normal, but we're all right. The kids are happily back in school, but Dave's course things haven't come yet. Another worry I had about Chuck was that with this late an order, it might be two months before he could get started on his work.

Must quit now. Junie, I'm sure, is getting the details filled in.

Love,

C.

Oct. 3, 1966

To Mrs. Carmen Hornby
Lincoln General Hospital

Dear Mother,

Another Monday rolls around. And still we haven't heard from Chuck. 2 weeks! He's getting as lazy as his mother! (Although I write each week, usually.)

We received news about him. Jill Vincent, the only girl to go with the group, wrote to me this week and said Chuck looked great in his new uniforms. These the kids got after the adults left. I'll be sending stamps to him soon. And maybe cookies.

Did I tell you peanut butter is about 80 cents a cup here? Horrible. All canned things are about double -- (no, not Del Monte, etc.) or half again as much. So we try to get brands from England and Australia, etc.

Our Air-Freight finally came last Thursday while we were in Enugu. Charlie had to go to the Enugu campus to coordinate the Humanities lecture there. I bought some things at the meat market (cold store), etc. Came home and there it was. Kiddies had already opened it to get out their possessions. Didn't find secrets!

Now we have little toy soldiers, plenty of glue, a new throw rug by the front door, new plastic table mats, the white table cloth and napkins of Grandmother Hornbys -- (what shall I do with Grandma's, which is beginning to fray, etc., but it is too good to throw away. Wouldn't it be OK to have more napkins made out of it to go with her 2nd cloth? The napkins are well-dilapidated!! Only had 12 in the beginning.

Also, have some cloth to sew now -- a couple of edgings from Florence, Italy, etc., a book of birthday and party games, noodles, malted milk shakes, etc. etc. Mostly, things we did without for 2 years -- or things we ran out of and can't find here. Anyway, it was good to get it. And things I forgot to get Joy Deans can pick up for me.

Funny thing happened to my foot. Monday morning around 8 am I happened to see something stuck between my 3rd and 4th toes (right foot). I tried to brush it off but nothing happened. Then I thought of leeches. Tried again. It was a bug all right, but I had to try a 3rd time before it came off. It was a regular wood tick. The flat kind.

After that my foot started aching and swelling until I could hardly limp by 10.30. Charlie took me to the medical center and I got an antibiotic shot. Went home, had lunch and I had to hop around by then.

It wasn't infected, it was poisoned. I kept my legs up on my bed all afternoon, with a hot water bottle at first, then a cold pack which was better. (My temp. even went up a speck.) By supper it didn't feel anymore like someone had put the davenport on top of my foot! And now I can hobble on the side of my foot again. That was a mighty wood tick! (And I may have picked him up Sun. evening at the outdoor cinema.)

Enough for now. Kids are fine. Charlie is stiff from baseball. We heard Navy vs. Air Force Sat.

Love,
June

November 16, 1966

Dear Ones,

Today is the day that the Deanses are finally going to get away on their home leave. And I am going to get a quick letter written for them to mail in the Lagos airport tonight. It should be faster service by far.

We had all their family over for breakfast and they are still in the “Countdown”, getting last minute things done, keys turned over to people, etc. I had told our boys they could stay home from school to wave goodbye to them, and now find that we can ride into Enugu, even, and wave goodbye at the airport. It is nice for the departing family to have someone to wave to, also.

So we are patiently waiting for Charles to get his lecture finished and decide it's time to go in. And I am writing quick notes to all the people I can.

I think I can safely say Dry Season is here. It's rather dramatic this year. We had cloudy skies and rains last Sunday, and then suddenly on Monday, the sky was clear, and the humidity dropped to something like 30. And it's been like that through today. I doubt if there is another drop of rain until February when the Yam Rains come. I DON'T see how things grew for these 3 dry months. THEN later March, April and May are dry and hot, too. (And much of February.) I remember how enchanted I first was, wondering what it would be like to live through a dry season. Then I found out it was nothing. No rain, no “weather” to worry about. No one talked about the weather. It was constant, not variable like in the States. It was just not to be considered. But I did find that I got a little restless waiting for “anything” to happen. I'm used to seasonal changes, of course, and it began to be monotonous. Almost like getting anxious for a drought to be relieved. Evenings were always clear and pleasant, however, and made it nice for outdoor entertaining. You could depend on it. And there were some gorgeous full-moon nights.

So now the clothes will dry fast and dependably. And Vincent is going to start using a garden hose for the garden, and the roads will be thick with rolls of dust. We will get thirsty oftener, and will take a supply of drinking water with us when we go to Enugu, for the trip.

Enough of weather. C. is working less at his desk than usual, these days. He still has 4 seminars a week in Enugu, and 2 lectures a week, most weeks, and sometimes more than that. They occasionally fit in an Art lecture, and if he gives it, this makes 6 appointments at Enugu, and several up here. This doesn't give

him much time to be an Advisor in Humanities. He says he will really have to make up for lost time during Christmas vacation.

And lost time it is. You have to subtract 3 1/2 to 4 hours at least per trip to Enugu for a 1-hour class there. Half a working day gone.

We just had a letter from Mrs. House which I'm going to take a chance on including (a piece of it). She has been dreading a gall bladder operation for quite a few years now. And it looks like she finally has to face it. She would be at the Galesburg Cottage Hospital, Galesburg, Illinois, if you have any time to send her a card.

The boys are all OK and things stay peaceful and calm here in Nsukka and on the campus. There is an overload in the classrooms, and we are understaffed, but otherwise, there is no violence, no soldiers or guns or anything like that. Enugu too, is peaceful, and things have calmed down considerably now that most of the people are back in their own regions. Politically things are not settled, and the next month will tell a lot, they say.

I am keeping busy, and never have time, it seems, to get to sorting magazines and clipping newspapers, etc.

Enough for now.

Love,

June

Saturday, Nov. 19, 1966 (from Dad)

Dear Folks,

There really isn't too much to write about, except that we just got Mom's letter of the 11th and we are wondering about the "outcome" of the gall bladder. This is the sort of time when we resent the communications lag. It sounds, tho', Mom, as if you were in pretty sound shape otherwise. I occasionally have reason to be thankful for a pretty good genetic background. We will be waiting for news!

The last couple of weeks have gone by in a blur. I have spent many hours on the road. I have been doing a good bit of lecturing plus my regular seminar classes and have sometimes had to make two trips to Enugu in one day. The staff situation is still bad, the Vice-Chancellor insisting that all "refugee" professors be employed before new appointments can be made and there are no refugees who have the interest or the competences that I want on which to build a permanent staff. I haven't had any chance to wrk on the syllabus, having only time to keep this year's course moving in some kind of order.

We saw the Deans' off on Wednesday and will miss them very much. They are coming back via Madrid and the Virgin Islands (back to America that is. I don't know what their itinerary is returning to Nigeria. I know what MINE would be in the middle of January!) I should not be at all surprised if you were to get a telephone call from them. Their folks are in Cincinnati and southern Ohio and

they live in Okemos, Michigan -- a real nice suburb of East Lansing, where a good many MSU people live.

Last Saturday we had a sort of farewell dinner party for them with about two other couples. I don't know how much June told you about it. I was almost a guest myself, since all I knew was that it was going to happen and I'd been away from home so much. She decided to have a Chinese dinner and went way, way out! She located a pair of chopsticks and took them to a carpenter who turned out eight pairs for 3/6 (\$.50). Then, not trusting one carpenter to get the job done, she ordered eight more pairs from a second carpenter at the same price. They both delivered the goods, so we have sixteen pairs of excellent mahogany chopsticks at a cost of about a nickel a pair! Oh, we gave a pair of the chopsticks to each of the guests, so we don't have sixteen anymore. Then, she borrowed a flush-type door which someone wasn't using and put it on two coffee tables for a "low table" and we sat on cushions on the floor! Origami paper lanterns, etc. The whole oriental bit. It was crazy, but a lot of fun. Dinner lasted until midnight (sweet-sour pork, shrimp and beef fry-it-yourself in chicken broth.) Since it is always psychologically 9 o'clock when you get up from dinner, the gang didn't leave until 3:30! Not a good way to end a tiring week. It was still a very good party.

Tonight is the Big Game. MSU-Notre Dame is being broadcast over the Armed Forces short-wave network and a bunch is getting together to "root". It is shaping

up as “the game of the year”. Thank goodness it’s in East Lansing. That’s worth about 7 points.

We are looking forward to Chuck’s coming home for the Thanksgiving weekend. I will be as busy as ever, though. Busier, in fact, since I have a lecture Thurs. evening in Enugu and a University Senate meeting on Friday. They sometimes last seven hours.

The political situation is quiet at the moment. Here in the East, the government is firmly in control, so we are in a position to wait things out. There is trouble shaping up in the West and North where there are seriously contending factions. Nothing is going to be done about national re-unification until those “in-flights” are settled.

We are having our last few scattered showers. I notice a cloud coming up right now. They’ve lasted later than usual this year, for which we are grateful. It is now beginning to get hot. Even so, we have a good climate in Nsukka, since it is at a good elevation. Nights are about 70 degrees, which is good for sleeping.

Take good medicare of yourselves. We feel awfully helpless, but know that you have lots of help there. By the way, I wish you had let us know about that note at the bank. If it would be good business to hang on to the corn, we could have handled the note -- we have the money now, and in a year, we might not, or it will all be tied up in a house. I begin to sound like a Jew, but you know how they are if one member of the family has a chance to make a dime!

Love to all,

C.

Dec. 31, 1966

Dear Mother and Grandma,

This follows our trip to see the Enugu doctor yesterday. He took all the stitches out of Jim and said to wait till Jan. 16, before he wanted the boys back for some minor surgery to remove some more glass fragments. The kids should have gotten rid of a lot of scabs by then and cleared everything up generally.

So we won't be going to Frankfort or Port Harcourt. And I don't imagine they will miss much school. Maybe a few days, which they will like.

It will be nice to get them to the stage where we can get them into a nice warm bath again. They've had sponge baths for 2 weeks, nearly!

Well, the New Year is upon us. I'm so hoping it will be a more comfortable one for you, mother. You know, you spoke about having little patience sometimes. The reason must be because it takes up so much patience to stand pain and discomfort that there isn't always just a lot left over. I'm amazed tht you have such great stores of patience! But you always have, I think.

Do try to get your feet up -- if the Doctor says so.

How many callers did you have on Christmas? It was very quiet here all day. No callers. In fact, our water was off all the 24th and morning of the 25th so we were glad not to have to entertain anyone. I had hundreds of dishes stacked up in the kitchen! So what I really wanted for Christmas was WATER. Which finally came on before lunch. During the afternoon I washed my way through all the dishes, then we ate at the dining room of the Continuing Education building .

January 3

Chuck left this morning at 6:30 am by car, for Ibadan. 2 cars are taking the 9 kids back to school. We'll miss him -- he had a good visit and seemed in good spirits, and seemed to enjoy his brothers and vice versa.

They all enjoyed their Christmas gifts and money, too, which is nice.

Robby got to ride his bike to school today finally. First day of school for the new term. It's quiet in the house today. I would get a lot done but Charlie thinks he can get away and take us to Awka where wood chests and tables and trays are carved with geometric designs. We have a chest waiting.

So I'll mail this on the way.

Much love,
June

Jan.9, 1966

Christmas card

Dear Folks,

I'm sure your Christmas was a merry active one! What did Karen say when she came in and saw your tree? Isn't it fun to have little people around opening things!

Yes, the boys were excited about their trip, and we wore them out with exercise and walking. Best thing for them!

Of course, if it hadn't been for free transportation to Rome, we wouldn't have gone. Actually the train from Rome to Innsbruck (12 hours) cost \$35.00 for the whole family, which isn't bad. As for food, we would have had to eat at home too, so that wasn't a total loss.

At any rate, we were lucky to have only 2 or 3 minor upset tummies. Our neighbors had an emergency appendix operation on the 8 year old boy at Las Palmas. And the Deanses spent several days taking turns being sick in Munich.

So we're "home", well but tired. School begins Monday, Jan. 10 for the 3 (they're a week late), U. of N. began Jan. 5. -- and the Jos boys go up again by car on Wed. Jan. 12.

Then we'll be back in a regular schedule again. Then spring will come, and before you know it, we'll be taking you up on the offer of Sally's cottage! (I've got to write her about that and discuss rent.)

How is work going, Mom? And how's the wrist? Dad, don't you forget to rest, too.

Love,
The Kids.

Mon, Feb. 21

Dear Folks -

We're plugging away. Hotter weather is on the way in March and the cool Harmatan breeze from the Sahara has left us, I'm afraid.

Finally had rain Feb. 20th after months of no moisture except dew. It's interesting here, because people don't talk about the weather. It's predictable: rain in Rainy Season, sun in Dry Season. If it rains off-schedule, everyone is waterproof in cotton clothes. It's never COLD. No one has storm windows or wool winter wardrobes to get out, etc. No change. Crops do have to be tended, and have their harvests, etc. No one has to seek shelter to survive. And the rains simply flow past the floors of the stalls and huts. (they build hard-mud dykes 2' high, all around the floors). All open air.

Enough of that except to say it's all so much the same it's deceiving! you think it is still summer all the time, when really months and months have passed! Bills get put off, correspondence gets neglected and you procrastinate on "Spring Housecleaning", etc.

You also forget when past events happened because you can't remember any landmarks like "around the first snow", or freezing spells, or spring thaw, etc.

Nearly everything happened when it was hot and sunny. (Unless during Rainy Season June - Oct.)

No great news here. Boys at Jos are OK. We're about due for another letter.

A friend here went to her home in India this last few months and just returned, bringing me a beautiful sari. I hope I can bring it home to show you (in a suitcase). It's my pride and joy. Green (toward blue), with wide gold trim. You'll like it.

We plan to leave around June 1st and may take 2 weeks on the way so I would imagine we'll see you around June 15th. That's still very flexible though, so far.

Jos boys are out May 25th. Others, I don't know. We'll miss Graduation, but who cares!

I'm trying to get an order in at Sears so I won't have to do all my shopping first hand and waste time that way. But I will need to pick up odds and ends.

And I'm dying to taste strawberries and fresh fruit again. All we have is bananas, pineapple, paw-paw, oranges and grapefruit over and over! (And canned things. \$\$\$!)

Rotten letter. Better next time.

Love,

June

March 9, 1967

Dear Folks,

I better check in . It's been so long and June has been preoccupied with the various concets -- as, of course, have I. In addition, I'm all snarled up in Participant Training, where it isn't possible for me to act until another committee acts and that committee is having trouble getting a meeting together.

The concerts went very well and now we are supporting Terry Edwards through a series of Dinner-Recitals, for which June produced all the publicity material. Terry is an unusual fellow, in case June hasn't told you. He's a splendid musician, 6'9" tall and a memeber of the 1964 British Olympic basketball team. He rather bases at our house. His father was a platform-sweeper at Euston Station, London, who went on to become Assistant Station Master. He retired this year, and has just taken a job as groundskeeper at Sandringham Castle. Terry says he has a special tour laid on for us if we can make it up there on the way home. The working-class background which Terry has, in addition to his great talent, makes him a most unusual person and he gets on with us much better than with the British. BETH! COME BACK!!! I am currently writing letters of reference for him to get into a conservatory in the US. He wants Juliard, Eastman-Rochester, or Oberlin.

I'm writing particularly to tell you that the political situation seems to be hotting up again. Apparently, a decision has been made somewhere and best indications are that it is a secession by the East sometime within the next three or four days. The British and American officials in Enugu and Lagos are working to head it off, but with small chance of success. They have also developed a joint protection plan for British and American citizens. It is not an evacuation, because there are 10,000 of us in the East. The bright spot seems to be that there will most

likely be only some skirmishing. I have seen enough fights in the market to know that usually a fight consists of a lot of swinging and very little connecting. Some people are going to get hurt, but we hope not too many. Around here a lot of sentiment is being whipped up for independence. One way or another, it should be decided in two weeks' time. We're laying in food and planning to keep our heads down. Chuck is due to fly home a week from today. Depending on what has happened, we may keep them in Ibadan. It will be safe there.

Golly! Now I've got you scared, which was not my intention. This may help you to interpret the news when it begins to come out and there may be a time during which you won't hear from us. It will be because the East is isolated and in all probability we will be no more than inconvenienced.

Obviously, this is not for publication.

Steve has still not healed and so we now have him on about a dozen medications. Pennicillin hasn't touched it and I think he's tolerant now. He is on several kinds of vitamins, which seem to me to be the best idea. The Peace Corps doctor looked at him Tuesday and he feels that is what is best. They are not worried, but we need to get him cleaned up.

Weather is very hot and uncomfortable and it is difficult to keep up the pretence of order in classes and academic events. I have a term to go, so I still hold out hope for my syllabus!

We got the Christmas package and it was like Christmas all over again. Thank you ever so much. Tell Sally and Jan thanks for the tape, but our recorder is on the fritz, so we can't play it! It got here about two weeks ago.

Hope all are well. Aside from what I have mentioned, we are. Time now to go home and go swimming.

Love,
C.

April 3, 1967

Third term has started

Dear Folks;

Chuck's time at home is nearly finished. He and I are going in with Charles' AID car at 6:30 am so he can look at clothes and tennis shoes. The thing is, though, that he likes most to go to the general marketplace and look through the piles of used clothing -- usually clean, but some is really amusing. He gets jeans, which you usually can't find in the stores. Has a Drake University sweatshirt. Once we found a Fink University -- ("the motto, 'once a Fink, always a Fink"). And other odd things, at good bargains. Jeans at 56 cents or so. We'll see what we find tomorrow.

Otherwise, we won't do much. C. is in town only for 1 1/2 hours usually, and it always takes at least an hour to look; then bargain for a lower price. They always

start high, you always start low. It's the custom: but I do get tired of it sometimes.

Steve is gradually healing -- has another appointment around the 20th -- time will tell.

Family has been taking turns being sick. Rob and Steve felt sick for a couple of days. Dave had it several days (stomach flu, I guess) during which time Charles was flat on his back one day and still rubber-kneed the third day.

Chuck and Jim and I are still OK but expecting to be felled any day.

Tuesday:

On trip to Enugu back to Nsukka:

Health OK, so far. Chuck gets on the way tomorrow, so we'll keep our fingers crossed. We have had 2 hours in town shopping and had quite a time getting through the security check at the edge of town, because Chuck had no identification with him. C. vouched for him, saying he was his son, but one particularly stubborn policeman (Army helps, too) insisted on ID card. It didn't help when they heard he had come from the Western region either. They always stop all cars, both ways, to make sure no arms or saboteurs are present. They've pretty well accepted Americans by now. After all, we are here to help their country.

Wed:

Just got your letter yesterday -- it's good that you could go up to Sally's. And we're happy you could help out. Hurray for the new car -- hope it serves well! I'm only sorry it had to be obtained by such drastic means!

Please tell Janie next time that I keep forgetting to say that the box of surgical gut vials was given over to the Medical Centre here and they were delighted. Said it was still good. (And probably better than anything they have.)

Easter here was belittled. C. was off preaching 11:00 am and 2:00 pm away from home and we were unpacking from our vacation trip, but Robby kept after me until we got eggs dyed in the afternoon, and we hid them in the evening.

Planes between East and West have suddenly been cancelled so Chuck and gang will NOT go today, after all! We will wait a few days, then may have to drive the kids to Ibadan.

Love,
June

Thursday, June 8

Dear Folks,

I am in London with the kids. Charles is in Nigeria. I can't remember where I left off. Lagos, perhaps, but anyway: we got the last London-bound reservations on Tues. June 6th (D-day) leaving at 10 pm.

Went all night and reached London 8:00 am -- Reached BP House 10:30 and met Joy who had gotten in the night before.

We were so happy to get to London so the boys can have a little “last fling” which they would have been cheated out of, otherwise! Where’s the nearest dime-store!

Actually last night I took our 4 oldest and the 3 oldest Deans kids to Piccadilly to see “Oliver”, and was that fun! It’s the musical based on Oliver Twist. Had about 12 young boys in it. Wonderful stage sets!

So we’re living it up while C. has to finish up. We have no idea how long he’ll be there, probably not long -- when the Enugu people came thru Lagos they said all the food transportation into E. Nigeria was a problem now, so I imagine the men will live off all their well-stocked pantry shelves until they have to come. Anyway, there was so much office work to finish. But now C’s syllabus won’t be printed and all the Participant Training Programme is down the drain. Those 28 people can’t get to America now.

So all that’s left is to clear up the office files, scoop the desk clean, sell the car, pack up the house and wait for the packers. I HOPE we can get our stuff shipped out!

Strange thing was, there was no panic in East or West, but some people feared war, I guess. So now we wait and see.

I will come in a few days time, and will cable first, to the Moline airport, and with all 5 kids.

Love,
June

London
Sat. AM June 10, 1967

After the evacuation from Port Harcourt of women and children

Dear Folks;

All is well. I'm still in London. -- Should return on Wed., June 14th. Will phone you 10:00 PM here Monday night to let you know which flight etc. so try to be home Monday afternoon, 5:00 PM is it?

Called the American Embassy today. They say mail can't be sent to E. Nigeria now and Gowon in the West is holding up a food blockade to the East, by land and sea. Food supply is diminishing and costs are going up. But American men and Peace Corps definitely do not have orders to come home!

No word from Charles. I think we are getting through to him, though, by sending to Mr. C.B. House

Michigan Advisory Group
c/o USAID
Lagos, Nigeria

I believe they are sending cars back and forth.

I left in such a hurry C. has a lot of packing on his hands, I'm afraid. And I don't think they'll be asked to stay after school exams are all over -- just a hunch.

Well, I will quit as Joy is waiting for this. We will see you soon!

Love,

June

PS You should see the SHORT SKIRTS here, and bright colors!

Appendix I
Chuck's Nigerian Stamp Collection



NIGERIA

1961-63



NIGERIA

1964-66



073368



ONDON IA IA IA



IA IA



1A

183782



ONDON IA IA IA





271,382



2.10.1965

